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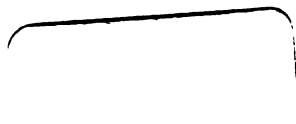
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THE
PHILOSOPHICAL RAMBLER.

LONDON:
J. MOYRS, CASTER STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE

A

PEDESTRIAN TOUR

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

BY

G. HUME WEATHERHEAD, M.D.

"CAMINAL" — St. Angelo.



LONDON:

SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL,

STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

1834.

666.

LONDON
PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author having now affixed his name to this work, it might perhaps be expected that he would alter the Preface ; but this he has not deemed necessary. The only further remark he is desirous of making is, that as a part of the secret policy of the heads of the Church of Rome in this country, is to beset the periodical press with persons of its own persuasion, in order, by this insidious means, to control, if not govern, it as much as they possibly can ; and as the Author has not hesitated to give an exposition of the present state of the idolatry of this church in his work, he cannot expect much favour from quarters open to such influence.

PREFACE.

A "RAMBLER," who had already made the circuit of the globe in search of knowledge, and to gratify his own adventurous curiosity, started from England on a Pedestrian Tour through France and Italy; and, fitting himself with a beseeeming knapsack at Dieppe, proceeded to Paris, and thence to the south of France, to view the ancient ruins and other beautiful objects of art and nature which abound in Provence and part of Languedoc. He then entered Italy by way of Nice, and visited in succession all the principal cities, their palaces, galleries, and churches; and although the route be a beaten track, yet the Author has endeavoured to treat it after an untrodden manner.

In this Tour the reader will find, among other things, some interesting descriptions and histories of the antique remains of Italy—accounts of the topography with regard to health, and the volcanic geology of the country he passes through—of pilgrimages to holy shrines—of excursions to view the curious, the beautiful, and picturesque—of his adventures on the road, and of his reflections and sentiments suggested by the scenes and objects which presented themselves as he trudged along his solitary route.

Ample and accurate catalogues of the Paintings and Statuary, taken down from the lips of the *custodi* of the different palaces, &c., will be found at the end of the volume.

But before reading a book, people generally are curious to know something of the author, and are more inquisitive still if the writer be anonymous. Then, gentle reader, to use the propitiatory address of our good old ancestors, to enable you to form some notion of him, take the following brief description.

Have you ever met any one in your travels abroad trudging pensively, inoffensively, and quietly along, as if the world was large enough for him and every body else besides, dressed in a shooting-jacket, short knee-breeches and gaiters—not, by the way, that he ever meant to shoot, but merely put them on as certain dandies do spurs who never mount the outside of a horse—to seem what he was not; with a *blouse* over-all to keep off the dust; a knapsack on his back, containing his “*twa sarks*,” a staff in his hand to help him along on his pilgrimage; and a few Naps in his girdle to “pay the piper?”—if so, that was the identical man *Ego*!

Now, in my knapsack, gentle reader, you must know, were a couple of clean shirts, as I have said, a few pair of hosen, affairs of the toilette, and pens, ink, and paper. Perhaps I shall be excused from giving any very particular description of certain of the contents of my knapsack. The shirts were of stout Irish—the stockings without holes (at starting)—the razors, not unlike certain wise saws, *i. e.* the

witty edge worn off by too repeated use — as for the pens, ink, and paper, they must speak for themselves. My wish has been, in drawing up from my notes the following observations into form, to entice the reader to be my fellow-traveller; to pick out the softest path for him as he marches along, culling the sweetest flowers by the way-side, to prevent his being wearied, and endeavouring to make him partake of all my pleasures and gratifications, without sharing in any of my hardships, fatigues, dangers, or privations. If I have succeeded — if the perusal of these travels shall afford pastime for an idle hour, when nothing better is in his way, then my wish and ambition are attained; therefore, let him scan the deficiencies he may find with a school-boy's heedlessness, and forget them with more than even his forgetfulness.

P.S. — Travellers are often grossly deceived by an account of paintings being of the finest class, which the intelligent connoisseur will at a glance perceive to be copies made to fill up the places of those which were sold and sent to England, during the period the French army was in Italy. Let the reader but look into Mr. Buchanan's *Memoirs of Painting*, and he will naturally ask, whence did all those fine pictures come which are now on the walls of the National Gallery, and those of the best private

collections of this country. The fact will then be obvious to him, and he can draw his own conclusions. It quite surprised me to see, on looking into the lists of paintings in the last edition of a popular guide-book, several mentioned as still on the walls of palaces which are well known to be in this country: as Guido's Judith and Holofernes, and his Lucretia, from the Spada Palace at Rome: Rubens' Juno fastening the Eyes of Argus to the Tail of her Peacock, from the old Durazzo at Genoa, &c. The Author in this respect has been as careful as possible, examining the collections personally, noting the paintings down on the spot, and, in many instances, describing not merely the subjects, but the manner of the artist in treating them; for perhaps he may venture without offence to observe, that the judgment of the traveller cannot be guided exactly by notes of admiration alone.

THE

PHILOSOPHICAL RAMBLER.

LEAVING Piccadilly with four spirited horses, which Phaeton might have been proud to guide, I arrived at Brighton, crossed the channel next day in a steamer, and here I am at Dieppe.

DIEPPE.—Well! these French are queer people! They give you salad to eat out of a wash-hand basin, and you wash your hands in a pie-dish. Do you call out “Tit, tit! puss, puss!” to a cat, they laugh, forsooth, because they do it in a different way.

Dieppe is a cheerful, pretty little town, sunk in between cliffs which shelter it from the winds; and bordered seaward by a beach spreading its sandy carpet to the water’s edge, as if designed for the tumbling billows “to play at leap-frog on.” A suite of handsome baths, with billiard-rooms, and a terraced promenade, is built within a convenient distance of the sea; and a plot of greensward, bounded by low ramparts, intervenes between the town and the shore. A stranger to the manners of France cannot help noticing a peculiarity characteristic of the people he is among, that is, to see with what a semblance of dalliance the females throw themselves about in the arms of the bathers, who are all of

collections of this country ? The fact will be obvious to him, and he can draw his own conclusions. It quite surprised me to see, on looking the lists of paintings in the last edition of a popular guide-book, several mentioned as still on the walls of palaces which are well known to be in this country ; as Guido's Judith and Holofernes, and Lucretia, from the Spada Palace at Rome ; Rubens's Juno fastening the Eyes of Argus to the Tail of a Peacock, from the old Durazzo at Genoa, &c. The Author in this respect has been as careful as possible, examining the collections personally, and recording the paintings down on the spot, and, in many instances, describing not merely the subjects, but the manner of the artist in treating them ; for perhaps he may venture without offence to observe, that the judgment of the traveller cannot be exactly by notes of admiration alone.

THE

MENTAL RAMBLER.

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them men, exposed to the public gaze of the spectators. Indeed, their frolicsomeness, as they perform all kinds of evolutions, is perfectly confounding to a bashful Englishman. The bather seems to be a sort of aquatic fugleman, under whose manual exercise, females, no matter how young or fair, float, dive, and swim about, like very mermaids.

Few seaports, in my opinion, are more agreeably situated for the quiet enjoyment of the invalid to whom the bracing sea-breeze and salt-water baths are remedial, than that of Dieppe; for, whilst there is every accommodation for the latter purpose, he may enjoy his promenade without having his senses disgusted by the usual filth of a fishing-town.

As my previously arranged plan of travelling was that of a pedestrian tour, no sufficient reason suggested itself why I should not commence it at Dieppe; so, having purchased myself a peasant's *blouse*, and a soldier's old knapsack, I mean to start this afternoon, like another Quixote, in search of all sorts of adventures, with the right knight-errant resolution, if I can keep to it, of affronting and defying all dangers, privation, and fatigue; of seeing and hearing all that can be seen and heard; and not to turn my steps homeward until I shall have reached Naples.

"Hooly and fairly" is a Scotch maxim, and, taking it as mine, I walked no farther than Pommerval, a distance of eighteen miles, where I stopped for the night. As yet nothing particular had occurred, except some few ridiculous inconveniences, which a pedestrian tourist must cheerfully make up his mind to encounter, nay, must even be ready to enjoy. Something like this happened on the morning I left Pommerval. Being desirous of having a basin of milk, I requested that it might be warmed, but could see no proper vessel for the purpose. My obliging landlady, however, soon relieved my conjectures about the *quomodo*, by taking down the frying-pan, and, as the milk began to boil, she carefully skimmed off the globules of grease that rose to the surface in multitudes, like so many playful porpoises. My appetite, unluckily, was yet of a very prosaic turn: the tropes and figures that danced so merrily about in the frying-pan

had spoilt my relish for the mess ; and as I had never feasted, like Captain Lyon, at Spitzbergen, I was fain to sup my milk as it came from the cow, without the zest of a metaphor.

Six post leagues from Pommerval I passed through Forges, where there is a mineral spring of some local repute ; and, after rather a long day's march, I arrived at Gournay.

To observe men and manners being a main part of my pursuit, I readily accepted an invitation to join the general supper-table, in preference to supping sulkily alone. Mine host I knew would be there—perhaps his *bonne* ! So much the better. Perhaps some of the servants ! Ay, to be sure ; the more the merrier. Thank God ! I was never very fastidious ; and it gives a man a comfortable degree of non-chalance when it depends on his own choice whether or not he ever see his company again. We were all in high glee. I thought the servant girl, at the bottom of the table, would never have done pegging away at the loaf. Next to me there sat a Frenchman who had been in England, and he amused us all by a story he told of a leg of mutton.

It seems, of all the good things that he had eaten in England, none had pleased his palate so much as a leg of mutton done at the baker's, *environné*, as he expressed it, by a *chevaux-de-frise* of potatoes ; and wishing to introduce so agreeable an acquaintance to his countrymen, he invited a few of them one day to partake of it. It happened, as bad luck would have it, to be a Sunday : they had forgotten to send for it between church-time. The baker was inexorable. What was to be done ? To wait till service was over, and eat it cold, was to spoil the promised feast : to keep it hot in the oven was worse still, for then his favourite dish would be done to a rag ; so, rather than lose the leg of mutton, they all adjourned, with great good humour, to the bake-house, and ate it there !

The story was too feasible not to be true ; and, after finishing our laugh—and no one laughed louder or more heartily than the narrator himself—I bade my company good night.

Daylight next morning saw me on the march. Nothing

worthy of notice presented itself until I came to the pretty valley of Gisors, where, some seven hundred years ago, King Philip of France and Richard Cœur de Lion encamped their chivalrous bands before departing on the third crusade. "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*" is an old adage. Now, as the route between this and Paris offers little deserving of remark, I shall not venture to imitate the inimitables, in making a long story about nothing at all, unless, indeed, it shall hereafter be demanded unanimously at a call of THE WHOLE HOUSE.

PARIS.

Settled in my hotel, I began to consider of my vocation and amusement; and, without losing time in long and dubious deliberations, debating with myself whether I should first visit the catacombs or the theatres, the *Champs Elysées* or the *Pandemonia* of the Palais Royal, I sallied out, — "Let me go and see the sights in the streets of Paris," said I.

Why, the very names of the streets are sometimes singular enough. You have the Rue des Bons-Enfants, des Mauvais Garçons, and, as a consequence, des Mauvaises Paroles; Rue P-t du Diable, Rue Lavande; Rue Pique-puce, Rue de Délices; Rue Paradis and Rue d'Enfer. Even the signs will amuse a stranger: over a brandy-shop, for example, you read 'au Saint Esprit;' a milliner, again, invites you 'à la Diane.' Indeed, epigraphs like these sometimes give occasion to little laughable waggeries. A polisson one day seeing 'à la Vierge' written over the shop of one of these *marchandes de modes*, opened the door, and gravely inquired of one of the vestals at work, if 'the Virgin' was at home. "Get out, you imperent feller, you," quoth the girl, quite insulted by the question; "*there are no virgins here!*" Your sentimentality is next assailed by 'à la Mère de Famille,' your parsimony by 'au Petit Gain,' your virtue by 'la Fille Mal-gardée,' and your patriotism by 'la Belle Anglaise.' Not unfrequently you see written on a perruquier's window-shutter 'Ici l'on rajeunit:' I should be apprehensive that a fellow so accustomed to the use of a razor might bethink

himself of Medea's renovator—a warm bath of blood. But of all the industrious tradesmen in Paris, none seem to go about their business more comfortably and becomingly than the street-beggars. Passing along the Boulevard Italien the other evening, the sound of lamentation struck my ear, and on turning aside, I perceived, shocking to relate, a beggar on his knees *with two lighted candles before him*; and lest he should dirt his velveteen breeches, or excoriate his delicate shins, he had taken especial care to kneel on a tabouret of wicker, with a nice, thick, downy, fluffy piece of carpeting spread over it!—and the *pauvre miserable* was right. A man may kneel on the cold, bare flags of a church whilst he begs of Heaven his daily bread; but surely it may be permitted to ask ‘charité, pour l’amour de Dieu,’ with more regard for one’s marrow-bones, of a mortal. Two of my particular acquaintances, mendicants here, keep their carriages, vehicles on four wheels, drawn by a pony. The *pauvre miserable* sits inside at his ease, before an organ, and, trundling round the handles, you may have Malbrook, an air from the last new opera, or any other *rage* of the day, and all for a sou. But as craving your bounty himself would be mightily *infra dig.* for one who drove his own carriage, this *pauvre miserable* generally keeps two footmen in the literal sense, stout, lusty Stentors, neither lame nor blind, who walk by the side of the carriage, and solicit your bounty *en prince*. Well, there is nothing like taking things easily in this charitable world; and if the fortune of Belisarius ever be mine, Fate! shave my head, and make me a capuchin, or set me up a carriage, and pass me on to Paris!

PÈRE LA CHAISE.—There are certain humours that fall at times over the mind like the damp shade of night, and envelop it in the mantle of solitary meditation, when man spontaneously shuns the converse of his kind, and seeks scenes which correspond with the sombre turn of his thoughts and feelings.

The morning was windy and autumnal, the fallen leaves rustled and flew about in the avenues of the garden of the

Fullness, the sky was overcast, and a dull glare of light shot through the clouds, as if the sun had veiled the light of his countenance from an offending world. In such a mood, and with such verities, what am I to do, or where go? said I to myself as I sauntered about, looking like the blue-devil's personification. To the cemeteries, to vent my humour among skulls and cross-bones — or to Père la Chaise, where my relaxed and listless frame of mind will find food equally abundant and congenial to glut its morbid appetite? The variety of the feast led me in favour of the cemetery.

The reader perhaps is aware that all the burial-places of Paris are outside of the barriers, after the manner of the ancient Greeks and Romans, who permitted no one to be interred within the walls of their cities, with almost the single exception of the Emperor Trajan, whose ashes slept in the midst of the capital of the world. That of Père la Chaise is close by the Barrière d'Aulnay: it is finely situated on the brow of an eminence, and by its site and the inequality of the ground, it presents to the view a romantic variety of scene. On entering the place where the wicked cease from troubling, a feeling of solemnity steals over the mind, for the dead have always been the objects of religious veneration: even the most tolerant religion does not readily pardon the profanation of the grave; and the greater the personal affliction of the living, the more fervidly sanctified is his wish for the unprofaned peacefulness of the tomb. Here it is that we respect the grave of our bitterest enemy: him whom in life we would have trodden under our feet, had it been in our power, now that it is, we pass by the grass-clad inheritance of mortality, uttering some short sentence of forgiveness. But if we can find so much charity towards the undeserving, what are our feelings when the greedy maw of Death engulfs affections, virtues, and all those exalted qualities which attach us to life? The obligations of society are numerous, and often burdensome: the bonds of friendship and affection, again, are dear to the heart, and comparatively few, and we cannot spare them to the grave.

Indulging in such reflections, my train of thought was

often interrupted by an epitaph or tombstone, varied by the sentiment which the one or the other excited. Epitaphs, when sincere, like every thing else that flows spontaneously from the heart, are always well expressed ; but too often they are mere cold fac-similes of real feeling, which serve only to expose the vanity or hypocrisy of the fictitious mourner. Flattery to the living ear is proffered, for the most part, with some appearance of modesty ; but among the dead, adulation installs itself with the most fulsome and unblushing effrontery. In proof of this, enter but a churchyard, and there is scarce a stone you meet, pressing on the now no longer pulsating breast, that does not groan under the weight of five or six cardinal virtues ! Who can help smiling as he reads, “ Here lies John Dough, baker, the child of genius ? ” or a barber, “ a friend to truth ? ” and yet these do not exceed the reality. Over the grave of a Madame R——, for example, who died a little before the Restoration, after her fourth divorce, is inscribed,

“ ICI REPOSE LE MODELE DE LA FIDELITE CONJUGALE.”

Some epitaphs, again, are inscribed to the gratification of the most undisguised vanity, by those whose sole object, in affecting to consecrate an epitaph to the memory of their relations, is to tell the world who they themselves are. Take the following as a specimen :

“ CI-GIT MARIE B——,

*Epouse de F. C. de K—, Duc de V., Maréchal d'Empire, Sénateur,
Membre du Grand Conseil, Grand Officier de la Légion
d'Honneur, Grand Croix de l'Ordre Royal de Wurtemberg,
Grand Croix de l'Ordre de la Fidélité de Bade,” &c. &c. &c.*

How different from this is the simple tribute of unaffected sorrow expressed in the following words, on a plain, neat monumental column, near this lord and master of half the dignities of Europe !

“ LA EST TOUT CE QUE J'AIME.”

Another of this latter description is the following, which I shall transcribe, without apologising for its length, for the

guished. Strolling thus from tombstone to tombstone, I by chance came to a new-made grave. Behold! thought I, the vast inheritance of ambitious, craving, never-satisfied mortality! I measured in my mind's eye its width and depth, and thought it scanty enough: I graduated in my imagination its mean degree of cold, and involuntarily shuddered: I figured to myself the crawling companions that, like vile parasites, feed on their patron—and thought of “the land we live in.” Pondering in this guise, I sat me down on the mould which was heaped up on one side, resting my head on my left elbow, and soon became absorbed in a deep reverie. Near me there lay a skull: a few grey hairs still adhered to the hinder part of the scalp, and the lower jaw clung fast to its articulation. The orbits were now void of all expression save the vacant and horrid stare of death: a sudden chill ran through my veins, and a cataract of tears tumbled over my eye-lids, as I gazed on what had formerly beamed perhaps with every kindly feeling, and shone with animation, intelligence, and delight. The teeth were broken, irregular, and displaced, and the jaws were put to their utmost stretch by a round clod of earth, a sort of natural “pomme de terre,” as it were, which conveyed the revolting idea of choking, speechless suffocation. ’Tis the hungry potato-trap of some poor Irishman, thought I, who hath died from starvation; or else the loquacious maw of a noisy, talkative attorney, gagged as a precaution by his brother-tenants of the silent tomb.

Surrounded by such objects, I became absorbed, as I said, in a profound reverie, pondering over the vanity and nothingness of all worldly ambition, the scanty patrimony of the grave, the disappointments of hope—which, like your shadow, never leaves you, and yet, like the horizon, you never can overtake—the fickleness of friendship, the evanescence of love, the villany and ingratitude of mankind, and all those blue-devil reflections which nourish and foment the ennui of the moment, when the voice of mourning suddenly broke on my ear, and dissolved at once in a tear-drop this world of wrathful feeling. On casting up my eyes, I found

I had been inadvertently trespassing on the private sorrows of a younger female, who was kneeling before a little column of white marble, surmounted by a cinerary urn; but, too deeply absorbed in her own melancholy thoughts, she did not perceive me. The lady held in her hand a bouquet of flowers, which she strewed on a little grave: her eyes were red with weeping, her breast laboured with agonising sobs; and as she rose from before the column to tear herself away, I heard her murmur "*Je n'y survivrai pas!*" Curiosity drew me to the spot she had quitted: it was the grave of a child, four years of age, whose disconsolate mother had come to visit the sad monument which entombed her affection; and the number of faded flowers and garlands that decked the grave attested the depth and constancy of her affliction.

On a certain day of the year the Parisians go in multitudes to visit the tombs of their deceased relatives, and deck their graves with fresh garlands—a practice also among the ancient Romans on the festival called *Feralia*, or Feast of the Ghost; hence the words of Tibullus (lib. ii. el. 4):

"*Anna constructo sarta dabit tumulo.*"

Propertius alludes to the same custom:

"*certi que sepulchrum
Ornabit.*"

And the beautiful lines of Virgil shew what use they made of flowers:

"*Tu Marcellus eas. Mambus date lilia plenis:
Purpureos spargam flores ———.*"

It was from Egypt that the Christians borrowed the custom of embalming the dead, and surrounding the tomb with flowers. The new-blown rose, the symbol of nascent life, was for a long time consecrated to the dead, "*Vivis rosa grata, et grata sepulchris.*" To this they added the laurel, the emblem of eternal life, a branch of which they used to hang over the door of the dying; and the evergreens, the ivy, the yew, and arbor vitæ (*i. e.* *aterne*), are still the usual ornaments of our English churchyards.

Some there are who have had strength of mind enough to mark out beforehand the place of their sepulture, over which they erect a cenotaph to themselves while alive. Such a practice renders us familiar with the idea of death; and perhaps no more constant memento could be devised to keep us in mind of the insignificance of every thing that panders to human vanity. The emperors of Constantinople were wont to be reminded of death in the midst of the pomp and pageantry of their coronation, during which ceremony the magistrates were accustomed to present different sorts of stone to their sovereign, requesting him to choose which of them he would have for his tombstone. The idea was sublime and philosophic, conveying a hint of the nothingness which awaits the utmost worldly grandeur, at a time and ceremony when the mind was most likely to forget it. An anecdote is told of a certain Parisian, who caused an elegant family vault to be made and enclosed by a gilt railing: he had it decorated with the family arms and other devices, together with the names of all the individuals of his family inscribed on it in letters of gold. When the mausoleum was finished, he one day proposed a party of pleasure, and appointed the cemetery of Père la Chaise as the place of general rendezvous. Judge of the surprise of the party on perceiving, on one of the most elevated spots in the garden, a tomb all ready to receive them. Next day the *chef de la famille* sent each of them a *carte d'entrée*, with the number of the niche which was reserved for him!

Continuing my walk, my feelings were somewhat differently affected from heretofore, by reading on the tomb of a young unmarried female the following singular équivoque:

“VOUEE AU CELIBAT, ELLE N’EN VECU PAS MOINS EN MÈRE!”

Not far from this you will find inscribed on an *empty* vase—

“Il est PLEIN des larmes de l’attachement et de la reconnaissance!”

Was it grief that dictated on the tomb of J. G. Charcutier, that he had dwelled Rue St. Denis, No. 27? This

man has, no doubt, left a widow, thought I, who still carries on the business—*boutique, et cetera, à louer*.

I should probably have believed V. S. . . . that he was eternally inconsolable at having lost his beloved wife, had he not said the same thing of one he had left only seven months before at Montmartre: nay, the story goes, that this disconsolate husband is about to take a third fair daughter of Eve to his bosom, who may, perchance, leave him once more in everlasting despair! Well! for a thorough, shameless, thick-set piece of insincerity, recommend me to a churchyard!

On regarding the sky, I was glad to perceive the cheering countenance of the sun again. By this time I found I had expectorated all my ill-humour, and, lest I should again get chop-fallen, I returned forthwith to Grignon's, to dine on Maintenon cutlets and a bottle of hermitage.

THE LOUVRE.—To-day I strolled into the lower gallery of the Louvre, to prate away an hour with the statues in their own manner; now to hob or nob with old Silenus, or converse with my fingers in hieroglyphic guise with Isis and Osiris; now to draw off my atrabilious humour into the tub of Diogenes, or laugh with Democritus at what makes every one else weep.

Hall of the Coryatides.—On entering this splendidly peopled saloon, and turning to the right, you come to a figure which arrests attention by the correctness of its anatomy, joined to incomparable ease of position and manly elegance of form. It is a statue of SILENUS* nursing the infant

* The faultless anatomy of this figure is most conspicuous when viewed from behind. Mark the *triceps* muscle as it steals from under the posterior edge of the *deltoid*—the correct outline of the scapula—the swell of the *glutei*—the tendon of the *biceps flexor cruris*, and the admirable form of the *gastrocnemii* from their origin downwards. In fact, this statue exhibits the finest muscular display I ever saw, and may justly be referred to as a solution of the doubtful and disputed point, whether *human* anatomy was ever practised by the ancients.

Bacchus: not the bloated figure and besotted countenance of the Falstaff of antiquity, but Silenus before deformed by crapulent intemperance, with his infantine and, as yet, undebauched, god and master nestling in his arms. Still continuing onwards, cast a glance on the EMPRESS PLOTINA. In her the chisel of the sculptor has embodied the idea of a Roman matron of the days of Rome's noblest and most exalted patriotism. The general contour of this statue displays a form masculine, yet dignified; her countenance, great strength of mind; and her demeanour, calm yet unalterable resolution.

As you advance, you involuntarily halt before the statue of MARCUS AURELIUS. Life itself could not express more commanding majesty, and the master of the Roman universe stands confessed both in attitude and feature.

No. 689 is the statue of LIVIA as the muse Euterpe. In her right hand she holds a tibia, indicative of her assumed character. Symmetry of proportion, enchanting sweetness and beauty of expression, drapery exceeding in lightness and delicacy the web of Arachne, and cast with the utmost chastity of taste, voluntarily enslave the delighted eye in beholding a form of such perfect excellence.

No. 659 is a semi-colossal statue of BACCHUS INEBRIATED. A wreath of vine-leaves encircles his temples; in his right hand he holds a bunch of grapes, whilst he points, as he speaks, with the forefinger of his left. Mark the unsteady, staggering gait of the drunkard, as every vacillating muscle strives to counteract the grovelling tendency of inebriation; the bloated inelegance of his shape, the babbling expression of his mouth, the dull and stupid glare of his eye, and the twitching that plays about his lips as he seems to talk the incessant, inarticulate talk of drunkenness, recapitulating merely the same nonsense he had been repeating a hundred times before. Here you see no caricatured grimace—no extravagant distortion of feature; but the artist has caught the nicer, though not less distinctive, characters of intoxication, with a fidelity which nothing but guilty, hiccuping experience can fully appreciate.

No. 684 is a semi-colossal statue of ALEXANDER THE GREAT. Ungovernable rage, disappointment, and distraction, contend one against another in every trait of his countenance, as if thwarted or foiled in some ambitious project. The deep-indented furrow between his eyebrows is forcibly expressive of vengeance unwreaked; his neck is swollen, gorged with blood, and coiled, as it were, on itself, resembling the writhings of an enraged viper. The sculptor, in the conception of this ferocious statue, must have imagined Alexander in one of his unhappiest moods, when the magnanimity of the hero was merged in the unglutted fury of the victor, as, with uplifted arm, he seems to vow a vow horrible enough to produce an earthquake. Alexander the Great would have his statue made by no other hand but Lysippus. Is this by such a master chisel?

Among the terminal busts in this hall which attracted my attention most, were those of Hippocrates, Homer, Seneca, and Diogenes. Instead of the misanthropic sort of personage I expected, I was surprised to find so interesting and handsome a countenance in the cynic of Sinope. This Hermes represents a man of middle age, with a fine cast of features; but yet there is a certain projection about his mouth and chin which conveys an "*adi culgus*" idea of supercilious regardlessness—contemning public opinion, its applause or censure, and challenging the utmost malice of fate, as superior to her most capricious vicissitudes.

By a kind of association difficult to account for, the busts of these virtuous and venerable men are placed among two mischievous Cupids; and directly in front of them lies the celebrated Borghese *lusus*. Is this to try their philosophic pretensions? if so, the sages look on with all the *sang-froid* of genuine *virtù*.

By the side of, and on the chimney-piece, you see three sepulchral urns from Marathon, and the mind spontaneously clings to the belief that they may have contained the ashes of some of the immortal heroes that fell on that distinguished battle-field.

Before quitting this magnificent apartment, I may direct

the traveller's attention to a statue of the WOLF OF MARS. It is of porphyroid rosso; and between the Caryatides are two antique bronze vases, supported on beautiful columnar pedestals of polished red granite.

Leaving this hall, you re-enter an open corridor, in which, as you advance, a statue of the goddess MINERVA merits attention. On her left arm she bears a shield; in the right hand an upright lance; and in her countenance, amidst much sweetness and beauty, is blended the dignified composure of her characteristic attribute—wisdom.

Opposite to this, observe a very charming statue of a priestess of ISIS, with a cistrum in her hand: a SATYR stands laughing by her side; and not far off, a statue of that obscene old sot, SILENUS.

The spectator is next struck with the majestic look, manly and robust form, and easy and natural attitude of a statue, which grasps the hilt of a sword with the right hand, whilst the left holds a scabbard. It is that of JULIUS CÆSAR. His knit eyebrows indicate firmness of resolve and courage that would rise in proportion as its efforts were discomfited. This statue seems not merely to command others, but it appears itself to lead the way, across the Rubicon.

Near to him who trod under foot the liberties of Rome, stands one who continues to trample on the liberties of the world: one who comes, at first, with laughing eye and timid air, presenting to us sweets and flowers, and by degrees grown bold, mischievous, and perfidious, makes us groan and weep. Who is it, need I ask, that by turns commands, supplicates, rules, obeys? Who by a look enslaves mankind, and arms with boldness and address the trembling, guileless heart? Who seals with sleep the wakeful eyes of Argus, or watches with the vigilance and patience of the anaconda, when all the world beside are sunk in deepest slumber? Love! the little urchin, Love! His statue was now before me; but the creative chisel of the sculptor has represented CUPID, not as the mere mischief-loving boy, but the Cupid that was caught in his own snare—the youthful lover of Psyche.

Among the Egyptian monuments there is a noble bust of the NILE PERSONIFIED, of porphyritic granite. His countenance is venerable, and his long-flowing beard falls on his breast in undulating folds, like the ripple on a mountain streamlet raised by the evening breeze.

You now come to a beautiful mosaic pavement, inlaid with the rarest and most variegated marbles. It is edged by a Grecian border, the tessellations of which are arranged with fine perspective effect. Wreaths of oak-leaves are at the four corners : in the centre you see Victory in an antique triumphal car, drawn by four horses, and followed by two female figures bearing the emblems of Peace and Abundance. On each side of the parallelogram are allegorical representations of four of the most celebrated rivers of antiquity. One, the Po : remark the water as it rushes out of a jar, how faithfully the mosaic represents the gushing stream. Two swans sail proudly on the water, which, by the skilful arrangements of the artist, unconsciously cause the eye to follow the current, and, by lingering on the object, to increase its effect. Another is the Nile, who rests on a sphinx as a mark of appropriation. At his feet a pyramid lifts its gradually tapering point to the skies, to denote the personification more distinctly. In his left hand he holds a paddle, indicative of being navigable : and in his right, a cornucopia of flowers, symbolical of his fertilising course. The third is the Euphrates : and the fourth the Danube, which last fronts a superb colossal statue of MELPOMENE.

This is perhaps the most wonderful, as it unquestionably is the most magnificent statue in the whole collection, and, though colossal, its various proportions are so admirably preserved, that its magnitude almost escapes observation. Observe the drapery, how gracefully it is cast ; on the arms it appears transparent. Her eye seems to flash with poetic fire, and her entire figure is so grand and imposing, that you fain would beseech the tragic muse to descend from her pedestal, and, fancying Shakspeare as her auditor, to recite, "To be, or not"—on the mosaic carpet at her feet, which she would grace, beautiful even as it is.

Stones, they say, have ears. The statue of NEMESIS proves they have more. Look at the lips of the goddess; you think she is about to speak, and as you draw near to listen, you instinctively tread more gently. Pitiless stone! why not for once yield up your obduracy? for gladly would I know what a statue like this hath to say. You point to your breast, as if the secret laboured there. Nemesis! is it to complain? Where is the gallant Quixote, even among these marbles, that would not leap from his pedestal and fly to your succour? Is it a secret confided to your keeping by some frail sister of Olympus, which you burn to disclose? The *wonder*, in your case, fair lady, is then no anomaly—the artist hath wisely petrified your tongue, and you cannot do otherwise than keep it.

Near to this stands a statue of PROVIDENCE, combining all that is majestic, benignant, and bounteous. She holds a globe in her left hand. A graceful tiara surmounts her still more graceful forehead. In the casting of the drapery no folds could be lighter or more elegant, and they clasp round her beautiful form with the affectionate ardour of a lover.

On the opposite pedestal stands an equally fine statue of HOPE. A diadem of stars radiates round a countenance beaming with all that is mild and beautiful. Hope looks so serenely sweet, that she never could have been disappointed—so confiding, as never to have been betrayed—and so innocently credulous, as if the tongue of flattery had but to tell its tale to be believed.

You now come to the statue of a female leaning on a rock, and resting her head on her elbow. It is the Muse POLYHYMNIA. A double coronet of flowers encircles her temples, and her tresses are bound and displayed with infinite grace. When you can take your regards from a countenance so charming and beautiful, let them fall on her fair and delicate form; then behold shapes of the loveliest proportions; but pry not too curiously, stranger, for her vestments are diaphanous.

No. 310. A superb semi-colossal statue of PALLAS. A helmet is on her head. Observe her countenance—how

noble and godlike ! with her right arm gracefully extended, she stands in the attitude of speaking. What may we surmise ? Was it thus she gave Pitt and Fox, Canning and Brougham, a lesson : for only such could be the pupils of the Pallas of Veletri ?

The celebrated statue of the Fighting Gladiator, presented by Prince Borghese to Bonaparte, is too well known to require description. The others in this fine collection that struck me more particularly, I must barely enumerate catalogically. Nos. 233. Esculapius—234. Antinous as Hercules—235. Ceres—244. A charming Bacchante—251. Four Fauns as Caryatides—260. Mars as Victor—268. Elius Venus—276. The Emperor Hadrian—281. A wounded Amazon—282. The VENUS of ARLES—299. A noble statue of a Worshipper as the Muse Euterpe—and lastly, 249. A recumbent colossal statue of the Tiber. The attitude is one of repose, placid as the stream it is meant to represent.

MANNERS AND MŒURS.—Whatever they may have been in former days, the French, in my opinion, can no longer boast of any superiority in politeness of behaviour. One of the things that strikes an Englishman on his first arrival among his Gallic neighbours, is their coarse and boisterous manner of conversing. A stranger to their language and usages is certain they are quarrelling and about to fight, and is shocked and surprised when he learns that this is their usual tone of conversation. In a large company all speak together, and it is who to speak loudest : no one cares to listen ; you see no respectful deference, while they interrupt one another without the least regard to the common received rules of ordinary politeness. This to me, who love to “ move all gently,” is particularly disagreeable ; and it has often happened, that, after having attempted to hearken patiently to what each, in great good nature, had to communicate—for Johnny Crapeau, at bottom, has much pleasing amiability about him, although he has got such a noisy way of shewing it— I have been obliged more than once to retire with a distracting headach.

The French are usually accounted a lively people. I am inclined to believe the events that happened during and subsequent to the Revolution have essentially altered their national character. A spirit of discontent at present pervades all classes: the soldier of fortune, a character comprising more or less directly the entire population of France, is discontented—for fortune has ceased to favour the brave; the *émigré* is discontented—for it is impossible to indemnify every one to his satisfaction, and years of exile and privation have dissipated the gay humour of his youth; while the recollection of mortifying reverses sours the retrospection of all. “*La gloire de nos armes*” rests tarnished; and every brave spirit sighs, as he regards his rusty sword, for the opportunity to furbish its sullied lustre on the breast-plate of an enemy. All that gave buoyancy to the spirits under a more brilliant dynasty—hope, ambition, emulation, distinction—is water-logged, and there is not a more grumbling, discontented being than a modern Frenchman. How different is this character from that of the times when Victory seemed to cling to the wheels of their very hackney-coaches, so lavish was she of her triumphs!

THE GUILLOTINE.—To-day an acquaintance called to say, that a man was to be guillotined in the Place de Grève. Although averse to sights so revolting, curiosity prompted me to accompany him. We squeezed our way through several streets, thronged with men and women hurrying forward in the same direction; and on getting to the Place de Grève, we were fortunate enough to be solicited by a person, whose house faced the guillotine, to take places at his windows. A little bargaining settled the price of our accommodation; and after mounting a narrow and dirty staircase to the second floor, we had every reason to be satisfied with the *bonne foi* of our host.

By this time the crowd had become immense, and filled the entire of the square in front of the Hôtel de Ville. As in all other enormous aggregations, there is something grand in the appearance of large assemblages of people; soldiers

and gens-d'armes in their several uniforms—numbers of females intermixed with the motley crowd, dressed with the characteristic glare of French taste—the constant undulating movement of such a mass of living power, that waved hither and thither, to re-establish the continually varying equilibrium, as the balance of pressure altered,—all combined to form a scene impressive from its magnitude, and imposing from the interest inseparable from the possible danger of some unforeseen accident happening to power in motion when so colossal and ungovernable. Association lent its aid to fill up the picture. The sight of the guillotine, the invention of the Revolution—the atrocious use to which it was put—the daring perseverance and impetuosity of the multitude to approach as near as they could to the edge of the scaffold, naturally brought to mind those passed scenes of horror and crime, of which, during the Revolution, this very spot was often the theatre.

The criminal whose fate had collected so many spectators had been tried and convicted of the murder of two children in the presence of their mother; bribed to the horrid deed, as the tenour of the examination would lead to the suspicion, by one interested in their destruction. He was conveyed to the place of execution from the condemned cell of the Conciergerie in a common cart. An aged priest sat beside him. Previous to getting out of the *charette*, the prisoner stood up and cast a look on the instrument of decollation: before mounting the ladder he again steadfastly regarded the guillotine. He then ascended to the platform, with that collected demeanour which a man of natural courage can command when hope has ceased from flattering for ever. The executioner now took off his surtout, which was merely buttoned across his breast, for his arms were pinioned behind him. The unfortunate man stepped on a foot-board fixed at the end of an upright stage, which, turning forward on a hinge, placed his neck with his face downwards under the fatal knife; and in a moment, by touching or pulling something (for I was too far off to see what), his head was severed from his body. I distinctly heard the noise it made as it fell into a trough placed to receive it; the blood gushed in a torrent from the

neck, and a momentary but universal shudder convulsed the decollated trunk. Decapitation, otherwise, seems a speedy manner of dying, and appeared, from the rapidity with which the whole process of execution was performed, to want that salutary effect on the feelings of the spectator, which ought to form a main object of every public forfeiture of life.

No sooner was the head separated, than the body was *shot* off the stage into a pannier (for the indecent manner in which it was done will not allow me to use a more reverent expression), by turning it on edge; and the head was pitched out of the trough, by a man knocking it against his knee.

The executioner picked up his spoils *de jure*—the criminal's casquette, surtout, &c. The pannier containing the mangled body was put into the cart, which, without any more ceremony, drove off, and the crowd immediately hurried to disperse.

THE REVOLUTION.—The cause of the French Revolution is mainly to be attributed to the blind security and obstinacy of the government, in persisting in a system of outrageously corrupt polity, instead of meeting the exigencies of the age; in not yielding, in short, to the necessary changes demanded by the advanced and advancing progress of knowledge. Whilst society is in its infancy, some degree of absolute rule is perhaps both wholesome and requisite for its proper guidance; but when the crude, unfermented mass of the populace gets the leaven of knowledge and inquiry mixed with it, and has thoroughly begun to work, any attempt to stay the progress of change towards the vinification of the intellect, is in danger of producing an explosion. Allow but the effervescence of the mental ferment to dissipate itself unheeded and unchecked, and no accident can happen; for its turbulence is mere froth, which will quietly settle down, when the dregs of ignorance will be found at the bottom, and the spirit of intellect, where it ought to be—supernatant.

As you walk along, you not unfrequently come to streets

that were uttered and acted during the "blasphemous times" of the Revolution, with the place where the word "Saint" stood, effaced — as here, "Saint Jean Baptiste, &c." This circumstance at the time gave rise to several ludicrous mistakes. St. Barbe suffered a second martyrdom in this manner among the rest, and it once happened that, on inquiring for Rue Barbe, that is, the person, was directed to the nearest apothecary's. They tell another story of these times. A linen-droper, whose shop was quite the fashion of the day, happened unluckily to have the figure of the holy precursor for his sign, with the words "au Saint Jean Baptiste" below. When the law passed for effacing the names and effigies of all saints exposed to public view, the man of muslin was obliged to take down the "*vex clamantis*," who had proclaimed his name so long and so far; but as a substitute, he had painted on the same board the figure of a monkey wrapped in candle, under which was written "*au Singe en Baptême*," and by this ingenious euphuism he preserved the *marque* in sound, though forced to change the personage of his well-known sign.

Bonaparte himself, in the zenith of his glory and power, did not escape an occasional lash from wit's cut-o'-nine tails, as the following epigram exemplifies:—

"Par une faveur sans égale
L'Empereur m'a serrant la main,
Me disait, 'Quelque chose vous aura-t-on?
Et le lendemain,—j'étais la gale!'"

One story more of the Revolution. The voice of prophecy hath long been silent, and yet something of its spirit seems to have awoken when the following "*petite chansonnette*" was written to ridicule the indiscriminate rage for denunciation which prevailed during the bloody sway of Marat, Danton, and Robespierre:—

AIR—*Les Trembleurs.*

"Je dénonce l'Allemagne,
Le Portugal et l'Espagne,
Le Mexique et la Champagne,
Le Limagne et le Pérou.

Je dénonce l'Italie,
L'Afrique, et la Barbarie,
L'Angleterre, et la Russie,
Sans même excepter Moscou !"

PAINTING.—In the attempt to give some idea of a national school of painting in any other country, criticism would find itself at a loss where to begin to establish the character, or whom to select as a general prototype; but in France this difficulty cannot be said to exist, since David, the acknowledged master of their school, in offering many excellencies worthy of imitation, has left defects behind which have stamped a character on the French historical school of painting peculiarly its own. To illustrate my meaning, I shall first notice his "Oath of the Horatii" in the gallery of the Luxembourg, in preference to his "Leonidas," though more admired by his countrymen, as being a less exceptionable example of the artist's conception of composition and manner of execution.

In the war between the Romans and Albans, the general of the latter, as every reader knows, proposed to the king of Rome to decide the fate of the war by a combat between three warriors to be chosen on each side. The proposition was accepted: Rome chose the Horatii, the Albans the Curatii; and, by a stratagem of the last of the Horatii, Rome triumphed.

The three Horatii ask permission of their father to be Rome's champions. He, transported with joy, exhorts his sons to render themselves worthy of such honourable distinction, and makes them swear before him to conquer or die; and this is the interesting moment the artist has chosen to depict. The three brothers stand before their magnanimous parent with arms outstretched, in the act of taking the oath, while their mother and sisters appear plunged in the deepest affliction.

The difference of expression in the countenances of the three brothers is well conceived. One bold and resolute, confiding in himself, exemplifies physical courage: another evinces the enthusiastic eagerness of courage animated by

sentiment: the third expresses the solemn resolve of a strong mind impressed with the magnitude of the object to be contested for, but at the same time with the steady determination to attain it or perish. This is well; but there are faults: the expression in the father's countenance, in invoking the gods to be propitious to the cause of Rome, leaves something to wish for—it is not enough prepossessing, and we look for more dignity in the father of the Horatii. The grief of the females, again, is too monotonous: and there is a harshness of outline in the lower limbs of all the male figures, which gives to them the dry appearance of statuary. The drapery, on the other hand, is cast with great simplicity, and the colouring is varied in beautiful contrast: the anatomy is faultless, the perspective excellent, and the relief given to the figures extremely well managed. The background is, as it ought to be, simple and chaste, and forms a foil, without drawing the eye from the scene, or drowning it in the depths of shade, or dazzling it by a too varied brilliancy.

Another painting of David's, much more defective, because requiring more genius than this artist possessed to treat it well; abounding in detached beauties, and yet no unison among the whole; evincing a want of general comprehension of plan, and, nevertheless, many of the perfections of the mere artist; exemplifying, in short, what a man of no real elevation of mind may attempt, who is master of the mere mechanical parts of his art,—the Battle between the Sabines and Romans, is as monstrously varied in its details as the Chimera. How has the artist conceived the person of Romulus—the suckling of a wolf, bred up in a forest, the founder of mighty Rome! What does it represent?—the warrior—the conqueror? No; but a *petit maître* just lifted out of his band-box, straddling gracefully asunder his two legs, bearing a shield on his left arm, and brandishing aloft a spear with a look as terrific as if he were about to transfix a fly! Viewed as a delineation of youthful beauty merely, no one can well deny its merit—it is designed without a fault, and painted with equal skill; but as the personage meant to be represented, it is out of all character. Romulus's

antagonist, again, has bone and muscle clumsy enough for Coleman's "Man of Limbs;" and yet he does not seem "doubled up for mischief." As for the designing of the figure, it is harshness personified. But let us shift the eye to something more pleasing. And, first, what can be more charming than the upper part of the figure who interposes between these doughty combatants, as a mediator? She beseeches with such sweet distress; she exposes herself with so much endearing devotedness! But cast not your regards below the cincture, else the beauty of the illusion vanishes. Next view an object still more beautiful, because more perfect; I mean the female on her knees imploring pity for as charming a group of little urchins as Albani ever painted, or Fiamingo chiselled into life. Nature, art, innocence, and beauty, all struggle for observance; and savage must be the heart of him that would trample even on the garment of the delighted and delightful little innocent that lies sucking its finger among the feet of the combatants, wholly unconscious of its danger. Two horses to the right are masterpieces of life, and very different from those convulsed animals which the Vernets depict dancing to St. Vitus.

Among the horrors intended for the pathetic, unless it be the infant that cries so lustily as upheld by its mother, all else is ludicrous. The wrinkled old dame exposing her bosom, while no one attends to her supplication, "to ease her of her pain," looks as if she knew no violation would be attempted on her sacred charms. As for the damsel standing on the capital of a column, were she elsewhere, you would imagine she was calling "Fresh mackerel!" instead of aught else, she bellows out so lustily.

In fine, this painting, with all its beauties, has so many defects; the general plot of the drama is so unconnected; the *dramatis personæ* so incongruously cast, that you search in vain for that in which a comprehensive genius would most have shone—a grandeur and unity of conception of the whole.

As for his Leonidas, it is not worth going into its details, for it is still more strongly illustrative of the poverty of his

genius as a composer, and of all the faults most prominent in the last we noticed—harsh outline, false sentimentality, no meaning in the expression, no sense in the action, no unity in the combination; yet excellent for its perspective, and delightful from the general harmony of its tone of colouring.

David, in my opinion, mistook his talent. Nature intended him for a sculptor and portrait, not historical, painter. The latter character he has undeniably established in his fine portrait of Pope Pius VII. It is admitted, I believe, that this painting possesses the principal requisite of a portrait, that of being a perfect likeness. The countenance expresses life itself; sedate, learned, pious, and benevolent, characters which eminently distinguished this worthy pontiff. The drapery is cast with grand simplicity and admirable skill. The hands, parts which an inferior artist commonly fails in, or neglects, are finished with the greatest care; the tone of colouring is chaste and becoming; and the whole possesses the relief of statuary, with all the warmth and reality of life. In a word, it is a portrait, in my judgment, which, had David painted nothing else, would alone have sufficed to have handed down his name to posterity as a great artist.

David's faults are attributable, in some degree, to the peculiar character of the times in which he flourished. During, and after the Revolution, every sort of novelty and monstrosity was the prevailing taste of the day. The ancient masters of Italy were neglected, if not despised; and nothing but the pristine models of republican Greece and Rome were deemed worthy of imitation. This affected taste introduced the stiffness of statuary into all their designs. Studies from the antique became their models; stories from the same source were taken for their subjects; and every rule and practice was outraged by the meretricious desire to produce something *piquante*, *frappante*; and hence the number of monstrosities that now line the walls of the Luxembourg; as Girodet's string of horrors, called the Deluge, and such like, exemplify. The progress of taste in the arts is the same

as in literature; the marvellous and astonishing in both, in their infancy, are more admired than the sublime beauty of a grand simplicity, where depth of conception composes the sentiment, rather than surprise resulting from some forced expression, and which, inasmuch as it excites a hyperbolical feeling, invariably loses in dignity by so much the nearer it approaches the ridiculous. It argues obtuseness of sensibility, where people can be affected only by what makes a strong impression; and astonishment is a pleasure of ignorance. Chords that can vibrate only when struck by a sledge-hammer make dull music.

I shall notice only one other painting of this school, which is to be seen in the Louvre, the *SLEEP OF ENDYMION*, by Girodet. Endymion, as the classical reader knows, was a famous hunter; and by his justice and probity obtained the favour of Jupiter. At his death he was received into heaven among the gods; but, soon forgetting the favour, he dared to make love to Juno, the wife of his benefactor. Jupiter, to punish the ungrateful Endymion, condemned him to an eternal sleep in a grotto of Mount Latmus. His beauty won the heart of the goddess Diana, who is represented at night by the moon; and the ancient mythology tells us that the goddess of chastity, fearful of her amour being discovered, waited till the day was done, to visit her lover and embrace him as he slept. This is the moment which the artist has chosen for the representation of his scene.

In a wood of palm-trees Endymion is seen lying on the skin of a tiger, and appears plunged in the deepest sleep. A little to the left, and placed somewhat above him, Zephyr is seen suspended to the branches of the trees, fluttering about amongst their leaves, and drawing them aside, whilst Diana, in the form of a moonbeam, falls on the lips of Endymion. Nothing can be more poetical than the chastity of such a kiss, or more chaste in taste than the poetry of such a conception.

But beautifully fine as this idea confessedly is, the most admirable part of all is the magic tone of colouring which

pervades this picture, and the great art with which it is managed.

“ The cold smile of the moon,
And the pale foliage of the midnight scene,”

are touched with a brush dipped on Nature's pallet: leaflet casts leaflet into shade with the greatest perspective accuracy; and the stillness and solitude of the scene might well give courage to the timid prude, for here she may gaze unrestrained in rapturous delight; here indulge in, and repeat, the silent, stolen, soft embrace—sweeter for the stealth, unembarrassed by its attendant unconsciousness, and unbounded in its gratification by the secrecy of its enjoyment.

This painting unquestionably possesses great merit, yet, however admirable it may be, it is not without a very conspicuous fault. The proportions of Endymion are copied from the Apollo Belvidere. He has the same style of head and features; the same soft outline of limb; but all magnified to a gigantic dimension. Now, however well heroic proportions, when justly preserved, may look in a statue, they seldom or never appear to advantage in a painting. The recumbent position of Endymion renders this fault less obvious; but place him upright in the eye of imagination, and the figure will appear a colossus.

The foregoing observation may recall to the reader's mind a somewhat similar objection which Strabo makes to Phidias's celebrated statue of Jupiter at Olympia. The god was represented sitting on a throne; yet he almost touched the ceiling with his head, so that, had Jupiter risen from his seat, he would have carried the roof along with him.

DEPARTURE FROM PARIS.—Aware, as the reader may be, how little of interest there is before getting towards the south of France, I mean to hurry him over the intervening ground, gleanings by the way any stray observation that may casually lie in the route.

Wishing to see the palace of Fontainebleau, I quitted Paris by the Barrière d'Italie, knowing that I could regain

the direct route of Lyons by crossing the forest. It had rained all the preceding day, and the roads were excessively dirty; yet I trudged through the mire, satisfied that every step I took to the south left the winter a yard behind me. The sun had risen sad and gloomy, shining dimly by times, like a sulky child that tries to smile with the tear-drops hanging to its eye-lashes; now chasing the lighter mists before him as a ship does the rippling waves; now plunging into the thicker and denser, and as he dashed the surging clouds from his prow, I felt the spray fall on my face. This portended too certainly what afterwards came—a thick shower of sleet and rain, which soon wetted me to the skin. The rain continued to fall more or less all day, and did not cease until I got to Le Plessis, where I halted for the night. The landlady was engaged sweeping out her sty *with a shovel*, for the dirt lay so thick that the besom came second: a pig, attracted by the loose cabbage-leaves and other filth, lustily opposed the lustration, and was not to be denied, although she kept saluting him very unceremoniously on the snout with her sabot. I had scarcely seated myself by the fire to dry and warm myself, when my ears were assailed with “*Toujours faim! B— de fainéante!*” and on looking up, I was astonished to find the exclamation had proceeded from mine hostess, on catching the poor servant-girl purloining a mouthful of bread. I have before this had occasion to remark that, whenever the landlady of a French *auberge* indulged in the graceful accentuation of every word with an oath, there was no great comfort to be expected therein; and my landlady of Le Plessis fulfilled my anticipations to the brim. Her very looks depicted brutality humanified; and the poor girl continued to receive, while my little meal was being prepared, the beatitude of her ill-humour in such epithets as quite amused me by their extraordinary atrocity. “*Sacre B— de bête,*” “*F— de cochon,*” and “*Sacrès mille tonnerres,*” were flung at her devoted head, as if Jove had cast loose his thunderbolts, and given them a holyday to revel as they list. Apprehensive that I too might come in for my share, I was glad to sneak off to bed as if I had stolen my supper.

Next morning I got on the wing by the dawning of the earliest sunbeam, luckily before the she-dragon was stirring, and thus escaped the benefit of any valedictory malediction. In passing through the part of the forest before coming to Fontainebleau, I stepped out of the road, among the huge masses of sandstone that are piled one on another in so singular a manner, in search of specimens of those curious rhomboidal crystals which get their name from their *habitat*, being found only here; but analysis has now proved that this anomalous crystal is not of pure sandstone, but obtains its tendency to assume the rhomboidal form from its union with a portion of carbonate of lime. In another part of the forest there is a sandstone rock so porous that water continually filters through it, and hence called *la roche qui pleure*. It is from the circumstance of the rock being porous that these crystals, I conceive, are formed: the infiltration carries with it the siliceous and lime in solution, which it deposits again in cavities, on resting, in a regular crystalline form.

Arriving at Fontainebleau, I was disappointed in seeing the palace, for the king happened to be there on a hunting party, and then it is not shewn to visitors; so, after resting myself for an hour, I crossed the forest in the direction of Moret, and, rejoining the main route, I supped and slept at Sens. It had been market-day, and I was entertained in the evening by a charlatan who travelled about the country in his carriage. The doctor wore a huge pair of mustachios, had served in the campaigns under Bonaparte, was accompanied, like Charles V., Frederick the Great, and other great men, by a dwarf as his footman; and was in such request, that even during supper he was dispensing his advice to a herd of credulous supplicants. England is commonly considered the land indigenous of quackery, but France in this respect outdoes us far. In England, men of modest merit are often obliged to stand in some obscure passage or thoroughfare, and to distribute their own bills, slipping them as slyly into your hand as if it were a fee; but in France, such, more conscious of their merit, come manfully or womanfully forward, and proclaim their own due praise

aloud, yea, often by sound of trumpet. A female Pithoness, mounted on horseback, the traveller may frequently have seen on the quays and bridges of Paris, announcing thus to a dying world some catholicon more wonder-working than even the elixir of life of old.

Proceeded on to Joigny next day.—Orthography in perfection is not confined to our own country places, it would appear. I remember once being puzzled in Cornwall to make out "*I queres agoose*," painted on a sign-board, and was not less so to-day upon reading on an open window-shutter,

" AVOIN ANGRO
E ANDETAL."

However, not just then standing in need of a feed, I had somewhat less hesitation about

" AU DE VI,"

and at a venture treated myself to a *petit verre*.*

At Joigny I crossed the Yonne, passed through Auxerre, and slept at St. Brie. Here the country begins to ascend from the plain watered by the Yonne, and continues to do so till you get between Rouvray and Saulieu. The acclivity, indeed, is so steady and gradual, that, at first, you are insensible of the elevation you have attained. I observed abundance of greywacke, full of shells and ammonites, on the road between Avallon and Rouvray; and between this and Saulieu, as you reach the upper part of the range of elevation, the country is formed of red and gray granite. The red is by far the most abundant, and is of so friable a nature, from the quantity of decomposed red felspar it contains, that the soil of the neighbouring fields is entirely composed of it. Patches of the same rock, lying flat and smooth in the manner of sandstone, are scattered on the surface; and the white grains of quartz which are so plentifully strewn amidst the decomposed felspar, now soft and adhe-

* Tumbling over some pamphlets one day at a book-stall on one of the *Ponts* of Paris, I met with the following work:—" *Love's Last Shift; ou, La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour, Comédie Anglaise!*"

sive like clay, give to the fields the appearance as if they were sown with rice.

The aspect of the surrounding heights has nothing primitive about it, for, instead of being bold, rugged, and peaked, the hills are rounded and undulating like those of the chalk formation in England. The country now commences to descend in the same imperceptible and progressive manner as it had risen: and as you approach Arnay le Due, you again meet with the same description of greywacke which was to be seen at a corresponding level on the St. Brie side of the mountain range.

I must now hurry the traveller over the ground a little faster, without waiting to detail accidents of no manner of interest. So, reader, imagine you have drunk of the fine wines of Burgundy near Chagny and Chalons, and, pacing your way by the side of the Saone to Lyons, you enjoyed the scenery on its banks, which, without taxing the imagination, is really not picturesque enough to describe.

LYONS.

The weather still continued wet and cold: the town was both dull and dirty; and the only recompense I had for getting so often drenched of late was seeing the Rhone in a plenitude of majesty. The late rains had greatly swollen the river, and it rolled its flood of waters to the ocean with the impetuosity of a suicide impatient to be drowned. How much do our impressions depend on circumstances totally independent of the things that ought to imprint them! The weather was gloomy, and tinged my perceptions of its own shade. So far to the south, I expected to find it warmer. I hung out at the Hôtel de Milan, and fancied myself uncomfortable: I thought the town, as a place of manufacture, on the decline; and I saw nothing that deserved a second look, except the fine equestrian statue of Louis XIV., which the folks at Lyons are so much disposed to hold in undeserved abhorrence; yet so truly excellent did I, on the contrary, think it, that I considered it as the finest of modern

statues I had yet seen : so strongly are political predilections apt to pervert the judgment !

A stranger coming to Lyons naturally looks for the characteristic that distinguishes the relations of Midas—a peculiarity so humorously alluded to by Rabelais, who tells us, that, to hide their large ears, the Lyonese always wore their hats when going to be hanged :

“ Privilège fort authentique,
Pour cacher l'oreille Arcadique.”

Whether it really be so or not, I got it into my head that the people here were less ready to uncover than is usual in France ; many, I observed, wore their hats even at table. So, not relishing my company, I strapped my knapsack on my back once more, and left these modern Arcadians to “ go and be hanged ” after their own fashion.

The grand route of Marseilles lies on the left bank of the Rhone, and as you descend with the stream, the scenery becomes more interesting. At Vienne, besides a fine ancient cathedral, highly deserving the traveller's attention, there are the ruins of an ancient bridge across the Rhone.

The rock in this neighbourhood is an impure limestone ; and I have often before had opportunities to observe that the most deliciously flavoured wines are grown in the districts where the débris of this rock forms the soil of the country. It is perhaps owing to this same circumstance that our vines in England partly obtain their flavour, from being planted by wall-sides, where the mould abounds with the fallen mortar. Excepting those, the produce of a volcanic country, I have never yet tasted good wines where lime, in one form or other, did not constitute the rock of the district and the main component of the soil.

The high ground about Vienne hems in the river, and consequently there is little space left for vineyards ; yet the Viennese are so sensible of the value of every inch of the little that is given them, that the rock is cut into narrow terraces and planted with the vine. It is almost incredible how very little soil is requisite for its growth ; for here you

see it shoot into, and take root in, every bare crevice, and yet to thrive. The wine produced in this neighbourhood is rich and delicious, and the vernacular of Tain, every son of Bacchus knows, "noils no bush." That the cause of the difference of wines is local and particular, were an idle argument to insist upon, since it is well known that the distance of a mile or two will materially alter the quality of the grape. If, then, I am right in my conjecture of the properties of particular kinds of limestone being so influential in imparting flavour to wine, would it not be expedient to pulverize and export so valuable a manure to soils less favoured?

At Tain I fell in with a person proceeding to Orange by a coal-berge, which was to leave Tournon, a town on the opposite side of the Rhone, next morning. He wished me to accompany him: the proposition had novelty to recommend it, and so we started next day before daybreak. I was impatient to get to the south, and by three P.M. we landed at St. Andriol, having been carried about eighty miles in twelve hours down the Rhone, by the force of the current alone. On landing, I first became sensible of the difference of climate. I was now nearly five degrees to the south of Paris: and though November was near its close, the weather was pleasantly warm in the mornings, and even hot towards noon. I crossed the Rhone to Pierrelatte: and mounting my knapsack next day as usual, I got to Orange in the evening.

ORANGE.

This ancient city, which gives title to the princely house of Holland, was founded by one of the Celtic tribes, the Cavari, and is mentioned by Strabo under the name of Arausion, for which he quotes Artemidorus. The precise year in which Orange was colonised by the Romans is not exactly known, although, from a medal found here, and mentioned by Goltzius in his *Nummi Antiqui Popul. et Urbium*, it appears probable that this happened under the

proconsulate of Tiberius Nero, father of the Emperor Tiberius.

A stranger is astonished to find so many fine ruins in a place so little frequented by the antiquary as Orange. Those of the Theatre are the best preserved of any extant; the Triumphal Arch is a ruin of the most finished workmanship, and of great beauty; vestiges of a Circus can be traced distinctly; and considerable remains of an Amphitheatre have only lately disappeared.

The Triumphal Arch stands in the middle of the ancient Via Domitiana, just before you enter the town. It is of the usual form — that of a parallelogram — pierced by three arcades, with four fluted Corinthian columns supporting each of its sides. The archivolts on the south façade are ornamented with a garland of flowers and fruits of the richest description. Over the arch to the east we see bas-reliefs of arms piled on one another, swords, pikes, bucklers, and the figures of animals, which had served as ensigns. On the shields you read names, half effaced, of a barbarous orthography; and among these, that of Marius, to which I shall immediately allude. The frieze is adorned with fighting gladiators, but the cornice is destroyed. Over the architrave of the lesser arches, the figures of tridents and other marine emblems are only confusedly visible, from being so much dilapidated, above which ranges a second cornice, which supports a second stylobate or attic. In the middle of this, a battle, in animated bas-reliefs, is represented, in which you perceive half-naked barbarians, covered with large bucklers, engaged with the Roman soldiers. Both armies seem to have had cavalry. Over the eastern arch, and in the same attic, there is the figure of a female supporting her head on her hand, in an attitude of grief, intended, perhaps, to personify the conquered province. All that part which was over the western arcade has fallen, leaving no vestige of the sculpture which covered it.

Between the columns which sustain the east lateral face, are figures of captives, chained two and two, with their hands bound behind them, in whose countenances shame and

grief are well expressed. Over the captives are heaps of arms and ensigns, and the frieze is enlivened by fighting gladiators. This face, instead of having the usual lengthened, rectangular form, is in the shape of a truncated pyramid, which is extremely elegant. In the attic there is a head of Phœbus, framed in an arch, the border of which is covered with stars, and two cornucopias incline towards the angles. The second cornice above the first attic is sustained by two sirens; the second attic is plain, but terminated by an ornamental cornice.

The front which faces the north, and that which first meets the traveller as he approaches the town, is the most entire of the whole, and conveys a more perfect idea of its pristine majesty and elegance. The arrangement of its parts is similar to the façade towards the town, but its greater state of preservation allows the spectator to judge better of its details. The architrave over the middle arch is beautiful, and between it and the columns you perceive the holes of the cramp-irons, to which, probably, bronze statues were affixed.

Over the two side arches are various trophies, and among others, a pair of *brecks*, in use among the ancient Gauls. The frieze on this front, instead of figures of gladiators, shews the holes in which the bronze letters of an inscription had been fastened, and there are others to be seen in the attic, which probably had served to fix other ornaments in bronze. The middle of the first attic is occupied by the pediment of the principal arch, and on each side are bas-reliefs, representing ships, masts, pulleys, tridents, &c., in good preservation.

In the middle of the upper stylobate there is a battle-piece, as on the opposite façade, to the left of which you see various utensils of the Pagan religion—a patera, a cym-pulum, præfericulum, and aspergillum, also an augur's staff, or baton.

The side facing the west is so much destroyed, that it is now impossible to say what it had been.

The under part of the arcades is sculptured and designed

with prodigious richness and elegance. On that of the middle arch, immediately below one of the imposts, you see two heads of divinities, each wearing a coronet of olive-leaves; and above the impost of the vault, rich festoons of fruits and flowers are sustained, from distance to distance, by beautiful female heads.

This superb Triumphal Arch is constructed of a coarse-grained and friable limestone, which latter quality has tended greatly to favour and accelerate the dilapidations both of time and of barbarism.

Of the various conjectures that have been put forth to appropriate the Triumphal Arch of Orange, the most feasible is that which assigns its erection in honour of Domitius Cœnobarbus, to commemorate his victory over the Allobrogi at the battle of Quindalon. Some have ascribed it to Marius for vanquishing the Teutones, from his name being still legible on one of the bucklers; but many reasons militate against this supposition, and one of the most obvious is, that his name, instead of occupying a distinguished place on the edifice—for it ought to have made part of the bronze inscription on the frieze—is, as we saw, indiscriminately blended with those of the barbarous chiefs who had fought on the occasion as the allies of Rome. Again, no where is an eagle to be seen among the trophies, though first introduced by Marius himself, as the sole distinguishing ensign of the Roman legions. This characteristic is a common trophy on triumphal arches of a later era, and it appears particularly inexplicable why it should have been omitted on this occasion, had it been erected to commemorate the most brilliant of his victories. Pliny tells us that Marius adopted the ensign of the eagle the year of his second consulate. Now, Marius did not defeat the Teutones until his fourth consulate, and therefore a considerable time after the adoption of the eagle as the ensign of the Roman legions. But the victory of Domitius preceded this event; and although Marius's name certainly does appear on the arch, it seems not improbable that this great captain, who had been a soldier all his life, had served in the action in a subordinate

rank as tribune—a supposition which would sufficiently well account for his name being found engraved on a buckler, together with Sacrovir, Boduacus, &c., especially as we learn from Valerius Maximus, that he had been made tribune of the soldiers the very year preceding the battle.

Œnobarbus was denied the honours of a triumph, which were decreed to his successor, Fabius Maximus, the year following, for having terminated the war. On this, the haughty Domitius did himself those honours which his country had refused him; for Suetonius informs us, that this proconsul traversed Provence, mounted on an elephant, at the head of his army, with all the pomp of a real triumph; and that the Marseillaise, and the other colonies, covered the route he took with magnificent monuments to his glory. The line of his march afterwards took his name—the Via Domitiana, and it is thus mentioned by Cicero, in *Fonteio*.

From the triumphal arch of Œnobarbus, I went to see *le Cirque*. This is not a circus, as its common appellation would imply, but a theatre, and one in the highest preservation known. It is built of coarse shell limestone, having a façade 316 French feet in length, by 107 high. A large square porch, supported on each side by a Corinthian pilaster, is in the middle, the lintel of which is curiously dove-tailed, if I may so express it, *à dent de scie*; and over this an arch is thrown, to lessen the superincumbent pressure. On each side of the grand entrance there are nine lesser porches, which are arched and separated from each other by Doric pilasters, supporting a plain cornice. Above this you can perceive a groove, from which a covered portico, or *forum*, had projected the whole range of the front. This portico had evidently been supported laterally by a wall; the one to the right still remains entire, with a doorway which led into the circus, properly so called. Twenty-one solid arches range above the upper line of the portico, in the centre of which you perceive round apertures to admit light into the corridors behind. A second cornice succeeds. Above this, large stones, or modillions, project, some of which are perforated by a conical hole, which correspond with another

range of similar projections extending along the whole line of the façade. These were for the poles which supported the *velarium*. A third cornice is interposed between the two lines of stone which project, pierced in places to correspond with the perforations above and below, for its edge protrudes so as would otherwise have prevented the supports of the *velarium* from being inserted into both tiers of stones. This cornice is regularly guttered, for the purpose of draining off the rain falling on the roof of the stage. A fourth cornice crowns the whole. I now entered the interior.

The theatres of the ancients, I may mention, were generally erected, when the nature of the ground admitted of it, close to the declivity of a hill, or else in some hollow place having a semicircular inclination, which, by affording a natural foundation for the range of seats, thus spared the expense of constructing arcades to support them. The theatres at Delos, Smyrna, Syracuse, and elsewhere, all exemplify this attention to the natural advantages of situation, and the one at Orange may be added to the list. It is situated on the crupper of a hill, and where this fails, which it does towards the east, the semicircle is completed by arcades. As it now is, the visitor has only an imperfect view of this part of the edifice, from being masked by houses, which are shortly to be pulled down. A double tier of seats, of seven steps in each range, formed the semicircular space for the audience; these terminated in two wings, 65 feet by 55. The orchestra, or pit, occupied a place similar to that in our modern theatres; and between the *episcenia* was the *proscenium*, 195 feet in length by 36 in depth—a proportion different, as we see, from the stage of a modern theatre, which is much deeper than it is broad. A corridor ran between the *proscenium* and the wall of the façade in front.

All these different parts of an ancient theatre are here readily cognisable; and several of them still exist, quite perfect, particularly the *episcenia*.

Adjoining the theatre was the circus, the outline of which can still be traced by the eye of the antiquary, though,

perhaps, less distinctly by general travellers less interested in such researches. A *mœnium*, with its staircase entire, and adorned by a porch, remains, in tolerable preservation.

Orange had likewise its amphitheatre; but being erected principally of wood—a proof, by the way, of its greater antiquity—little or nothing is now recognisable but the spot occupied by the arena; and what was formerly washed with blood, is now used as a public lavacrum.

There are other remains of antiquity to be found at Orange. Detached parts of its ancient walls are still standing, and may be readily known by the small square-cut stones used by the Romans in their walls of enclosure. Mosaics, lares, lamps, and lachrymatories, have been frequently found, as also inscriptions and medals of various eras from the early Celtic and Greek periods down to those of the Lower Empire.

Pleased with a treat altogether so beyond my expectation, I left Orange with regret, and proceeded on to Avignon. In the way you meet with the olive-tree for the first time. The fruit was getting ripe, and promised an abundant crop.

AVIGNON.

Avignon is a fine old town, pleasantly situated on the Rhone, and hence its Celtic name, *Aoven-ion*, which is interpreted, Lord of the River. From the hill above the old papal palace you have an extensive view, stretching to the westward into Languedoc; and turning your eye to the east, it dips into the fountain of Vaucluse.

Avignon having little to detain my attention, I left my knapsack behind till my return, and started early next morning on a visit to this celebrated fountain.

The road leads through a fertile country, which ascends gradually to the source of the Sorgue. Half-way you come to Château-Neuf de Gadagne, where, among the coarse gravel of the soil, you find nodules of common jasper strewed in abundance, with greenish grey clay lying underneath. At L'isle, about four miles from Vaucluse, there is a good

inn ; but finding I could sleep at the latter, and it being quite early in the day, I halted only for a short time, and ate of some of the finest and whitest bread I ever saw in my life. The Sorgue, at L'isle, divides into two branches, which closely invest the town ; they unite again immediately below it, forming a more mesopotamial town than even Interamna, hereafter to be noticed. Instead of crossing the stream, which I ought to have done, I proceeded straight forward ; but finding that the road led to the right, and away from the fountain, I struck into a path near a crucifix by the way-side, and regained the valley of the river. It is not unfrequent for prejudiced travellers to scoff at the customs of a religion which differ so much from their own as those of the Romish church ; and although far from approving of many of its principles and institutions politically considered, this feeling does not lead me to condemn indiscriminately. On each face of the pedestal of the crucifix was inscribed a short sentence, which I copied for their very benevolence' sake. The wearied and solitary traveller is often glad to be addressed, even by any inanimate object that may suggest a pleasing train of thought. The little amiabilities that are mutually interchanged between strangers are always cheering ; and I have often felt the "*bon soir*" of a passenger a feather in my night's pillow. The inscriptions were these :

1.

O Croix,
Notre unique espérance !
Nous vous saluons.

2.

Que Dieu soit propice aux voyageurs !

3.

Quæ paternis fovebat olim,
Nunc et nostris foveat arvis !

4.

Que le Ciel fertilise la terre,
Et en conserve les fruits !

Pass, traveller, this consecrated spot without saying Amen !
and you should be no fellow-traveller of mine.

As you get deeper into the valley, the scenery becomes interesting; the surrounding rock approaches closer to the stream, and the pomegranate, the fig, and the mulberry-tree, embellish its borders. Nature seems prodigal of her treasures in enriching the approach to Vaucluse. The brawling Sorgue rushed by over a carpet of green; the perfume of numerous wild-flowers scented the air; while the lark from a neighbouring meadow mounted the skies, and sent up his sweetest notes to heaven as he soared; then, falling and falling, the sounds closed in softest cadence on the delighted ear, like the petals of a flower on the gradual approach of night. The grasshopper joined his octave chirp to the deep-toned hum of the bee; while every songster of the grove tuned his little throat to complete a chorus of infinite sweetness and melody.

The evening was calm, save a light breeze that blew softly amidst the branches of the trees, and not a flitting cloud paced the azure sky. The higher you ascend the stream, the more turbulent it becomes; and you pass rocks of limestone of a peculiar stratification, each alternate lamina appearing like mortar, not soft, pulverulent, and decomposed, but compact and indurated, as if Nature had taken the trowel in her own hand to raise these fantastic superstructures.

As you draw near to the fountain, the scene becomes still more uncouth and rugged; lofty and savage rocks close around you, in which you perceive numerous natural excavations, resembling the caves of the Troglodytes. A dull noise steals on the ear, which becomes louder and louder as you ascend the steep. All of a sudden the veil of awakened expectation is rent asunder. A majestic scene succeeds to the mild cast of the one you have just passed, and you now see a river rising perpendicularly out of the bowels of the earth. To depict in your mind's eye the scene which gives birth to the Sorgue, figure to yourself a rampart of rocks on the flank of a mountain whose grey and venerable head is surmounted by a coronet of rugged pinnacles. These masses of rock bend back their ridges, to form a semi-lunar cavern hollowed out

of the solid rock by the chisel of Nature, at the bottom of which is situated the mouth of the fountain. The water does not appear to flow from any part in particular, but ascends tranquilly from the entrails of the earth into a large basin, where it appears stationary and motionless. This seeming stillness is deceptive; for, at some feet from its surface, it regurgitates, and, sinking down, again re-appears in successive rotations—a phenomenon of which the visitor may satisfy himself, by throwing a few pieces of wood into the basin. At first you perceive them quietly swimming about; but on watching them more narrowly, you see them assume a regular progression, and, as if attracted by some invisible power, they begin to follow one another in the same track; by and by they take on a rotatory motion, and, now fairly entangled in the vortex, they pirouette in gradually concentrating circles, and on arriving at the centre sink down into the whirlpool, and are never seen more. From the abundance of rain that had fallen, the fountain was at its height. It is under such circumstances that it presents the most majestic spectacle; for then the reservoir, unable to contain the volume of water vomited up, ejects the surcharge, which, overleaping the edge of the basin, rushes over with stupendous impetuosity, and plunges down from cascade to cascade, until it forms the stream below. In an instant the turbulence calms, and it now changes its waves of silver-white into an azure stream, which, after traversing a carpet of emerald, spread by the naiad of the fountain, divides itself into streamlets, which ever and anon unite but to part anew, like merry dancers in a quadrille. It thus runs its meandering course, under the name of the Sorgue, to water, fertilise, and embellish the delightful country of Avignon.

On viewing such wondrous beauties, who can help exclaiming,—

“Deus, deus, ille, *Mænalca*!”

Painters, bring hither your pencils, and gather traits from Nature in all her exuberance of beauty! Poets, ye have been forestalled, for a precursor has left you not one neglected

heavy to the heart. Perhaps I now rest on the same fragment of rock where, on yonder spring, surrounded by these scenes of Nature's grandeur, I was inspired by the noise of the waterfall in the etching as I was inspired while Petrarch sung. But night falls again, and "the noiseless feet of Time steals on:" I must away, leaving to some traveller of a future age, while seated perhaps on the same stone, to ponder in like melancholy grief on the hopeless loves of Petrarch and Laura. Impressed by reflections like these, I returned to the little village of Vaucluse, where, next to interrupt our description, I had previously bespoken some stewed trout, for which the place is celebrated, and a roast fowl, for supper. It was now time to retire to rest, for excess of pleasure fatigues as much as pain: and the din of a neighbouring cascade, aided by a fire of excellent wine, soon lulled me to sleep, and I slept most lustily. I returned to Avignon next day.

PONT DU GARD.—March with me one day more, and we are at the post-house: to arrive at which, by the shortest route, you cross a ferry at Remoulin. The ruin known by the name of the Pont du Gard is the noble remains of an ancient aqueduct, situated about a mile from the inn, which modern ingenuity has rendered subservient to utility by an adscititious bridge. This splendid monument of antiquity stretches, between two hills, over the river Gard, and served to convey the waters of the fountain of Avre to the ancient city of Nismes: it is 145 French feet in height, and consists of three ranges of arches, the lower composed of six, the middle of twelve, and the upper range of thirty-five; and its greatest length, on the level of the water-run, exceeds 800 feet. This noble structure is of the Tuscan order, and built *à pierre sèche*, as the French well express it, that is, without cement. The blocks of stone of which it is constructed are enormously large; some are above seven feet long, and of great hardness, which will account for its fine state of preservation. A ruin of such magnitude must be seen to be admired; for no description can convey an adequate idea of its grandeur and magnificence; nor can the

imagination grasp by the aid of mere numbers the dimensions of what is colossal. Its erection is attributed to Agrippa, who, from his great attention to all matters of this kind, obtained the title of *Curator Perpetuus Aquarum*, an appellation which it is probable he would strive to merit from this colony in particular, of which he was the patron. The attention paid to the plentiful supply of wholesome water was greater among the Romans than with us in modern times. The frequent and universal use of baths among the ancients, and the quantity requisite in some of their religious ceremonies, for the ablutions, for the sacrifices, and other mysteries, made aqueducts more necessary. The fountain at Nîmes is exuberant only after rains; and as the principal ceremony here in heathen times was the drowning of the god Apis, a steady and certain supply became a matter of religious necessity. We, therefore, cannot wonder at the pains the ancients took to obtain good water in abundance, or that the aqueduct of the Pont du Gard should extend nine leagues in length, following the winding of the hills, before it got to Nîmes.

Wild thyme and other fragrant herbs grow here in great plenty, and give a delicious flavour to the mutton fed on the neighbouring hills. Large square stones, part of the ruins, lie strewed on the heights; and near the aqueduct there is a subterraneous cavern, hewn out of the solid rock—for what purpose it is difficult to conjecture.

Second day.—Having a day's pastime to give the *blanchisseuse*, I resolved to amuse myself at the same time in angling under the arches of the aqueduct, and in spending the day in the luxury of those reflections which the companionship of a noble ruin sympathetically inspires. I rose at daylight: a cane-reed, which grows plentifully in the fences, served me for a rod—tackle I always carried with me. It was the first of December, and, although at mid-day it still continued warm, the mornings were excessively cold. The sky was clear and cloudless; the air pure, dry, and elastic; yet the cold pierced literally to the bone, producing a disagreeable gnawing sensation; and I now, for the first

time, became sensible of the truth and force of the negro's description of *Massu Frost*—"he bite, and you no see 'um." Yet, whim has sometimes a glutton's appetite. I had made up my mind over night to give my stock of patience a benefit, and by no means to stint my gratification by any needless niggardliness; and so it turned out; for after angling till dinner-time, I had yet caught no fish. I returned again in the evening, with the laudable intent of not going to bed but with a quiet and full-sated conscience; and I was indulged to my heart's content, for still I had caught no fish. By this time the moon was up, travelling through a sky of deepest blue; its orb—for now I allowed the little trouts to nibble as they list—its orb had attracted two diaphanous vapours, which appeared as its wings, and it glided through the ocean of space like a dream. Lost in reverie, I continued to sit on a projecting angle of one of the buttresses of the ruin, watching her airy course, when at times she would plunge into the deep shade of some passing cloud, and again reappear, like a sea-gull, refreshed and fairer for the immersion. How long I may have remained thus romancing, I cannot well say. I might have sat till this time, for aught I know, had not the cold awoke me from my reverie; for, unluckily, it happens, at times, that, when fairly mounted on my hobby, my ideas are so centrifugal of all consciousness, that they will fly off at a tangent as far as the last fixed star beyond the milky way, and sometimes even do not stop till asked for their passport at the barriers of chaos. What did not mend matters was, that when I got back to the inn, I found the kitchen-fire out, and the only pair of bellows in the house were the rosy cheeks of a buxom wench of a servant girl. Misfortunes, they say, seldom come alone. To add to other grievances, there was nothing but eggs in the house to comfort my inward man; but I remembered me of the old adage,—"*Ad præsens ova cras pullis sunt meliora*,"—and was contented; for nothing, after all, perhaps, conduces more to establish this happy estate than the occasional "rubs and scorn of adverse fortune." I left, for Nismes, the following morning, with a determined resolution not to angle for my supper again for the next century, at least.

NISMES.

Tradition gives great antiquity to this town, and however fabulous most of it may be, there are abundant proofs of its Egyptian origin. Nismes is the ancient Nem, founded, it is said, by Nemausus, son of the Libyan Hercules. Now, the reader is aware that there were several Jack-the-giant-killers of old who bore this name; but our man, the father of Nemausus, was not the son of Amphitryon, but of Osiris and Isis, Egyptian divinities, and hence known as the Libyan Hercules. Both Diodorus Siculus and Ammianus Marcellinus tell us of Hercules' gallantry in Celtic Gaul, and how his children founded cities, to which they gave their names. From an inscription found, it would appear that the first inhabitants adored Isis, Osiris, and Serapis; and that the temple of Diana, the ruins of which still form so interesting a portion of the ancient monuments of Nismes, had formerly been that of Osiris and Isis. These divinities, we know, were worshipped among the Egyptians as emblems of the sun and moon; Isis being the moon, in the emblematical sense of the Egyptians, as Diana was in that of the Greeks. Hence it came, from this identity in all but name, that when Nismes was afterwards colonised by the Phocians, in rebuilding the temple of Isis, they dedicated it to Diana.

The Temple of Diana.—This edifice is of the Composite order. The roof had been vaulted, and covered with flagstones, part of which is still standing, sustained within by sixteen columns, over which an ornamental cornice ranges, with handsomely sculptured tori. In each side-wall were five niches, and one on each side of the door of entrance; those in the wall to the right of the door still remain, and are surmounted by alternate triangular and circular pediments. The figure of the principal divinity had probably occupied the recess situated at the bottom of the temple, formed by four pilasters, two in front and two behind; and against each of these stood one of the columns of the temple. At each side of the recess were two others, at the bottom of which was a spiraculum, which might have served either for letting

the smoke from the victims escape, or as the aperture through which the oracles were delivered. The ceilings of these recesses had been richly ornamented, and a mosaic pavement had embellished the whole interior.

The grand entrance faces the rising sun, opposite to which stood the altar. Its vicinity to a fountain, which springs from under the neighbouring rock, in which the god Apis could be conveniently drowned, confirms the conjecture of its most ancient dedication; and its having obtained the name of the Temple of Diana from long and immemorial tradition, attests its subsequent appropriation under the Phocian Greeks. Tradition, when universal, must be allowed to possess its due weight in the researches of antiquity, covered, as most of them are, by the dust of so many ages.

That there was a temple dedicated to Isis and Serapis at Nismes is certain, from a fragment of an inscription preserved by Albinus, of which the following is a literal copy :

ISIS - - - -
 SERAPIS. VESTAE. DIANA. SOMNI. H.S. N. VI. ET.
 PHIALAS. II CHRISEN - - - - CLI - - - - QUA - - - DFORUM. AR.
 GENTA CASTRAENSIA DOMO HABEBAT
 ITEM - - - - - DEDICATIONE TEM
 PLI ISIS ET SERAPIS. DEO.
 OMNIBUS NEMAVSENSIVM ET OR
 NAMENTAR - - - SINGULIS OC ITA UT IN
 PUBLICO VESCERENTUR DISTRIBUI JUSSIT IN
 QUE EIVS DOMUS
 - - - - TELAN HS N X RELIQUIT ITEM IMA
 GINEM MARTIS AR GENTEM EX
 AMNAGENSIBUS DEDIT
 C. ORDO. BITVR.

The name of Osiris, we perceive, is not in the inscription, owing, apparently, to its having been engraved on two separate stones, the first of which is wanting.

You are perhaps an antiquary, gentle reader? If so, the lacunæ above will give you ample scope for ingenious conjecture. I myself, at times, delight in trying to decipher something utterly and hopelessly illegible—whether a certain

letter, for example, which, if determined, would not advance the interpretation an iota, be an *O* or an *X*. Such amusements as these are among the "*difficiles nugæ*" mentioned by Martial; and serve passing well, when you wish to be more than ordinarily agreeable to your friends, in boring them to death about what you know they lustily and heartily anathematise and abominate.

THE AMPHITHEATRE.—The ruins called *les Arènes* by the French are the most perfect of any amphitheatre that exists. The outer walls are entire, and form an ellipsis, whose great axis is above four hundred feet in length, and its smaller above three hundred. The lower part forms a portico, which opens by sixty arcades into the interior. The second story is composed of the same number of arches, over which an attic ranges. Among the lower arcades are four principal portals, facing the four cardinal points: that towards the north is surmounted by a pediment, beneath which you observe two ox-heads sculptured in relief.

This noble monument is of the irregular Tuscan order, approaching the Doric, and is about seventy feet high from the lower arcade to the attic. Thirty-two rows of seats for the spectators had ranged round the interior, seventeen of which still remain. Stairs, leading from the lower to the upper arcade, proceed from the portico, and terminate in three ranges of vomitories; and, after allowing sufficient room for each person, it is calculated that this amphitheatre could not have held less than eighteen thousand spectators.

Over the attic are one hundred and twenty modillions, at equal distances from each other, pierced with a hole in the middle, for fixing the tent-posts of the velarium for covering the spectators.

The principal part of this edifice is built *à pierre sèche*, and some of the stones are more than seventeen feet long—a magnitude so extraordinary, as to have given rise to the idea, in the dark ages, of the Romans having possessed the secret of casting stones in the manner of metals.

There are different opinions of the time in which this

arena was erected. It could not have been prior to the reign of Tiberius, for we know that, previous to this, amphitheatres were all constructed of wood; and it was this emperor who first erected them of stone, in consequence of the one at Fidenes having fallen, and crushed under its ruins more than 20,000 persons. Nor could it have been after the time of the Emperor Philip, when it is probable that the barbarous amusements of the amphitheatres were abolished. The most probable conjecture ascribes it to Antoninus Pius, who had erected this monument with the object of embellishing the native place of his father, Aurelius Fulvius, about the year 140 of the Christian era. In vain did the zeal of the first converts to Christianity attempt to set it on fire, the marks of which are still visible under the arcades; nor have the ravages of ages been more successful in their dilapidation, for it still stands to defy their further hostility.

THE MAISON CARRÉE.—This bijou of antiquity has been long celebrated for its beauty and high preservation. The form of this edifice is rectangular, sustained by thirty fluted Corinthian columns, surmounted by an entablature, the frieze of which is sculptured and ornamented with infinite delicacy. A grand vestibule, with six Corinthian columns in front, ranges before the porch of the temple; and by excavations lately made, it has been discovered that a colonnade had surrounded the edifice, in which were two open galleries, communicating by arcades that corresponded with the intercolumniations.

From an inscription deciphered by M. de Seguiet, it seems probable that this pretty model of architecture—for it is so neat and small as to deserve no greater name—had been dedicated to Caius and Lucius, the adoptive sons of Augustus.

On a height above the public gardens, and not far from the temple of Diana, stands the Tourmagne. This building formerly flanked the ancient walls of the town, and, from its peculiar form and situation, has given rise to diverse opinions

concerning its designation. Some have thought it a pharos, some a mausoleum of the ancient kings of the country, others a fort and watch-tower, some an ærarium; but I am more inclined to agree with those who think it a cenotaph. Conjecture has consecrated it to the apotheosis of the Empress Plotina, the wife of Trajan, and mother, by adoption, of the Emperor Hadrian. Its pyramidal form and hollow interior favour this supposition; and its situation is no drawback to the probability, for the mausoleum of Munatius Plancus at Gaieta is built on the summit of a hill. Its base is heptagonal, its upper part octagonal, and the whole is of the Doric order.

There are other antique remains to be seen in two of the ancient entrances to Nismes, which indicate the circumference, in part, of the original walls—the *Porte de France*, and the *Porte d'Auguste*. On the latter there is an inscription, which incontestably fixes its erection to the year 736 of Rome, that is, about eighteen years before the Christian era.

Some *ex votos*, which have been found, prove also that Augustus had a temple to his honour at Nismes, when, in the impious dotage of his latter years, he believed himself a god. Thus:—

MERCURIO. AUG. T. VALERIUS. GRATUS.
EX VOTO.

Another:—

VALERIAE. PATRONAE. SUAE.
SANCTITATIS. JOVIS. ET. AUGUSTI.
SACRUM. LUCILIUS. CESTI. F.

To which may be added an epitaph of one of his Flamines:—

DOMITIAE. GRECINAE. FLAMINI. AUG. V. S. P.

This temple is thought to have stood on the site of the present cathedral, although the principal temple in Gaul in deification of Augustus, as we all know, was at Lyons, and to which each province sent a statue.

There is a certain cacoëthes in the humours of some

people, of so stirring and metastatic a nature, that no sooner is the pruriency of curiosity allayed in one place, than it breaks out, with undiminished virulence, in another. This erratic humour was on the move within me; and having now seen all that Nismes had of ancient and curious to offer, I set out for Montpellier. The road leading to this haven, which phthisical hope has so often panted to reach, becomes less and less interesting the nearer you approach it. Olive plantations extend on both sides; but the olive is a dismal-looking tree; and if it really personifies *Peace*, it must be of the *requiescat* description, for every branch looks as if it bore a hatchment.

Montpellier, as a town, I knew was not likely to interest me; but I was anxious to visit it, that I might judge of its climate. How this place ever obtained its reputation as a fit residence for the consumptive invalid, it is difficult to account, unless, indeed, from being the seat of a medical school, and that its professors understood the benefit of such a character. The situation of Montpellier is open and unprotected, standing on a hill exposed to the *bise*, which tickles the weasand like a notched razor—enough of itself, without other co-operation, to produce the *chin-cough*. Did those deluded victims, who are sent to such a distance, frequently to die on the road, know what they sacrificed when they left the comforts of home—the healing solace and sympathising attentions of friends, for the fallacious assurances of a more genial climate, they would never quit their native shores, for the cold recompense of lying in a grave beside her whose fate gave occasion to the “Night Thoughts.”* But enough—the delusion is almost cleared off; and notwithstanding the interested writings of some medical men, even of our own country, the *memento moris* of the place have become too numerous, and too generally known, ever again to feed the altars of death at Montpellier with hecatombs such as heretofore.†

* Young’s daughter died and was buried at Montpellier.

† The proportion of deaths annually in Montpellier is even somewhat greater than in London.

Apart from this consideration, Montpellier is a clean and passing pleasant town, and its school of medicine upholds its former character on its wonted eminence. There happened to be a vacancy for a subprofessorship when I was there; and the manner of selecting the successor to it appeared to me so good, and so worthy of imitation in our English universities, that I may notice it. Five candidates stood for the appointment: each wrote a treatise on a subject at his own option, which was read before the professors in public, and the author was obliged to defend it against the objections of all the other candidates in rotation. I was quite pleased with the talent and animation with which the disputation was carried on; for, as it may be readily conceived, it was naturally an object with the different candidates to adduce every possible objection to the tenets of their rival under trial. No mode could more effectually test the abilities of each severally; and he that should come out of the crucible least tormented by the experiment, was the one sure to be elected.

There is a collection of wax anatomical preparations belonging to the museum; and among the many portraits of professors who have rendered this school illustrious, the visitor will not forget to search out that of Rabelais.

Having satisfied my curiosity at Montpellier, and nothing of interest leading me farther in that direction, I left it to return by Nîmes, in my way to Arles.

I neglected to mention, that in the route to Montpellier I passed through Lunel. This town is celebrated for its Muscat wine. The canal of Languedoc, which extends to Toulouse, likewise commences here, and hence, by the Garonne, completes the communication of the whole south-east of France with Bordeaux. The morning I intended setting out from Lunel for Nîmes it began to rain in that hearty sort of manner which shewed it to be perfectly serious in its intention to do so all day. Now, this is one of those inconveniences there is no getting over; and for a solitary pedestrian, I know of nothing better to put him into a cacoëthic mood. What the devil is he to do to kill time, in a

place where there is no earthly amusement? The weather is sure to put him out of temper. If he wishes to read, there is no book to be had except the *Livre de Postes*. One might hum a tune were the heart up, but there is such a damper in the day, that no sooner do you strike up "Away with melancholy," than its lugubrious tune makes you sadder still. One may vary the music, and rat-tat on the table with one's fingers, talk of straw, oats, or horse-flesh, with the landlord, or amuse one's self after the laudable manner of Domitian, and in defiance of Dicky Martin, in waging war with a pin against the flies; and yet all to no purpose. Luckily the servant girl happened to be washing: the steam had settled thick on the windows, and so I began, by way of varying my pastime, tracing with my finger on the panes of glass the initials of a favourite friend, when, to my great joy, I brought into light several inscriptions scratched on the window.

Any thing like a discovery in such a listless mood of mind places attention on the *qui vive*: the eye once more finds itself in its orbit; one instinctively brushes the cobwebs from one's eyelids, and prying curiosity gets astraddle on the nose; and thus it was that I read the following lines:—

"A life passed in continual travelling procures many acquaintances, but not one friend."—True, true, said I, *mon ami*—only it must have been a rainy day when you wrote this.

"Bah!" quoth a second, "no one is esteemed a prophet in his own country. We never meet with so much real indulgence as among those who judge of us *en passant*."—True, again, replied I; and, as I am a sinner, the sky brightens.

"Life is a voyage," wrote a third. "With Love as our courier, we travel like the wind. Two hours more—three short posts, and I am at your feet, adorable Adèle!" Why, landlord, said I, as I peeped through the transparency I had effected in the pane—why, landlord, the sun shines abroad, and we shall certainly have a fine day after all. By this time I had got nearly to the bottom, and thought my deciphering ended, when pot-hooks of an English cast came into view. This inscription was the *coronad opus*; and mark it

well, migratory countrymen, for there is something nationally characteristic in the interesting memorandum:—

“John Hogskin slipt hear the 17th Sept. 1829. Born, Puddin Lane, London, *Ani Domino*, 1797.”—Friend Hogskin, I shake thee by the hand. Rain or shine as it may, genuine son of smoky Thames, thou hast shot across my overcast spirit a radiance of thy own brilliancy!

Next day I started, accoutred as usual. When I had got within eight miles of Nismes, a boy kept teasing me to ride a donkey he had, (a mode of travelling in this part of France,) and, by sheer perseverance, succeeded in persuading me. It was a novelty, so I mounted without further hesitation, and the boy ran behind, belabouring Neddy's rump with an uncouth cudgel all the way. As I approached Nismes, I was beset by a parcel of beggar boys and girls. Acting the part of a grand *milor* as I was, and no longer considering myself a humble peripatetic, I could not do less than give them something. There were exactly *seven* of them; and that there might be no contention or quarrelling about the fair partition of my bounty, I gave them *half a franc*, with strict injunctions, loud enough for all of them to hear, that it should be *equally* divided amongst them: then, ambitious of leaving a proper impression of my consequence behind me, I stuck my heels into the donkey's sides, and went off in a tolerably graceful canter! But consciousness within is a mortifying delineator of reality; and reflecting, as I could not help doing afterwards, on the weakness that had prompted me to cut a caper before such a set of ragged rascals, I inwardly exclaimed, “Let no man say, after this, ‘I will not bow the knee before the idols of human vanity!’” From Nismes I got to Arles.

Arles is situated on the left branch of the Rhone, a little below where it bifurcates at Fourque to form the Camargue. It was a favourite residence of Constantine the Great; and the ruins of his palace still remain.

Arles is an abbreviation of Aralata, so named from a large altar that existed here, on which two young men were annually sacrificed as victims to the goddess Diana. We learn from

of Arles, who, at the request of Pope Gregory, ordained St. Augustin bishop of Canterbury.

ST. REMI.

Another day's march brought me to St. Remi. Under the mountains, and at a short distance from the town, stand two monuments of antiquity, which, were there nought else to be seen in the neighbourhood, would repay the trouble of coming so far to see them:—the one, a mausoleum; the other, a triumphal arch. Both are on a small scale, and are such precious and well-preserved models of their kinds as to suggest the wish that they could be removed, and placed under glass shades on a mantel-piece. The mausoleum is quite perfect, and may be described as a richly decorated pillar, consisting of the following parts:—

On three plinths, increasing in height as they rise, stands a pedestal, the die of which is ornamented on each face with representations of battles between cavalry, sculptured with infinite spirit and most perfect workmanship. Fluted Corinthian columns at the four corners, resting on a common plinth, support an arch, the archivolt of which is enriched with festoons in arabesque, encircling a mask on the key-stone. Over this is an entablature having an ornamented frieze; and on the lower fascia of the architrave you read the following letters, as well as I could make them out:—

S.E.X.I.M.I.V.L.I.E.I.C.F. P.A.R.E.N.T.I.B.V.S. S.V.I.S.

Over the cornice three circular plinths of progressively increasing eccentric widths sustain other fluted Corinthian columns, ranged in a circle, supporting another ornamented entablature, and the whole is terminated by a dome formed of flagstones sculptured to resemble overlapping foliage. Under the dome of the temple formed by the circular columniations are two statues dressed in Roman togas, with their faces turned towards the triumphal arch standing close by.

THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH.—This other *beau morceau* con-

sists of a single arch, and the archivolt is adorned with a festoon of fruits and flowers of such exquisite richness as to defy description. The vault is embellished with lozenges enclosing flowers likewise sculptured with the utmost delicacy and finish, and both are in the highest state of preservation. Two fluted pilasters are placed on each side of the arch, between which you see the mutilated figures of a man and a woman; but what remains is sufficient to shew the masterly chisel that had executed them. The attic is destroyed.

What enhances the beauty of these fine monuments is their picturesque situation under the mountains. Their rocky pinnacles overlook the remains of former glories, like guardian spirits; and, as if they had caught something of the romantic features of the objects around, they shoot up in shapes so fantastic as to simulate the ruins at their feet. One, in particular, the Cerberus of the group, has a detached point near its summit, which appeared in the mist of the morning like a pigmy sentinel keeping watch on its shoulder whilst the monster itself took a nap.

The town of St. Remi merits little other notice; but I ought not to dismiss it without acknowledging the great politeness I received from the late mayor, who took obliging pains to assist me in my little researches. Close by the antiquities there is a private asylum for the insane, of some repute in the neighbourhood. I visited it; and would recommend the traveller who would do so likewise, to provide himself with some tobacco ere he goes, for the unfortunate inmates will tease him for nothing so much.

Here, as in all the other places in this part of the country where ruins are found, every thing, by the unlettered, is ascribed to Marius. I confess I cannot make from the inscription on the pillar wherewithal to render any conjecture plausible. We know that when the Teutones and Ambrones overran this part of Narbonese Gaul, the Romans were defeated in succession under the consul Silanus; next Seaurus and his whole army were destroyed; and that these barbarians afterwards defeated the consuls Manlius and Capion,

in which the two sons of the former were slain. Marius, we further know, succeeded in retrieving the disgrace which the Roman arms had sustained. Could these monuments, then, have been erected, the one to consecrate the memory of the sons of Manlius, whilst the other commemorated the final defeat of the barbarians under Marius?

I now crossed the country to regain the main route, and arrived at Aix early on the second day after leaving St. Remi.

AIX.

This place derives its present name from a sad corruption of its derivatives, in which so few letters of the original remain, that were its etymology not indisputable, few would be able readily to recognise, in such a skeleton, its primitive appellation of *Aquæ Sextiæ*.

About a hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, the Ligurians attacked the Marseillaise colonies of Nice and Antibes, and they, despairing of being able to resist the besiegers, besought succour of the Romans. These ambitious people, always attentive to extend their dominion, seized this pretext to carry their arms into Gaul; and under the consuls Opimius, Flaccus, and C. Sextius, they severally defeated the Salyens and Voconces, and, appropriating the conquered country to themselves, they gave it the name of *Provincia Nostra*, a name it retains to this day—Provence.

Aix was originally the capital of the Salyens; and, after his victory, Sextius being himself a valetudinarian, considerably enlarged the city, on account of its warm baths, about the year of Rome 629. Aix was dedicated to the god Mercury, by Sextius, as appears from the following inscription found:—

C. SEX. CALVINUS HOS AGROS MERCURIO
D. D.

The origin of its name is thus recorded in the fourth book of Strabo—“ *Ob aquarum copiam, et à calidis et frigidis*

fountibus, et à suo nomine ita (Sextius) appellavit;" and Livy mentions the place under the same denomination.

The *Therma Sextii* still exist, though the faith in their prolitic virtue may no longer remain. The temperature of the water is about 90 of Fahrenheit, and it contains a slight impregnation of the sulphate of magnesia and carbonate of lime, with some oxygen and fixed air. The first sensation on entering the bath is that of chill, which soon goes off; and as the water flows in great plenty, it continues to run into the bath while you remain: when it gets too full, the surcharge is easily let off by raising a plug from below.

They shew you a rude bas-relief, so defaced that it is now difficult to say whether it was meant for "a head or a harp," under which is inscribed:—

PRÆSIS PHAULUS AGESILÆUS ET BARBARA DEXIRA,
SEPULCRUM IN CALIDIS IEST PRÆPUS AQUIS.

Aix still continues to be abundantly supplied with water, and the town is embellished with many fountains, from some of which tepid water flows. Two, in particular, are in good taste: one, an obelisk supported on the backs of four lions, and terminated at top by a ball, on which an eagle is perched. The idea and attitude of the eagle are good: its expanded wings check the eye in its career upwards; and the bird, by looking down on the spectator, directs the attention again to the fountain beneath. The other is a handsome Corinthian column of basalt, a present from the venerable Archbishop of Aix. In the church of St. Sauveur there are two or three tolerable paintings.

We are told by Plutarch, in his Life of Marius, that the battle of this great captain against the Teutones took place in the plain of Aix, in which 80,000 were slain; and few spots could have been fixed upon better suited for a *mêlée*.

Aix is subject to shocks of earthquakes. The mountains in the neighbourhood are of limestone, and the hollow in which it is situated may have been formed by the sinking down of the vault which covers the subterraneous combustion. The shocks of earthquakes, which are occasionally

felt, and the tepid springs in different parts of the town, tend to favour such a supposition—a supposition which we shall have opportunities hereafter to render still more probable, when we come to point out the uniform and invariable coincidence in the presence of limestone and water with volcanic phenomena of any extent elsewhere.

The road between Aix and Marseilles is hilly, and presents nothing remarkable until you get within a league or two of the latter. As you approach the edge of the height which commands Marseilles, the air freshens on the senses; a few short miles more, and the frothing wave falls exhausted at your feet. The fishermen are seen watching or drawing their nets, and boys gambling in the water like as many ducks. The sun had now begun to woo the western horizon, and to set in an ocean of fire; while, in the east, the moon rose in majestic silence: a pale gleam lit the distant groups of mountains, and deep shadows reigned in the valleys: the little barks had unfurled their sails, and, like sea-birds on the wing, were preparing to seek a haven for the night; their ensigns and pennants float on the breeze; the oars plash with regulated stroke the briny flood; and, as the merry mariners ply toward their homes, the laugh flies round on the pinions of anticipated joy. A kind of peaceful tumult and confused murmur steals more and more audibly on the ear, and in another moment you find yourself in the midst of the gay crowd in the *Grand Cours* of Marseilles.

MARSEILLES.

This opulent mercantile city, formerly a part of Narbonese Gaul, was founded by the Asiatic Phocians, as we are informed both by Athenæus and Isocrates, in the 45th Olympiad, about one hundred and seventy-six years before the building of Rome.

Marseilles derives its name from *Μάσσαί Σάλοι*, said to be the first exclamation of the adventurers on reaching the port; that is as much to say—"reef the sails"—we are in the country of the Salyens.

The harbour of Marseilles resembles an ancient theatre in form, and is protected seaward from the wind by the shelter of a high rock, and hence called Halexdon by Mela.

It is not my intention in this journal to enter minutely into the history, either ancient or modern, of the different places I may visit; but merely to give a sketch, sufficient perhaps to interest the traveller, by calling to his recollection some of the more prominent events connected with either. Suffice it in this place to say, that the ancient republic of Marseilles can boast of having conquered the Carthaginians, succoured the Romans, planted colonies, civilised the ancient Gauls, taught Italy the *bellis ætæres*, and prides itself on being the first city in France which received and acknowledged Christianity. It was the Marseillaise who founded Antibes, the ancient Antepolis, Nice and Turin, and the arms of all were a bull. They adopted Diana of Ephesus as their patroness; and the site of the present cathedral is that of the ancient temple of this goddess. There were two other temples here—one of Apollo, and another of Minerva, but nothing remains of either.

The church of Marseilles drew its first origin, according to the legends, from Lazarus, whom the Jews, as the story goes, drove out of Jerusalem with his sisters, Martha and the Magdalen, Marcellus their servant, Joseph of Arimathea, and other disciples of Christ; and after being put into a boat without sails, helm, or oars—without which there would be nothing miraculous in the matter—they landed, notwithstanding, safe in the port of Marseilles. St. Lazarus and Mary Magdalen remained, and converted the inhabitants from idolatry to the worship of the true faith. They turned the temple of Diana into a church, which occupied the spot where the *église major* now stands, as was before observed.

This church possessed numerous relics before the Revolution. Among these was the skull of Lazarus, which had three crowns of gold presented to it by as many different devotees, studded thick with emeralds, sapphires, pearls, and other precious stones; likewise the right hand and a rib of the Magdalen; a finger of St. Martha; and a piece of

the wood of the holy cross ; some of the stone from Lazarus's first tomb ; part of the cradle of our Saviour ; some of the water of the river Jordan ; a stone from the place where the holy Virgin was delivered, and another from her sepulchre ; a vase containing a tear of our Lord, which fell on the tomb of Lazarus as he was about to work the miracle of his resurrection—this tear, it was said, was brought by the Magdalen herself to Marseilles ; a tooth and some of the hair of St. Peter's beard ; besides sundry other invaluable relics too—if I may so conclude, in the summary and profane language of a catalogue—" too tedious to mention."

Marseilles in ancient times was celebrated both for its learning and the illustrious men it produced, on which account it was sometimes styled *Athenopolis Massiliorum*. Petronius Arbiter, the poet, was a native of Marseilles ; also the orator Antonius Guipho, Demosthenes the physician, mentioned by Galen in several parts of his works, Telon and Crinas, both famous astrologers—the latter lived in the times of Claudius and Nero ; Carmides, also, the great friend to the cold bath ; and, lastly, I may mention Pitheas, the famous cosmographer and traveller—the Parry of antiquity, who first explored the Ultima Thule. We learn from Strabo, that Pitheas described it as being surrounded neither by air, nor land, nor sea, but of a matter composed of all the three together, which chemical compost resembled a sponge, and to this porous buoy the whole world was fastened. Pitheas flourished in the time of Alexander the Great ; and in those early, unsophisticated days, travellers, as we may perceive, had not yet learned the craft of dealing in the marvellous.

Of modern Marseilles—and, first, of the harbour. This little port—for it is not much larger than one of the East or West India docks—was well named Halcydon by Mela, for it is so hemmed in by the town on the north, and the heights of Mount Bourbon on the south, that scarcely a puff of air can reach it. There is a strong fort on each side of the entrance ; and quays range round it, which are both spacious and commodious. The harbour was crowded with

shipping; and every thing presented the appearance of commerce, bustle, and prosperity.

The *Bureau de Santé* is situated at the entrance of the harbour, to the right on going out, and contains two specimens of art which well merit a visit from the stranger: the one, an unfinished bas-relief in marble, represents St. Charles Borromeo arresting, by his intercession, the plague at Milan, by Puget; the other is a painting by David, done on his return from studying in the schools of Italy, and depicts St. Rock praying to the Virgin to put a stop to a pestilence. The subject has no particular reference, and, thus unshackled by matters of fact, which often cramp and disable the imagination, the artist has full scope for the indulgence and revelry of excursive fancy, either to cull flowers on Parnassus, or grub bones from a charnel-house, as his subject may demand. Three figures in the foreground delineate the three stages of pestilence: the one, a father, whose ghastly countenance indicates the first symptoms of the attack, and the incipient workings of the deadly poison. Behind this striking figure you see the son in a paroxysm of delirium, uttering the incoherent ideas of a brain on fire; whilst his wife, stretched inanimate on the ground, already lies the victim and triumph of death. The Virgin, full of loveliness and grace, seems to hearken to the prayer of St. Rock, while an infant Jesus, on her knee, joins in the merciful supplication.

This fine painting happily wants all David's most offensive faults. The colouring is rich and harmonious: here is no statue-like harshness of outline, no outrageous attitude, or attempt at dramatic effect; but, on the contrary, it exemplifies the chaste taste of the schools he had just left, and which, unfortunately for the school of painting in France, he so soon afterwards vitiated.

The town of Marseilles is clean and well built; foot-pavements line almost every street; and agreeable promenades, or *cours*, as they are called, enliven and beautify the town. These *cours* are long, open squares, planted with trees on each side, with a smooth and level promenade in

the middle, the carriage-way running between the trees and the houses. In an evening some of these cours, especially the Grand Cours, present a gay and amusing sight. It is a kind of continual fair: both sides of the promenade are lined with stalls, where a long file of voices incessantly repeat, *à dix, à treize sous la boutique*, similar to "*le tout pour vingt-cinq*" of Paris; whilst minstrels, and songsters, and jugglers, enliven and vary the scene.

Near the Cours Bourbon, in the Rue de Paradis, there is a handsome fountain, ornamented with an Ionic column of grey granite, surmounted by a finely executed statue of an infant Genius, by Chardine. This clever artist died lately in Paris miserably poor; for, like our landscape-painter Wilson, he drank what he gained by his chisel, and only worked when driven to it by necessity. On the top of the column on the hill facing this cours there formerly stood a statue of Bonaparte, by the same able sculptor; but it was dismounted and broken to pieces at the restoration. You ascend to this column by a walk winding in alternate diagonals on the side of the rock, whose scabrous brow yields but scanty footing to the evergreens planted to adorn it. On reaching the upper promenade you have an excellent panoramic view of the town and harbour; but to enjoy this in perfection it is necessary to ascend much higher, where three or four paltry shrines lead to the chapel of the Holy Virgin, built on the very summit of the rock. Attached to this is a signal-tower; and from where the ensign-staff stands, the eye ranges over a varied and extensive prospect, bounded on the north by the distant mountains, and toward the sea by the blue segment of the horizon formed by the Mediterranean; the three little islands, known to the ancients by the names of Prote, Mese, and Hypea, appearing at your feet. Herds of goats browse round the rock, and you so overtop the ocean that it seems to require but one short leap to plunge amongst its waves. Marseilles exposes her dun and sun-burnt walls immediately below; while the villas of the more opulent of its inhabitants, strewn in the background, lead the eye to the dusky mountains which hem in this ant-like microcosm.

On descending from the signal-post to the chapel-steps, I found a female in mourning, with her little daughter, kneeling in prayer outside of the grate—the disconsolate widow of some shipwrecked mariner, perhaps. I cast a glance through the grate in passing, and perceived the walls covered with *ex-votos*, all of them representing some frightful situation at sea—a ship dismasted, with the sea breaking over her decks—another in distress, with a tremendous swell running, a violent gale, and a lee-shore. Such *ex-votos* were common in temples in ancient times, whence the words of Juvenal:

“ ——— *pieta se tempestate testatur.*”

The *ex-votos* of the Romish church are of pagan origin, and, like many other of the rites and customs of idolatry, were admitted and continued by the first converts to Christianity, the more readily to reconcile the Gentiles to the new faith. We have the lustral water which was placed at the entrance of the ancient temples preserved in the holy water of the Roman Catholic service: frequently, on entering their churches, the aspergillum is presented to you: their processions are a continuance of those of pagan times; and even *incubation* is practised in certain places, as we shall shortly have occasion to notice.

The *ex-votos* of modern polytheism come chiefly under the description of those denominated *tabulae pictae* by the ancients, in which the part diseased is represented on a painting, or in wax, now restored to health by the goodness of the Holy Virgin, or of some saint or martyr. Pausanias (*in Corinthiacis*) gives an account of the temple of Æsculapius in Epidaurus, and particularly mentions the votive *tabulae* in it. “*Pilæ vero,*” says he, “*intra ambitum prisceis temporibus multæ steterunt, è quibus sex ætate meâ reliquæ. In iis virorum et feminarum, quæ à deo curatæ sunt, nomina incisa, morborum etiam quo quisque laborârat: addita est curationis ratio. Scripta vero sunt omnia Doricâ linguâ.*” It is in allusion to this practice that Tibullus (lib. i. el. 3) uses the words—

“ Nunc, Dea, nunc succurere mihi; nam posse mederi
Picta docet templis multa tabella tuis.”

Votive *tabulæ* were sometimes merely written inscriptions, and hence called *tabulæ scriptæ*. At other times these *ex-votos* were both painted and inscribed, and hence denominated *tabulæ pictæ et scriptæ*. The following, of the first description, were found in the *Templum Tiberinum* of *Æsculapius*, written in Greek, which, as illustrating the subject, may be thus translated:—

I.

“ At this time, to one Caius who was blind, the oracle made answer, ‘ That approaching the altar, he should pay his adorations to the divinity; that he should then go from right to left, and, placing his fingers on the altar, he should withdraw them, and apply them to his eyes:’ and forthwith he recovered his sight; a large assemblage of the people being present, who with him were glad and rejoiced because of this efficacious and excellent manifestation of the divine power, which was evinced (for by divine grace such wondrous effects were produced) in the days of our most gracious emperor Antoninus.

II.

“ To the pleuritic son of one Lucius, of whose recovery every body despaired, the god delivered this oracle: ‘ That he should go to the altar, and from thence take the ashes, and having mixed them with wine, he should apply them to his side:’ and he became whole, and publicly returned his grateful acknowledgments to the gods. The people rejoiced with him and were glad.

III.

“ To one Julianus, who had a spitting of blood, and of whom all despaired, the oracle of *Æsculapius* counselled him thus: ‘ That approaching the altar, and taking from thence the cones of the pine, he should eat them, mixed with honey, for three days:’ and his health being restored, he returned thanks to the god in presence of the people.”

Tomasius (*de Donariis Veterum*) records the following

affectionate, though mutilated inscription, which appears to have been inscribed under a *tabula picta*:—

PTO. SAUTE.
 JULI. VENERIE.
 ELLI. DULCISIME.
 ELLIET. SUI.
 TABELLAM. HANC. MAEM.
 CUM. SENO. ESCULAPI.
 IN. SOMNO. ADMONITUS.
 L. VATERIUS. CAPITO.
 AFD. ANN.

 D. S. P. L. M. D. D. D.

But perhaps the most singular, though certainly not the most decorous, are the votive lines to Priapus, beginning,

“Cur pictam memori sit in tabella
 Membrum, quantis, unde procreamur,” &c.

The good accruing from this custom was great; for not only the disease and its means of cure were commemorated, but sometimes also the composition of the medicine was described, and divers surgical instruments were dedicated in the like manner. Erasi-tratus caused a tooth-instrument to be hung up in the temple of Apollo at Delphi, as we learn from Caelius Aurelianus: a medicinal plaster was found in the temple of Vulcan at Memphis, and continued long in repute: a collyrium was discovered in the temple of Diana at Ephesus, as related by Aetius; and Pliny mentions the theriaca which Antiochus, king of Syria, used against the bite of serpents, the composition of which was inscribed on stone in the temple of Esculapius in Cos, the native place of Hippocrates. From such a custom a knowledge of the nature and cure of diseases got abroad, accumulating as new facts came to light. What, then, was more natural, or more congenial with the kindest feelings of the heart, than to consecrate places and temples to the divinity of health, and enrol the observations of experience as statutes of medical science? How different is the practice in modern days! Some scare-crow of a saint takes all the merit of the cure:

yet the continuance of the practice shews the inveteracy of habit, and what a tendency there is in all ages towards appropriating and even sanctifying the same ceremonies, whatever change the religious tenets of mankind may undergo.

THE MUSEUM.—Marseilles, as we have said before, contains no ruins of its ancient greatness, no temples, schools, circuses, or gymnasia, although that such existed is recorded on inscriptions and on medals which remain. Before the destructive times of the Revolution, many columns, tombs, bas-reliefs, and inscriptions, were preserved, which have now disappeared: the abbey of St. Victor also contained curious monuments of all ages, and the few that have again been found are now placed in the museum. Among these the traveller will find in an ante-room the following remains of Greek and early Christian monuments:—

A votive marble **TRIPOD**, which an inscription on it, in Greek, tells us was consecrated by Sosimikos, son of Evagoras, to Serapis, Isis, and Anubis.

A beautiful **GREEK ALTAR**, ornamented with garlands of fruits and flowers, which had served, as the inscription would indicate, for a pedestal to a statue.

The Tomb of GLAUCIAS. This monument was found, in 1799, under the ruins of the abbey of St. Victor. It is about five feet and a half high, and must have stood upright, surmounted probably by a bust. On it is an inscription in Greek, and the fine feeling it expresses reminds us of Père la Chaise. It may be rendered thus:—

“This is the tomb of Glaucias. His young son has consecrated this monument of his filial piety to his memory, which he had evinced from his earliest infancy.

“Unfortunate Glaucias! It hath not been given you long to enjoy the sight of your son. He would have given thee, not a tomb, but support and consolation in thy old age. Jealous Fate hath treated thee harshly, my father! She hath reserved affliction and tears for a mother sinking under the burden of years, widowhood to a disconsolate wife, and the loss of a beloved father to an unhappy orphan.”

Among the other monuments are several ancient Christian sarcophagi: one of Isarn, abbot of St. Victor, who died in 1048. Another of St. Eusibia, an abbess of Cassianite nuns, as old as the fifth or sixth century.

From this *avant-salle* a door opens into the GALLERY OF PAINTINGS. There are one hundred and thirty-five in all, comprising several by the first masters of the Italian and other schools: two or three of which my limits will only permit me to notice.

No. 114 is a painting by Raphael, and represents ST. JOHN WRITING THE APOCALYPSE. Seated on an eagle in the clouds, the holy evangelist looks up to heaven with the sublime, entranced eye of one in a vision. He holds a tablet in his left hand, and in his right a pen. The colouring is bold and rich. A mountainous landscape is beneath, and the spires of a distant city form the links of communication between the two scenes above and below.

No. 101 marks the GUARDIAN ANGEL, by Domenichino. The angel has hold of a boy by the hand, and points the way to heaven. A ray of light enters from the left of the picture, and discovers a cross, the emblem of faith in Him crucified. This conception gives fine effect to the picture, and the whole is painted with great sweetness and beauty.

No. 95 is a painting by Hannibal Caracci: the subject, DAVID WITH THE HEAD OF GOLIATH. This picture is conspicuous for the astonishing skill displayed in the distribution of the light and shade, which gives an imposing reality that at once declares the utmost mastery of art.

No. 27 represents the CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN by the infant Jesus, and is esteemed the *chef-d'œuvre* of Pierre Parrocel. The tone of colouring is extremely rich and harmonious, and it is altogether a painting of infinite merit.

No. 91 exemplifies the extraordinary imagination and impressive pencil of Caravaggio. The subject is a PIETA, supported by angels, and depicts force without grace, revolting reality, undeniable fidelity to truth, and nature without charm or attraction. But, with all these qualities, I never can help thinking that, when an able artist bestows his attention and

talents on the representation of a disagreeable subject, it is throwing away both unworthily, for, at best, its beauties are as the blossoms of a weed.

No. 119, which you see on the ceiling, represents *THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE MAGDALEN*, by Philippe de Champagne. The tone of colouring of this painting is very peculiar, it so approaches wax-work in appearance. The drawing is exceedingly correct, which is remarkable in particular in the foreshortening of the figure of the Magdalen, observing whom, as she ascends over your head, your modesty gets alarmed lest you should see too much. An angel bears her up on his pinions without any seeming effort; and the composition of the accompanying group of angels and cherubim is managed with great skill and effect.

But it is time to stop, else I shall never have done with Marseilles. Suffice it to refer to the names of Paul Veronese, Guido, Rubens, Carlo Maratta, and others, fully given in the catalogue at the end of the work, to convey to the reader an idea of the value of this collection.

In the rooms above is the public Library, which is at all times freely open to strangers, as well as the Museum.

There is a country-house of a wealthy Marseillaise by the sea-side, and not far from Marseilles, containing paintings, which I went to see; but the wind blew so fresh from the sea, that the blinds before the windows could not be opened without endangering the glass.

I set out to-morrow for Nice, impatient to get into Italy.

· TOULON.

The temperature of locality is passing strange. The distance betwixt this place and Marseilles is short, the difference of latitude trifling, and yet the climate is sensibly more mild. About two miles before reaching Toulon there is a little village, snugly placed in a hollow, and in every garden the orange-trees appeared to groan under their golden treasure. I did not visit Hyeres, but passed within a few miles of it; and although it was but yet the first day in

January. I saw garden-peas in full bloom—a proof of the great mildness of the climate of this neighbourhood. Continuing onward, the cross-road terminates at Luc, in the middle of the route between Aix and Nice. Before coming to the little village of Puget, I saw the cork-tree growing for the first time: it is fayed every third year, and outwardly it seemed as if it had been pitched over—seared, as it were, after the operation; but this is its natural appearance.

FREJUS.

This is the ancient Forum Julii, formerly a sea-port, though now several miles from the sea. It offers a singular spectacle of a town deserted by the ocean, like the marine shells that are sometimes found on a mountain. They say the ring-bolts to which the shipping was fastened were formerly to be seen; but without these, there is still sufficient in the general aspect of the place itself to substantiate that it had once been a sea-port, independent of the record of history.

Before entering the town you pass the ruins of an ancient amphitheatre on the left. It is of the usual elliptical form, faced with small stones cut in the shape and size of bricks. On the other side of the town you see what is now called the *Porte Dorée*. It had been a gateway, which opened on the port. Among the ruins of this porch a fine head of Jupiter was disinterred, now to be seen in the wall which borders one side of the public promenade. But the most considerable remains are the ruins of an aqueduct on the road to Cannes. This aqueduct consists of lofty single arches, the piers between which are strengthened by abutments on both sides. It makes a strange turn to the right, out of the natural level, winding its way on the heights in the direction of the amphitheatre. Was this to supply the arena with water, and convert it into a naumachia occasionally, and yet serve ordinarily to convey water to the town for usual domestic purposes?

It was in the bay of Frejus that Bonaparte landed on

the 9th of October, 1799, on deserting the army in Egypt, breaking the quarantine laws, posting to Paris, and overturning the Directory. Sixteen years afterwards he made a neighbouring spot, between Antibes and Nice, the Rubicon of a second enterprise, when he landed from Elba.

Leaving these ruins on the left, the road traverses a plain, slightly varied by inequalities for two or three leagues, when it begins to climb over a mountain of considerable height, jutting into the sea.

As the different strata of rocks which present themselves in the ascent may interest the geological traveller, I will enumerate them in the order in which they appeared. Before the road begins to ascend we meet with patches of greywacke distributed about, close to which lie old red sandstone, and blue and red clay. The road now begins to quit the plain, and, ascending over limestone, you next come to a stratum of porphyry composed of white and pink-coloured parts, soft and friable in their texture. Higher up still, I was agreeably surprised to fall in with numerous veins of beautiful jasp-agate intersecting a bed of greywacke. The jasper occupied the centre of the vein, and flowed in a straight line through a matrix of silex. The wacke had a vesicular appearance, from the crystals it had contained becoming decomposed. Above this lay a stratum of limestone, so altered that it appeared as if half burnt. Next came a conglomerate, composed of portions of mica, quartz, and gneiss; and the whole was covered by a thick bed of porphyry, forming the summit of the mountain. Here there is a small auberge, where I rested myself; for after so many excursive offsets to the right and left, in pursuit of specimens of each varying rock, I was somewhat fatigued. The ascent may be about four miles; and, on looking back, the view of Frejus in the distance, of its open, shallow, retreating bay, and of the country which intervenes between the eye and the distant horizon, all combine to form a fine landscape effect. As I sat drinking some indifferent wine, conversing with "mine host," and packing up my specimens in paper, I have reason to believe, from what I learned, that the neighbouring moun-

was well afforded an amusing field for the curiosity of the geologist, and the sportsman.

On leaving the village, the road now began to sink on this side of the mountain as thoroughly as it had ascended on the other, and I again noted the rocks that came successively into view.

The first that appeared was variously coloured gneiss, of a green, deep brown, or of a bright flesh colour, and very small grains; next, wacke of a olive-green hue and stratified; still lower, I came to porphyry of a light-tan colour, arranged in almost perpendicular strata; a little lower still, greywacke similarly inclined; next, gneiss, dark coloured, from the predominance of black mica like stained, and striped alternately black and white. Lower still, in the descent, detached masses of porphyry lay strowed about, as they had fallen from the heights above; next to these came alternate layers of greenish clay and gneiss, the former evidently being nothing else than the gneiss decomposed, the mica of which was still apparent in the mass. Immediately below the two last came gneiss, in a state of being decomposed. By this time I had got nearly to the foot of the mountain, and as the road approached the sea, the small ascendings and descendings, irregularly alternating, shewed both porphyry and gneiss perfectly dilapidated, that is, reduced to the state of red and green clay.

The declivity now began imperceptibly to lose itself in the sea, here the road is cut through gneiss of, comparatively speaking, very modern formation, re-formed, in fact, from the comminuted material of the old, small-grained, very friable, stratified, with large smooth nodules of gneiss of a much older formation, and hence harder sort, embedded in it.

A stream of water ran at the bottom of the mountain. There was no bridge across it; but a man was there as a succedaneum, who gained a miserable livelihood by carrying the wayfaring passenger over on his back; so I mounted, baggage, minerals, and all, and was safely conveyed across
— 27 — Astoria.

On the other side of the stream the road winds round a marshy flat, which the encroachment of time has gained from the sea; and on doubling a small point of land, the traveller comes all at once on the little village of Cannes. The post-house, situated at the entrance of the town, is the first you meet. Here I hung out for the night, somewhat fatigued by my delightful idling; and, after a temperate dinner, or supper, call it which you like, I retired to rest, and was quickly lulled to sleep by the drowsy plashing of the waves that broke in monotonous succession under my window.

By this time I had attained the habit of awaking with the sun; and ere he could well shake the brine from his dripping locks, I had slung my knapsack on my back, and begun to trudge merrily on to Antibes, where the road runs so close to the beach that it binds the shore of the Mediterranean like a fillet.

Antibes is a small fortified town, with a still smaller harbour, which is well protected by a line of embrasures on a level with the water, as well as by its narrow and shallow entrance. But it is a port quite contemptible, in a commercial point of view, unless France should ever be blockaded by the Lilliputians.

About midway between Antibes and Nice, a small stream, which we cross on a wooden bridge, separates the territories of France and Sardinia, and here it is you undergo the usual ordeal of the police; but if your papers are "all over right," as the knackers express it, the gendarmes are passing civil.

NICE.

"Long life to your honour, if you die to-morrow," is a well-known Irish benison. Now that I am at Nice, I feel as if the Spanish salutation, "May you live a thousand years," was to be fulfilled in my proper person, were I to stay but long enough, *or to believe all that is said of it*, according to which the longevity of Methuselah ought no longer to be

considered an anomaly, for here people (they say) are sure of becoming immortal—beyond the grave!

Full of this consolatory persuasion, I walked out to the fine, terraced promenade by the sea-beach, where I found the *bise* blowing so keen and cold, that I, with lungs strong enough to sound the last trump, could not refrain from coughing. This devil of a wind is sharp enough to shave a *sapeur*, or put a fresh edge on his hatchet; that which I experienced at the Pont du Gard was a mere whittle to it. Next day it was altogether as hot; and invalids, to encounter such extreme transitions, ought to have their chest lined inside with sheet iron, and their pulmonary exhalations worked by steam;—and yet this is a residence recommended to those whose hollow lungs already reverberate the echo of death! Were it not for these sudden variations of temperature, Nice would be a desirable retreat for the invalid: its situation on the sea-shore is delightful; its promenade unique; the orange-tree bears abundantly in the open air; and the breeze blowing from the sea tempers the excessive heat of the warmer months.

After getting my passport regulated, I left Nice to walk by the shore of the Mediterranean to Genoa; and I had proceeded a considerable way on the road to Turin before I discovered that I had mistaken the route. As I knew that I could not get wrong in directing my steps to the sea, I crossed the country by a rough and stony mountain footpath, and by chance came to the chapel of Notre Dame de la Gai. This is a place in high repute all round the country for a miraculous image of the Virgin it possesses, and to which an annual pilgrimage is made, where crowds of devotees flock to be cured of their different infirmities. The blind and maim of all descriptions walk in procession to the chapel, and there pass the night, something after the manner of the ancient pagan incubations, making all sorts of noises; at one time praying and beseeching the holy Virgin of la Gai to work their cure; at another, abusing her with all their might, according as their faith may ebb or flow. When the miracle is accom-

plished, which it is sure to be on some knave or fanatic of the party, shouts of joy from all sides announce the miraculous visitation. The favoured *miserable* is now mounted on the shoulders of the most effective of the disabled assembly, and borne to his home in exultant, triumphal procession.

This chapel, before the time of the French revolution, was enriched with numerous valuable *ex-votos* presented by devotees to whose wishes the *numen* of la Gai had been propitious; in particular, it possessed an infant Jesus of solid gold, presented, to adorn the Virgin's shrine, by a certain queen, who, at the instance of Notre Dame, like another Sarah, conceived and bore a child at the age of sixty. But in the sacrilegious march of revolutionary pillage, the *enfant d'or*, with many other precious *ex-votos*, vanished.

This is the practice formerly alluded to as a relict of the ancient pagan custom of incubation still existing in a modified state in some of the Romish observances.

The term incubation, amongst the ancients, meant the lying down of the sick in a temple on the skin of an animal sacrificed, as a means of seeking health from the god to whom the temple was dedicated. The temples of the Greeks and Romans were crowded with "*incubantes*," and the practice is alluded to by the poets of both nations. Aristophanes, in his comedy inscribed *Plutus*, feigns this god lying down in the temple of *Æsculapius* at *Epidaurus*, and thus being cured of his blindness (Act ii. scene iii. v. 410). Here also it is that *Plautus* places his pimp:—"Hic *Leno* ægrotus *incubat* in *Æsculapii* fano." *Epidaurus* was a city of *Agria*, in the *Peloponesus*, famous for the temple of *Æsculapius*. There was another fane sacred to this god in the island of *Cos*, which *Strabo* mentions: "*in suburbio Æsculapii est ædes, celebre admodum, et multis donariis plenum.*" He likewise speaks of the temple of *Serapis*, of that of *Pluto* and *Proserpine*, and of the cave of *Charonius*, as celebrated for the incubation of the sick.

It was necessary for those about to propitiate the *numen* to undergo certain ablutory rites before entering the sanctuary, which, when considered in a therapeutic view, will shew how

probable it was that by such a preparation many diseases might be by this alone alleviated; but the object they had to attain by such prefatory rites was to excite to salutary dreams: they abstained from meat and drink for some days, a practice still observed by the vulgar in our own country on St. Agnes' eve when they wish to dream of their lovers; but the reason of the abstinence of the *incubans* was, that he might render himself more worthy of his expected commerce with the god. They sacrificed rams and sheep, and lay upon their skins, thus more assuredly confiding that the deity would not be wanting. Pausanias tells of this, in *Atticis*, lib. i. cap. 34; and Virgil alludes to the practice in the following elegant lines (*Æneid*, lib. vii. v. 85):—

“ Hinc Italæ gentes omnisque Cœnotria tellus
In dubiis responsa petunt : huc *dona* sacerdos
Quum tulit, et *cæsarum ovium* sub nocte silenti
Pellibus incubuit stratis, somnosque petivit.”

Incubation might be performed either by the patient himself, or the priest belonging to the temple might do it for him, and the relief sought was written down and placed upon what the *incubans* lay. The visions or dreams were of various kinds: either the things about to come to pass appeared, or certain images or symbols of them, or else the god himself uttered the oracle to the *incubans* in his sleep. Of this last kind *Ælianus* gives us an example in *Aspasia*, who, when given up by her physicians, was cured of a swelling on her chin by *Venus* appearing to her in her sleep. *Suetonius* tells a miraculous and strange story concerning the Emperor *Vespasian* being besought by one blind, and another who was lame, to spit on this one's eyes, and to touch the other with his heel, and they would be made whole, for such had been communicated to them by *Serapis* in a dream: the credulous author adds, “ *nec eventus defuit.*” Even the sagacious *Tacitus* relates, with apparent faith in its truth, the same profane tale. But do not let us, of a later and more enlightened day, sneeringly smile; for superstitious credulity is not wholly the weakness of an ignorant age, else Prince Hohen-

loe, Johanna Southcote, and animal magnetism, would never have had such a herd of believers and proselytes. But there is a certain quantity of insanity always floating about in society, ready to catch hold of the prevalent absurdity of the day; and it is fortunate for the more rational portion of mankind when it expends itself on subjects that are harmless, no matter how ridiculous they may be.—*Mais à nos moutons.*

A paved pathway, the route of the annual pilgrimage, led from the valley where the chapel stands, and I regained the proper road by the sea-shore near La Tourbia. Hence to Mentone is one uniform descent, and I slept in the capital of the smallest principality in Europe.

Monaco (Monæcus) is a very ancient territory, and is mentioned both by Virgil and Lucan. They tell a story of one of our migratory countrymen who happened to offend the mighty little potentate of this mighty little state. The prince ordered him to quit his dominions *in twenty-four hours*. The Englishman immediately ordered post-horses, and sent word back to say that he would be out of them *in less than two*.

Between La Tourbia and Mentone the limestone rock is so hard as to make mill-stones. Just as you leave the latter, and close to the beach, you see sandstone in strata nearly vertical penetrating horizontal sandstone, and, quitting the latter, they run and lose themselves in the sea. The road now begins to ascend, and you again see some of these vertical strata intersecting a conglomerate rock. Its position, both here and below, bears out the conjecture that the perpendicular strata are the older formation, which were afterwards encompassed by sandstone and conglomerate of a much later date, and deposited when the sea occupied a much higher level. If this opinion be correct, judging from the height of the conglomerate, the sea must have fallen at least three hundred feet—a difference of elevation that would set Frejus afloat again.

The road still continues to ascend by the sides of the mountains, and follows the varied windings of the coast,

whilst the sea is immediately below you. You pass limestone finely veined by a lower species, above which you meet with the same rock strewed by the singular organic marine remains—*trilobites*. When perfect, they resemble tare-seed in shape, but vary in size; and when acted on by the weather, they expose a structure of flat elliptical lamellæ at their edges. Arriving opposite a village which overhangs the road, you begin again to descend, which continues till you come to Ventimiglia. Here the carriage-road ceases, and the traveller must now proceed either on foot or on a mule. The bridge you cross on leaving Ventimiglia is a curiosity of its kind; it is of so laterodileal a structure. It is endlessly long; narrower than Malabar's bridge that leads to the elysium of the Houri; no two arches are alike, and their arcs are of such various spans, that you cross, as it were, on the backs of a succession of dromedaries. Several of these had fallen, and had been repaired with wood, in so fragile a manner as could not but remind the passenger of what Lord Byron says of the 'brig o' Balgowry;' and

"D—ye wauld!"

rings from ear to ear at every trembling step you take.

Two miles and a half from the bridge of Ventimiglia you pass a hamlet which, from having a custom-house, appeared to be appendaged to a town immediately on the height above. I notice this place merely to indicate that about two hundred paces from it the geologist may observe a peculiar species of sandstone, of evidently very modern formation, alternating with other strata of the same material, where, from the magnitude of the particles of which it is composed, it approaches in its appearance a conglomerate of granular quartz agglutinated by a quartzose cement. The small-grained is hard and compact; the larger, again, is much more friable when detached in pieces, yet perfectly solid in the mass. Both kinds are situated about a hundred and fifty feet above the present level of the ocean, and may be noted as another proof of the sinking of the Mediterranean. The smaller-grained sort encloses nodules of this limestone rock of the

distant mountains. Here the palm-tree grows in great perfection amidst groves of olive-trees. Four miles farther I came to the village of Ospitaletto; and one league farther brought me to San Remo, where I halted for the night.

On turning the point of land which gives a first view of San Remo, observe sandstone alternating with thin layers of limestone, standing almost vertically on their edges. In the way I met a lady of respectable appearance and her three pretty daughters going *ventre à terre*, mounted *à la fourchette* on as many mules. It seemed the ordinary manner for females to ride in this part of the country, and they appeared no way conscious of its singularity in the eyes of a stranger.

Between San Remo and Port San Maurizio the road is abominable in bad weather, and it rained so piteously, that, when I arrived at the latter, it had driven me nearly 'donart,' as they express it in my country: indeed, the entire way from Nice to Genoa deserves nothing less than to be stuck into the "Commination," and there lustily anathematised.

My next halt was at Alassio, a town meriting no remark unless for its wretchedness, and the squalid and ill-favoured appearance of its inhabitants. Indeed, the whole of this coast seemed to me to be inhabited by the unadulterated descendants of those barbarians who invaded Italy as early as the days of the first Tarquin, and whom the Romans never afterwards thought it worth their while to drive out again. Their dress, even to this day, is the same as that of the Laplanders and other northern nations inhabiting the shores of the North Sea. They still wear a sort of great-coat with a hood to it, the original, in my opinion, of the present cowl of the capuchin monks; and their features are so peculiarly ugly, that, whilst none of their females are pretty even when young, their old women surpass in hideousness the hags in *Macbeth*.

On leaving the suburbs of Alassio, you mount a very steep ascent, and meet again with conglomerate, but with this curious singularity, that small veins of calcareous spar traverse

conglomerates, the conglomerate itself is composed chiefly of limestone nodules. When you have gained the height, a beautiful scene of distant sea and mountain breaks upon the beholder, through an arch of a chapel in ruins. In the descent to Allenga I had another opportunity of seeing this conglomerate conglomerate and still lower down, I came upon the conglomerate very unobtrusive and filtered in its form, of a greenish colour, and crossed by veins of calcareous spar. It is a solid mass, which was also veined in the same manner, and you will now descend to Allenga.

Four miles before coming to Finale, you begin again to ascend the side of a mountain, based on limestone of a very marked appearance, from the small veins of calcareous spar having been washed out after decomposition. Above this lies talcose clay-slate; and higher still, you meet with a bluish limestone, intersected by parallel lines of the crystallised carbonate of lime, some of the specimens of which are very pretty, from the great regularity and closeness of the interlacinations. The mountain now terminates abruptly, and you descend almost a perpendicular precipice, by eight zig-zag diagonals, to Finale. It was, perhaps, from the former insuperable nature of this precipitous mountain, that the town derived its name, by its opposing a *no plus* to the traveller coming hither from Genoa.

Hence to Nolli the nature of the rock continues the same. In the route, you pass under a gallery excavated out of the solid rock, eighty-four yards long*—

* *Admisitque vrum secta per viscera rupis.*"

It was executed under Bonaparte, who, indeed, was the author of the whole route from Ventimiglia to Genoa. Near the gallery there is a cavern to be seen, filled up with limestone nodules, forming a conglomerate in fact. This, beyond all doubt, had once been on a level with the sea-beach: its form is exactly such as we observe in similar situations,

* This gallery is much finer than any of those I afterwards passed under, in crossing the Simplon.

and it must have been a battery of waves that had so impacted it: another proof, if more be required, of the former elevation of the Mediterranean above its present level. I halted at Arencino; and if I did not sleep on a bed of down, I at least slept in agreeable company, for Mary Mags and Madonnas hung round my pillow, but guarded, as bad luck would have it, by an army of saints and martyrs. Next day I arrived at Genoa by noon.

The *carabinieri* all along the coast keep up a degree of surveillance, which is oftentimes annoying. I have frequently been accosted by men, who, after civilly inquiring if I was going to the next town, requested the honour of keeping me company, on pretence of going my way. These I at once perceived to be police out of uniform. I have sometimes charged them with it, and got them to acknowledge it, when I would allow them to walk with me, or politely dismiss them, according as my humour ran. But a traveller, and particularly a pedestrian, must put up with these inconveniences, for the personal protection he obtains by their vigilance. I was told by one of them, that, before the time of Bonaparte, no traveller could pass along this coast without the almost certainty of being murdered. Shrines to the Virgin are erected every few miles, and particularly on the centre arch of bridges. They are held in great reverence; and I could not help reflecting, as I saw scoundrels, by their looks, devoutly take off their hats as they passed a Paris-plaster cast of the *advocata peccatorum*, how conscientiously easy it must have been, in this country, to pass from an act of adoration to one of assassination. These bridges, by the way, are great bores to one that is wearied; for most frequently they are of one arch only, of considerable span, describing a lofty semicircle, with nothing to lessen the ascent or descent at either extremity: it is, in fact, like climbing over the back of a corpulent hay-rick, with all its monumental height, but none of its gamesome softness.

GENOA,

Now no longer Genoa the Superb. The wealth that entitled it to the appellation has migrated to some freer mart, and this once free republic—the birth-place of Columbus—is crippled by the fetters of despotism. The harbour is spacious and fine; and though most of the streets of Genoa are narrow, and the houses lofty, both are the cooler for it during the intense heats of summer.

THE CATHEDRAL.—This fine church is dedicated to St. Lawrence, whose martyrdom, in fresco, adorns the ceiling of the choir. Observe the chapel of St. John the Baptist. Handsome columns support a richly sculptured front; and, on the altar, the ashes of this saint are encased in a shrine of gold, sustained by four columns of polished porphyry. The sides are ornamented by eight statues of prophets: those of Zacharias and Abacu are strikingly fine. Remark also the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, situated to the left of the choir. The tabernacle stands under a beautiful temple of white marble, by which two angels kneel. The sculpture of this chapel is by one of the pupils of the graceful Canova. In the choir, see a bronze statue of the Virgin and Child; and in niches in the sides, four grand statues of the Evangelists, of divine expression. St. John the Baptist is the patron saint of Genoa.

Adjoining the old ducal palace stands the **CHURCH OF ST. AMBROSE**. This church is adorned with four remarkable paintings. The first, *A CIRCUMCISION*, by Rubens, occupies the grand altar: the second is by the same great master, and represents *AN INFANT ANGEL APPEARING TO ST. IGNATIUS*, the founder of the order of the Jesuits. In this painting Rubens has introduced a portrait of himself and his wife. The figure looking over Ignatius's shoulder is the artist. The management, again, of the drapery of the female (his wife) in front of St. Ignatius, is one of the most perfect and extraordinary performances in the art of painting. Observe, likewise, the singular position of another, who, in regarding

the infant messenger of Heaven, is forced to look perpendicularly upwards; but such a conception as this durst be attempted only by a perfect master.

The third is **ST. FRANCIS ZAVIER PREACHING**, by a pupil of Guido. The attitude of the preacher is noble, and his expression sublime; such as all those, whose duty it is, should evince and feel in expounding the divine truths of our faith.

The last is **AN ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN**, by Guido himself. This painting beautifully exemplifies the divine imagination of the artist; and here you have a Virgin, such as the immaculate mother of God the Son ought to be depicted. In the midst of clouds, angels in choirs, each more beautiful than another, join hand in hand, and without the least seeming of effort, they follow the Virgin to the skies. What purity there is in that divine forehead! Her eyes, radiant with celestial bliss, already pierce the heavens, and repose on the bosom of the Divinity, who awaits her.

From Sant' Ambrogio I went to the **S. S. NUNZIATA**. Churches in Italy are, to heretical eyes, more like theatres than places of worship, adorned as they all are with the richest gildings, beautiful marbles, and the most magical productions of the painter's pencil. The mind, occupied by such objects, has no place for the Divinity; and instead of diminishing the space which separates the creature from the Creator, they make the distance more immense, and both distract and divert our wish to draw nearer to his footstool. I felt the truth of this remark forcibly on entering the Annunziata; for its decorations, though soiled and faded, are of the most splendid description. What adds to our wonder on looking around, is to know that this magnificent temple was erected and finished at the sole expense of one family—the Lomellino.

Over the grand entrance you see a superb painting of the **LAST SUPPER**, by Paul Veronese. There are a few other good paintings, among which I may point out—

A FLIGHT INTO EGYPT, with angels ministering to the infant Christ; and in a chapel opposite you see a **ST. FRANCIS**

IN ECSTASY, before a crucifix; unchaste perhaps in colouring, but finely designed.

The ceiling is covered with frescos, some of which are extremely beautiful; in particular, I may point out the first in the nave, exhibiting the coronation of the Virgin by God the Father, in the presence of the whole host of heaven.

From the churches I went to visit the palaces; but having unfortunately lost the notes I made, I am only able to sketch from memory the description of two or three in the DURAZZO PALACE.

Among these, the traveller will see a fine delineation of the DEATH OF CLEOPATRA, by Paul Veronese. She holds the asp to her bosom. The icy hand of death has already begun to congeal the stream of life, yet you can still perceive in her lovely countenance, pale and inanimate as it is, the traits of those charms that held Anthony and Cæsar captive.

THE DEATH OF SENECA.—Seneca occupies, as the principal subject of every good painting ought to do, the middle of the canvass. He is half-undressed, standing with his feet in a bath. As the blood flows, Seneca dictates to three secretaries the ideas which pass through his mind, when the hasty inroads of death suddenly stop them in their course: his feet yield no more blood; his body stiffens: by the quivering motion of his lips, you perceive life is on the wing: his look expresses some vague idea which he cannot seize or articulate, and thus he expires. The secretaries, again, exhibit the different expressions of interest, attention, and sorrow. Each holds ready his pen, watching the lips of the philosopher, who attempts in vain to utter one more thought, but death has sealed them for ever. A centurion stands ready at the door to announce his death, and, with his foot already raised, he impatiently counts the last sighs of Seneca—for Nero waits.

JUDITH WITH THE HEAD OF HOLOFERNES, by Paul Veronese. It is usual to paint this subject with the actress of the bloody deed perfectly composed, holding the gory head in her hand, with as much indifference as if it were a reticule. Paul Veronese has conceived this horrid scene with

more natural truth, for her features finely depict the struggle betwixt nature and fanaticism ; and Judith looks as Siddons would have looked, had the part been dramatised.

THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS, by Michael Angelo. The artist, to exemplify the divine power more strikingly, has represented the body of Lazarus in a complete state of corruption. The figure of Jesus is sublime: you see the Divinity stirring within him, as, with outstretched hands, he stands in the act and attitude of recalling the breath of life to undo the work of death ; whilst the attendant group anxiously watch the reanimation. It may be said of this wonderful picture, without hyperbole, that the artist, in representing, has himself performed, a miracle.

There is a picture by the bucolic pencil of Albani, in one of the palaces here—although, from the loss of my notes, I cannot now say where—which also merits remembrance. In the middle of a valley, crowned by rocks, and variegated with underwood, you will find a shepherd and two shepherdesses seated by the side of a fountain. The shepherd is playing on a flute. One of the shepherdesses, holding a rose in her hand, is regarding the musician, and listening to the music: she stretches out her hand to present the flower ; and her eagerness to do so, and yet her desire not to interrupt the music, are admirably blended in her beautiful love-begone countenance. Her companion, somewhat younger, neither looks at, nor seems to listen to, the shepherd, but, with her eyes fixed on the fountain, she dreams awake. At a little distance, a delightful and delighted group of children are playing with lambs, and binding them in fetters made of garlands of flowers. Theocritus, you never sung a sweeter pastoral !

THE ALBERGO DE' POVERI.—This noble establishment is conducted on the principle of our workhouses in England, and supports about 1600 poor. In the chapel belonging to the albergo you see the statues of its different benefactors, including the most distinguished names of the ancient Genovese republic—the Dorias, Spignolas, Durazzos, &c.

In the choir there is a fine ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN, in marble, by Puget, of Marseilles ; and, on a side-wall, a medalion PIETÀ, by Buonarotti. Remark the death-like repose in the features of Christ, the half-open mouth, as if the Divine Spirit had just made its escape, and the deep and touching grief of the bereaved mother, all expressed with the characteristic mastery of Michael Angelo's evangelic chisel.

From this I strolled into a church hard by. "*Soli Deo*" was written over the porch ; while every act within belied the motto, and proclaimed undisguised polytheism. A priest was flirting with a female as I entered. He and the lady pased gaily on to the foot of the grand altar, while my progress was arrested by the appearance of an old man, in the last degree of misery, on his knees, by the very entrance, as if unworthy of a nearer approach to the Fountain of all mercy. His eye was moistened with a tear of the most devout earnestness, as he proffered his humble petition at the throne of Almighty Beneficence ; and humble it must have been ; for, gracious God ! how very little it must require, methought, as I regarded the miserable suppliant, to satisfy such complete wretchedness !

Nothing remaining to detain me longer at Genoa, I proceeded, by the usual route, to Lucca. The first day's march to Chiavari was rather a long one. I had started somewhat late in the morning from Genoa, and sauntering more than usual on the way, dusk began to fall fast around by the time I had passed Recco. Here the road begins to ascend a long and high mountain, which, as the sun declined in the west, flung its broad shadow over the Mediterranean, wrapping its cold, wet feet in a mantle of grey, whilst

" Day had got black in the face, as though
Of the nightshade he had drunk."

Before mounting the steep, I withdrew to the road-side to rest myself, and to winnow refreshment and renewed strength from the breeze that blew from the sea. A delighted group of children were at play on a grass-plot in front ; and my reflections took the direction of my feelings as I sat con-

templating the scene of innocence before me. You are not wearied, as I am, children! thought I,—not alone, and friendless, in a strange land! A home and bed await your coming—an endearing welcome, your appearance at the door; whereas I, at this moment, know not to-night where I am to lay my head. Young as you, I was as thoughtless; for forethought was then unnecessary, and anxiety a stranger to my breast. Ye happy hours of infancy, why cannot ye tarry in your course? Our regrets and chagrins last for years, our pleasures but for a day! In life's dawn the soul tastes the peace of angels, and every fostering parental care ministers to our happiness. If some little nothing deluges our eyes in tears, the next little nothing can render them as joyful. Do we pout, and feel unhappy?—a rattle dissipates the evanescent gloom. Have we stumbled, and hurt ourselves?—a mother's kiss quickly cures the smart. Do we seem wretched, disconsolate, and weep?—the least commiseration changes the tear to a smile,—the distance between which in infancy is but a step, and in after-life a long day's march. Heedless but of the passing impression, no evil by anticipation either tempers or detracts from the enjoyment of the moment. One minute you see the little urchin securely nestling in its mother's bosom, and the next plucking its tiny posy from the brink of a precipice. One hour you find it rocking itself to rest in its cradle, and in another mocking mortality in playing its little gambols on a tombstone.

On infancy's rosy lips one may gather kisses without exciting one breathless sigh; the passing caress causes no flutter in its bosom. How different, reader, are our feelings when we are nineteen! Then, the slightest pressure of the hand will fly to the heart like an electric shock; and an embrace, delightful Gorgon, can render Pygmalion's mistress again a statue!

Have you forgotten, —, when, hand in hand, by Tweed's fair and limpid stream, how we delighted to chase the butterfly from flower to flower, from blue-bell to brier! how much the sight of a full-blown daisy pleased us! and how readily our little, untarnished hearts would palpitate in infantine ecstasy

and unison with the fluttering note of the laverock, or when listening to nurse Peggy as she lilted the "Broom o' Cowden-knowes," or the "Flowers of the Forest." Fatigued, and sent to rest at the close of the day's joys, I can even now remember with devotional pleasure, how nightly I did, and *could* repeat, with a simplicity of heart that knew nought but innocence, "*Our Daddy which art in heaven!*"

A little older, gentle reader, and care, like a diligent husbandman, begins to furrow-in his wrinkles. It is true, youth's forehead is like a lake; the keel of sorrow may plough it for a moment, but in another, scarce a vestige of its wake remains. By and by the impressions of anxiety become more permanent, and, like icebergs, they require the genial warmth of a summer's sun before they melt away; till at length they accumulate like a glacier, and freeze the intellect they surround!

Romancing thus, I forgot that night was fast drawing on, until the joyous hurra of the children, on leaving their playground, suggested that it was time also for me to forsake my pastime; and so I folded up my cane seat, and began to ascend the mountain. The rustling of the leaves in a thicket to the left, caused by the evening breeze, excited a sympathetic shudder and chill over my whole frame. Every step I took, the night fell thicker and darker; for the sun at this time of the year sinks to rest with the alacrity of the wearied traveller. The sea-mew over head flew on rapid wing to her pebbly bed; so I, too, mended my pace, with the double object of casting off the horripilation I felt, and of gaining my nest for the night. Of a sudden a man jumped from out of the bushes that grew on my left, and I instinctively grasped firmer my cudgel. I may here mention, that towards evening I always took the precaution, to avoid being surprised, of walking in the middle of the road. The man passed me, after having exchanged side-glances of suspicion on my part, and wariness, as I thought, on his; yet the circumstance went unheeded. Shortly, I heard a loud whistle, sounding something in the manner of a signal; when, conceiving that the fellow I had just seen intended perhaps to frighten me,

I continued my way. I had not gone far, when I thought I heard steps behind me ; but on halting to listen, I heard them no more ; and surmising it to be but the sound of my footstep echoed by the mountain, I proceeded on my way. Again the same noise stole on my ear, and on stopping a second time, I heard it still more distinctly ; the sound seemed as of four feet, and I said, it is a man on horseback perhaps ; however, as the better part of valour is discretion, I redoubled my pace, for the steps were gaining upon me. By this time I had nearly reached the summit of the mountain ; and on looking back, I plainly perceived two men, by the light of a crescent moon, running after me, one of whom I recognised as the fellow who had jumped out of the bushes ; so, no longer doubting their purpose, I took off my knapsack, drew off to the side of the road next the sea, and raising my stiff little stick over my head, I stood in a posture of defence. The two fellows were opposite to me ; neither party spoke ; and when we had remained in this almost ridiculous position, eyeing one another with looks of no friendly intent, for full five minutes, I noticed the cowards exchange significant glances with each other, and then they suddenly left me. Throwing my knapsack hastily on my back, I followed, that, by keeping them in sight, I might not be taken unawares at some turning of the road ; but the fellows disappeared somehow ; and I arrived late at Chiavari, without having seen any thing more of them. This little adventure tells somewhat perilously, and yet it is very possible the men might be quite innocent of any bad intent ; but we read so much of Schidonis in our early days, that no man enters Italy without having first made up his mind to be assassinated, at the least, ere he leaves it.

Chiavari is a fishing-town on the coast ; and the only remark I have to make is, that one's salt-water acquaintances are noisy folks all over the world ; for a knot of them kept up such a hideous bawling, which, if asked, they might call singing peradventure, that I could not get to sleep, tired as I was, for full two hours after I was in bed.

From Chiavari I proceeded by Mattarana to Spezia ; and,

after sleeping at Massa over night, I arrived at Pietra Santa, where I breakfasted, and had nearly got into a scrape; but the story is ludicrous enough to deserve telling. After looking at the sculptured pulpit in the church, a specimen of mixed Gothic and Pagan elegance, I returned to the inn to settle my bill; and on asking how much I had to pay, the *padrone*, choosing by preference to speak badly-pronounced French, told me, "*Il faut payer cinq pauls.*" "Pay Saint Paul!" replied I, in utter astonishment, mistaking his meaning, through his corrupt pronunciation; "why, then, I suppose, to fulfil the adage, I must begin by robbing Saint Peter." On this Boniface, not understanding, or, more likely, provoked at my profane allusion, repeated emphatically in Italian, "*Cinque paoli, Signor!*" which at once elucidating my unlucky *mal-entendu*, I was happy to find that I could satisfy mine host for my breakfast, without being obliged to commit so dangerous a sacrilege.

It was the time of the olive-harvest when I passed through this part of the country, and they thrash them as we do walnuts; the men getting up on the trees, while the women are engaged in picking them up. The songs of the rustics in all countries are very properly considered as stamping the distinctive characteristic on national music; and, judging by this criterion, no music, certainly, is in more wretched taste than the national music of Italy. No chorus of calves, I am sure, ever bellowed more dissonantly than these olive-pickers; and yet this style of singing is not peculiar to this part of Italy; for afterwards, in the Neapolitan states and elsewhere, I recognised the same eternal whining monotony, the whole band of choristers dwelling on the last syllable of every line with a never-ending drawl, like the unchecked drone of an expiring bag-pipe. Now, a donkey, when *he* chooses to imitate a Pasta or a Paganini, has at least two musical *contrapuntas* to play off, cut alternately short and sweet, resembling in their spasmodic enunciation the hurried respirations of a pair of bellows, panting in despair to revive the almost-extinguished flame in the heart of a cold cinder. But the prolonged bellowing of these Italian rustics falls

infinitely short, in varied melody, of my friend Neddy; and therefore I aver, all prejudices to the contrary notwithstanding, that the real national music of Italy is uncouth and barbarous. How, then, are we to account for their acknowledged superiority in the science and execution of it? It is to gifts, in my opinion, entirely of an incidental kind, by which the Italians have attained to this confessed pre-eminence. Wherever Nature is bountiful in her productions, the necessity and amount of labour is abridged; the mind, not so oppressed in providing for our natural wants, gets and retains the placidity of equanimity; and in such a happy state, it is inclined to vent its gladness in the natural voice and language of joy—music and poetry. The temperate climate of Italy has strung the larynx with the finest muscular chords, and adjusted them micrometrically by the nicest attachments; here are no choking fogs to clog their delicate vibrations, or damping thaws to relax their sensitive tension; the air itself vibrates more elastically; and to these physical advantages, when combined with a natural good taste, corrected by cultivation, and a fine and disciplined ear, ought to be ascribed, I apprehend, the origin and superiority of Italian music. Natural capabilities almost necessarily produce artificial excellence; and this physical state of the organs favours the cultivation, and promotes the improvement, of this enchanting accomplishment. Hence it is, I make it out, that music has been acquired by study, circumstances, and locality, rather than through any innate gift specially bestowed by nature on the Italians; and therefore there is no incongruity or contradiction, I venture to maintain, in the assertion, however heterodox it might at first appear, that the original native music of Italy is, of itself, barbarous.

From Pietra Santa I got to Montramido, and thence to Lucca.

LUCCA

is a fortified town, situated in a plain; and its ramparts afford a delightful promenade. It was here, nearly 2000 years ago, that Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus, tore to pieces

the Roman universe, and divided it amongst themselves. But the circumstance which gives to modern Lucca its celebrity, is its possession of the VOLTO SANTO. This is a wooden crucifix, begun by Nicodemus, but, being rather a bungler at carving, some angels, who observed him at work, took his tools, and finished it for him. The Volto Santo forms the grand object of devotion at Lucca, and you find the figure on the coin. This holy image formerly occupied the church of St. Ferdina; but not liking its lodgings, it made a moonlight flitting one night, and established itself in the cathedral church of San Martino; it alighted in the left aisle, round which they have erected a chapel, of an octagon form, ornamented with statues of the Evangelists, and on the side facing the grand altar there is one of St. Sebastian.

The exterior of the cathedral is of black and white marble, distributed in a checkered manner; and the windows are of beautifully stained glass.

In a chapel to the left of the choir we observe a fine statue of the Redeemer, with statues of St. Peter and St. Martin on each side. Over head we read the following inscription, savouring somewhat of paganism:

CHRISTO LIBERATORI
AC
DIVIS TUTELARIBUS.

Paintings adorned each of the altars; but they were all concealed by curtains, nor could I find any one to draw them aside.

THE CHURCH OF St. MICHAEL stands in the grand piazza, and is remarkable only for the fantastic style of its architecture, and for the tessellated arrangement of the coloured marbles of which it is constructed.

If the traveller be curious to see a modern *descensus Averni*, let him visit the CHURCH OF THE AUGUSTINS. The hole you find here, leading down to the infernal regions, was opened on the following miraculous occasion. The church occupies the site of an old *corps du garde*, in a niche of which stood an image of the Virgin. Two soldiers playing at dice one day, one of them was very unlucky, and petitioned the image to change the fortune of the run: he played on, and

yet lost ; at which he got wroth, swore at the lady, blaming her as the cause of his unlucky stars, knocked his fist on the table, howled at the moon, tore his hair, turned his stool round, and went through the most approved evolutions of a gamester in bad luck ; yet continued, notwithstanding these various incantations, still to lose. At length, wound up to frenzy, the impious wretch seized a stone, and flung it at the blessed image. The stone, says the legend, would have hit the figure of the infant Jesus in her arms, which the Virgin perceiving, she adroitly threw the child from one arm to the other, to avoid the blow. In commemoration of the miracle, the infant still rests on the left arm of its mother, over which you read the following lines :

“PROLUAT UT CULPAM DAT VIRGO SANGUINIS UNDAM,
AT CADIT IGNORANS IMPIUS ESSE PIAM.”

As a matter of just retribution, the earth opened under the feet of the sacrilegious miscreant, and he sunk down to where Pluto now amuses himself in making matches ; and what is more, the hole still remains to attest the fact. It is of an oval form, crossed by two bars of iron. I took a peep down, through sheer itching curiosity, and began to fancy, as I snuffed, like a terrier at a rat-hole, that there verily was something sulphurous in the scent.

There is one painting in this church that struck me as good, over the altar of the chapel of Our Lady. It exhibits a Madonna and child, with an adult St. John in a kneeling posture, pointing to the group above. There is an enchanting sweetness in the countenance of the Virgin, and the boy is infant divinity personified. Well may the Baptist kneel, for adoration here becomes instinctive ; to point was not necessary, for dull must be the perception that cannot see its beauties.

The princes of this mighty empire, of eight square leagues, are a branch of the Spanish Bourbons. The royal family were at Lucca at the time I was there, which prevented me seeing the interior of the palace.

Before quitting the place, I may mention a ludicrous incident that, I was told, happened some little time ago. A

Luccese, over head and ears in debt, was haunted by the bailiffs; and being obliged to leave his home one day to visit a friend, he was beset. The church of St. Michael was close by, but the tipstaffs were between him and the sanctuary, so he was forced to give *leg-bail*, in running for it, as fast as every patriotic friend to liberty, out of principle, does on all such occasions. The bailiffs, in full cry, were coming fast up with the chase, when the run-down, breathless debtor meeting a little, knock-kneed, broad-set priest of his acquaintance, had just time to tell his predicament, and to demand his assistance. "A friend *in-kneed*, is a friend indeed," says the old saying, and so it turned out; for the priest, laying hold of his unfortunate friend, threw him on his back without more ceremony. The bailiffs arrived to seize their prey, when the priest claimed the privilege of his order, and insisted on the sacred nature of his person; so that the law's body-snatchers, thus foiled, saw their booty borne off in triumph, to the great amusement of a crowd which the oddity of the circumstance had collected.

Consulting my travelling map, I found Pisa lay nearly due south of Lucca; I therefore crossed a ridge of hills which intervene between the two places, and came immediately down on the baths of Pisa. The mineral waters here are lukewarm, and not disagreeable to the taste. They are both drank and used as a bath, and, no doubt, prove efficacious where the humours require diluting and cleansing: society adds its charms, and variety its stimulus; hence the benefit derived from waters of otherwise very insignificant intrinsic power.

PISA.

The situation of Pisa, on the banks of the Arno, the air of elegance about it, the Cathedral, Hanging Tower, and Campo Santo, all render it a place of attraction to the inquisitive traveller. The three last stand close together; and on entering the Piazza del Duomo, the HANGING TOWER first obtains the stranger's attention. Its height and inclination have an irresistible effect upon the eye, although, in

my conception, it is far from being a pleasing object. To me, life in any shape about expiring, and objects in the position of falling, alike convey a disagreeable idea—that of annihilation and destruction. The Tower of Pisa inclines so much from the perpendicular as to impress the beholder with some degree of apprehension lest it should fall and bury him amidst its ruins; and even though persuaded that it is a structure designedly erected with this inclination, he still must consider it a monstrous and displeasing anomaly in architecture. This tower consists of eight ranges, or stories, each surrounded by a colonnade: it is a hundred and eighty feet in height, and inclines thirteen feet from the perpendicular; from the top of which you have an extensive view towards Florence on the east, and of Leghorn and the coast to the south. It is still a question in dispute, whether this tower was built in this manner originally, or got its inclination from the sinking of its foundations. Independent of the fact of the uncouth Leaning brick Tower at Bologna having been built so purposely, and thus giving the idea, and serving as an example, if not a model, to the architect, there is sufficient external evidence, I think, about the building itself to decide the question. If the lower range of columns be observed, it will be at once perceived that those on the side of the inclination are curved in the middle. Now, supposing the ground on the inclined side to have sunk, this could not have happened, unless the stone were flexible. There is a species of limestone, we know, that is so; but, from its great friability and softness, it is totally unfit for columns sustaining any considerable weight. Again, the columns and stories lowest down diverge the most from the perpendicular, which is exactly contrary to every principle of gravitation, unless we give to the structure a living effort to counteract its tendency to fall. Both of which circumstances abundantly prove, in my opinion, that the Hanging Tower of Pisa was erected as a fantastic and difficult specimen of architectural skill, to shew what art, when idly employed, was capable of performing. It was from the top of this tower that Galileo made his famous experiment to confute the Aristotelians, and to demonstrate

the simultaneous velocity in the falling of bodies of dissimilar weights. Galileo was born at Pisa in 1564, ten years before the building of the tower, the whimsical architect of which was a German.

THE CAMPO SANTO.—This elegant cemetery was erected under the direction of the architect Nicola Pisano, when Pisa was an independent republic, towards the expense of which six hundred of the principal families contributed, only fifteen of whom remain unextinct at this day. The soil was brought from the Holy Land in the time of the crusades, and it is pretended that it possesses the property of preserving uncorrupted the bodies of those who lie interred in it. This edifice is four hundred and eighty-six feet long, by one hundred and sixty in width; and the graceful and richly fretted Gothic arcades contain the finest collection of Etruscan, Greek, and Roman sarcophagi any where to be found; and the walls are adorned with paintings in fresco, most of them as old as the thirteenth century. Those on the north side were executed a century later, by Benozzo Gozzoli, and denote the progress and improvement of the art.

Turning to the left on entering, you find the tomb of Algarotti, whose elegant treatise on the art of painting has deservedly distinguished his name as a critic of refined taste. It is by Carlo Bianconi. Under a medallion portrait of the author reposes a graceful statue of Minerva. At the south-west corner, near to which you now are, observe a rude piece of sculpture, remarkable as having been placed here to commemorate the termination of the feuds between the Guelphs and Ghibelins; and where ought feuds to end more appropriately than where mortality is obliged to surrender itself to the worm?

The frescos which ornament the western end are by the master of Michael Angelo. Ranged along its sides are various pieces of sculpture: among others, a head of Agrippa in *nero antico*; and a charming head of Venus, of Grecian workmanship. At the east extremity of the parallelogram

which the *Campo* forms, you will find the principal chapel, remarkable for a crucifixion painted on leather, by Apollonia Greco in A.D. 1200, before painting in oil was invented. Returning to where you entered, you pass a bust of the Emperor Hadrian, as perfect as when left by the chisel of the sculptor, and another of Julius Brutus. Close to the door, the guide points out a *beau morceau* of Michael Angelo's; it is a miniature portrait of the artist himself, in marble.

THE CATHEDRAL.—As the Campo Santo might properly enough be called the museum of Pisa, so the cathedral may be considered its gallery—so rich is it in paintings of first-rate merit. Indeed, they are so numerous, it will oblige me to throw most of them into the Appendix at the end of this work, for the use of the traveller, instead of describing them severally.

The high and richly sculptured columns by the grand entrance, were brought from Egypt, as were those of the Baptistery opposite. There are three entrances in front, each with bronze doors, the exquisite workmanship of John de Bologna. The bas-reliefs on that of the middle represent the principal passages in the history of the holy Virgin; while those on the two side-doors refer to subjects taken from the life of our Saviour. The preference in honour given on all occasions to the Virgin, is apt to strike a poor heretic like me. God the Father and Creator, seems, in Catholic countries, to be almost forgotten—so strongly sets the tide of idolatry in favour of what appertains to mortality in the relations of the Godhead. The Virgin, the *Deipara*, as they sometimes style her, is every thing amongst these modern polytheists. On a former excursion, when walking round the ramparts of Namur, I remember being petitioned by an old woman for “*Charité pour l’amour de Dieu et de la Déesse !*”

On entering the cathedral by the bronze door which leads into the left aisle, you see over the first altar the martyrdom of some saint by three Moors, by Benvenuti, a

disciple of the modern French school, and head of the present Italian, remarkable only for the faults in the design, especially conspicuous in the foreshortenings. Farther on, you come to **ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SUCCOURING DESERTED FOUNDLINGS**, by Grandolfi. The exquisite beauty of the colouring of this painting falls on the delighted eye like sleep's narcotic poppies on the eyelids of the wearied. Observe the chubby, rosy, little cherubs that creep and gambol about, in sight of bosoms most exuberant and fair, like playful kittens on a hearth-rug. Next remark a painting, by the parsimonious pencil of Salembeni, representing the **ATTRIBUTES OF THE ALMIGHTY**.—Surrounded by a festoon of infant angels, with their little arms interlaced in every graceful position, a sublime figure of Him "from whom no secrets are hid," hovers in the sky: beneath, five angels, as attributes, stand in the foreground. The one in the middle holds in his hands a balance and a sword, and the angelic sweetness of his countenance bespeaks the forgiveness of a merciful God, tempering the decrees of his justice. Another, denoting piety, with his hands crossed on his breast, looks up to the fountain of all goodness in fervent adoration. A third, kneeling and holding a *tige de lys* in his hand, typifies the virtue of purity. A fourth, bearing a two-edged sword, stands the symbol of divine wrath; whilst a fifth, the most beautiful of all, holds in his hands, as he kneels, the emblems of penance and purification. What a lovely countenance! Veil it not with your wings, O angel of light! for such alone can behold, if aught can, the glorious effulgence of the Divinity! What beautiful hands!—only such are fitted to minister at the throne of grace!

In the north transept you find five paintings by Aulerio Lommi, which exemplify the proteiform nature of his pencil. Of these, **CHRIST DISPUTING IN THE TEMPLE**, and the **ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS**, pleased me the most.

The choir, again, is one splendid galaxy of beauties. I can only point out a few, and must refer to the Appendix for the remainder.

MOSES DESCENDING FROM MOUNT SINAI, bearing the tables of the Decalogue on his shoulders, by Domenico Beccafumi. What a sublime and terrific figure! In the midst of the idolatrous Jews stands the image of the golden calf, and he surprises them in the act of worshipping it. Observe, in particular, the alarm of detected guilt in the countenance of a most beautiful female in the foreground, at the approach of the lawgiver of Israel coming from the presence of his God. It is the portrait of Beccafumi's mistress.

THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM, by Il Sodoma. Isaac is seen kneeling on the altar, and in his features you perceive fear, horror, and resignation, intermingled in one compound expression. Venerable, sorrowful, and agonised, Abraham hath already raised his hand in desperate obedience, armed with the sacrificial knife, while an angel, at the very moment he is about to inflict the mortal blow, arrests his arm, and you involuntarily shudder lest it should be too late.

Near to this is a painting of **MOSES IN THE WILDERNESS STRIKING THE ROCK**, when the living stream gushes out to quench the thirst of Israel. It is another of the rare and fascinating productions of Salembeni's angelic pencil. A female seated, with a pitcher by her side, is so charming and beautiful, that Tantalus himself might forget his thirst in beholding her: but all Salembeni's females are the creatures of sapid imagination.

On the ceiling which vaults the choir there is an ancient mosaic of the **LUX MUNDI**, by Gaddo Gaddi. A large bronze crucifix surmounts the high altar, in front of which a tessellated carpet extends, and the altar itself is composed of lapis lazuli, and of the most rare and beautiful marbles. It was in this cathedral that Galileo, while watching the vibrations of one of the lamps suspended to the ceiling, first conceived the idea of a pendulum as a measure of time; and as he was originally intended for a physician, he first employed it to ascertain the rate of the pulse, a use to which it was for a long time afterwards applied by the physicians of that period—the pulsilogia.—(Vide *Santorio, Comment. in Avicennam, Venetiis*, 1625.)

THE BAPTISTERY OF ST. JOHN is in front of the cathedral, and of a circular form. A bronze statue of the Baptist stands under the centre of the dome, enclosed by a balustrade of richly sculptured marble, near which stands a pulpit of elaborate workmanship, executed as early as the thirteenth century, by Nicola Pisano. The Baptistery contains two paintings: one of angels adoring a monogram of the Virgin; the other, *THE FEEDING OF THE MULTITUDE*, by Vanni.

Viewing the flat country all around Pisa, extending from the heights behind it and spreading to the sea, it appears manifest that the greater part must have been gained from the retreat of the Mediterranean. Even now deep ditches, towards Leghorn, conduct the water to the sea; and the prevailing diseases of the country shew its damp and marshy nature. Notwithstanding the authority of a late very entertaining and intelligent traveller, (Mr. Mathews,) I think his opinion of the climate of Pisa, as a fit residence for the consumptive, must be taken with considerable reservation. There are forms, certainly, of phthisis which yield under the influence of a moist and bland atmosphere: the coast of Devon founds its claim to preference and selection in England, on such qualities. But there are other forms of this fatal malady, which, instead of being benefited by a climate of a humid character, become much aggravated, by its increasing the languor and debility, augmenting the expectoration, at the same time that the hectic perspirations become more colliquative and profuse. To this latter species of the disease, the moist and relaxing air of Pisa acts like an exhausting pump, and the disease gallops to its goal. According to a census given by Dr. Palloni, a physician at Leghorn, one in five of the native inhabitants, out of a population of 75,000, die of consumption—a proportion larger even than in England. Agues are very common here, which might be expected from the quantity of stagnant water that is at all times in the fosses. This, saturated with animal and vegetable corruption, when acted upon by an Italian sun, generates pestilential miasmata, and hence also the prevalence of low, paludal fevers.

To-morrow we are to proceed by La Scala to Florence : meanwhile, traveller, good night ; and may the favourite angel of Salembeni's bewitching pencil hover over your pillow, and whisper in your ear dreams such as angels dream.

FLORENCE.

The country between Pisa and Florence teems with fertility, where, at every step, you see corn, wine, and oil, the simultaneous produce of the same field.

The city of Florence is one of the finest in Italy, situated in the valley of the Arno, and contains from seventy to eighty thousand inhabitants. The approach to it is through groves of olive-trees, and in spring it is in the midst of a bouquet of flowers—the beautiful and apposite circumstances from which it derived its name—*Florentia*. It is situated in ancient Etruria, from whence Rome borrowed the arts and sciences. Etruria gave an order also to architecture, and a king even to Rome itself, for the elder Tarquin was an Etrurian. Much also of the religious worship of the Romans was borrowed from the Etrurians ; for it was an early principle of those politic people, in annexing new states to their own, to adopt, in the general amalgamation, what nations cling to with greater pertinacity even than to their liberties, the creed of the conquered. They parcelled out Olympus after an Agrarian manner, and in colonising it with strange deities, made them all equal denizens of the same adoration.

The climate of Florence is delightful in summer, but fogs prevail in autumn and spring ; and in winter the air is cold and damp, from its vicinity to the Apennines. The beautiful stream of the Arno divides the city into two unequal parts, connected by four bridges, of which that of Santa Trinita is justly esteemed a model of beauty and perfection.

It was in the time of the carnival that I arrived. Gaiety in her liveliest mood paraded every street, in dresses the most fantastic, and devices of merriment the most amusing.

Florence is a city of gentle-people ; the Florentines are a genteel race in exterior seeming even : the city is a city of palaces ; its public walks are laid out in the most delightful spots, and all its amusements are elegant. The grand display on the last day of the carnival takes place close to the Piazza del Granduca, where I thought my countrymen, as maskers, were as entertaining as any. The grand duke and duchess honoured the motley group with their presence, and seemed to enjoy the lively scene.

In the evening, before going to the masked ball at the Pergola, I strolled towards the spot which had exhibited so much life and gaiety at noon ; but the place was deserted — the spirit of frolic had fled, by a sort of metempsychosis, to some other rendezvous of pleasure, and the place seemed the sepulchre of merriment defunct : not so the statues of Buonarrotti, John de Bologna, and Cellini, in which you perceive that, though the chest heaves not, they breathe—they speak, though the articulation be inaudible.

It is my usual plan, on coming to a new place, to get to some commanding situation in the neighbourhood, the better to learn its local geography, and guide my excursions accordingly ; so I went to the Boboli gardens. I ascended until I came to the uppermost range of terraces which form the seats of the theatre, directly fronting the palace Pitti. Here the traveller is greeted by the tutelary goddess of Tuscany in the form of a colossal STATUE OF ABUNDANCE, of infinite sweetness and majesty, a creation of the superb imagination of John de Bologna.

From this height the visiter gets a fine bird's-eye view of the city ; of the cathedral and its magnificent dome, the tower of the old ducal palace, the winding Arno plunging under the arches of its bridges like an expert diver ; of the innumerable villas which speckle its environs, like dew-drops on the leaves of the cowslip ; of the hills and still more distant mountains gradually receding from the delighted sight, with villages cresting their summits like the feathers on the head of the cockatoo. Having now ascertained the relative position of the principal objects of a stranger's curiosity, I de-

scended into the labyrinth of streets below, and instinctively found myself on the stairs of THE GALLERY; for where else is the lover of the fine arts first to be found but in the sanctuary of the *chefs-d'œuvre*—on his knees before the VENUS!

Innumerable as were the casts I had seen of this celebrated statue, how imperfectly they all represent the original! The chilliness which Paris plaster imparts to a statue is like the icy hand of death on the human form. The lineaments may remain entire, but the beauty of life is destroyed; and such it is with every cast of the work of Cleomenes the Athenian—to cast it in plaster is to embody but its shade—to imitate the original *à l'ombre Chinois*. It must be seen to be appreciated; for nothing else can convey any just idea of this extraordinary production of Grecian sculpture.

The entire surface of this delicate statue blooms with youth and shines with divinity. Seeming unconscious of any one gazing at her, Venus's attitude is that of naked modesty alone and unseen. Her countenance breathes the innocent voluptuousness of Nature in full blow; and the eye glides from beauty to beauty, and from grace to grace, in fugitive playfulness, embracing each charm in endless succession unsatiated, for there is no resting-place. It dares not settle on her lips, they are too inviting; it ventures not to repose on her bosom, it is so pure. Naked, and yet the figure is not lewd: it warms the feelings, but does not inflame them. Observe the soft contours of her body, and with what grace the timid foot steals from under that charming knee. Venus is on earth, and yet she does not seem to press it; for the Queen of Love treads so lightly, that she appears to stand on the froth of a fresh-broken wave.

The APOLLINO, which faces the Venus, is, in my opinion, misplaced, and fails, in such presence, to make that impression its beautiful delicacy otherwise would do. This fine statue were better placed in the middle of a small cabinet beside Della Robbia's Trio singing Io Pæans, surrounded by landscapes from the lyric and classical pencil of Poussin.

At the top of the staircase which leads to the gallery you enter a vestibule where busts of all the Medici stand, as it

were, on the threshold to do the honours of their palace. Thence you pass into an ante-room, where you see three majestic statues of Augustus, Trajan, and Hadrian : a Phœbus leaning in an attitude of the utmost elegance ; an admirable statue of a horse of Greek workmanship, which appears impatient to leap from the pedestal ; two magnificent wold-dogs that bay to the moon ; the celebrated wild boar, besides some beautiful heads and busts.

From this you enter the gallery ; and whilst you, fellow-traveller, are pacing down an avenue of 157 statues and busts, containing, among others, the whole suite of Roman emperors from Julius Cæsar to Alexander Severus, with the catalogue at the end of the volume as your guide, I, like an excursive butterfly, shall sip sweets from the flowers of art that please me the most.

Near the entrance you find a representation of that impromptu from the brain of Jupiter—the BIRTH OF MINERVA. It is much mutilated, and stands between busts of Cicero and Mark Antony.

POMONA, a statue.—No position can be more delightful. A garland of grapes and vine-leaves encircles her forehead, and her lap is full of fragrant fruits. The drapery of this statue is cast in the most becoming manner, the sleeves of which are buttoned from the shoulder downwards, exposing her beautiful arm in the betweenities. The whole is perfumed with an aroma of sweetest elegance.

On the opening of spring, in a grove, amidst lilies and roses, on the banks of a murmuring stream, with the cooing of doves and the song of the nightingale, the fancy of Moore even could not conceive any thing more beautiful than Titian's FLORA. Every charm blossoms at the same instant, like the flowers she holds in her hand.

ST. FRANCIS WEEPING ; by Cigoli. The tear is not stuck on his cheek to indicate the passion the features do not otherwise express, nor like a dew-drop hung on a thorn : the wretched old man appears to weep real tears.

VENUS L—SING CUPID, by Giovanni da San Giovanni.—What ! does Love need a l—se-trap ? Horrid thought ! A

creeping sensation runs over your pericranium at the bare idea, and you impatiently cry, as you scratch your scone, " Dame Venus, lend me the comb!" No, no, it cannot be! Petals of roses ought alone to be there, fallen from some faded garland.

THE TRIBUNE.—The walls of this sanctuary of the *chefs-d'œuvre* are covered with crimson velvet, and lighted by a window in the vaulted ceiling, regulated by blinds.

Raphael's FORNARINA enchants you with the power of the basilisk. They tell a story of the Pope for whom this artist painted the celebrated frescos in the Vatican. His holiness never came to view the progress of the paintings but he was sure to find Fornarina by the artist's side. " Who is this woman, Raphael," asked his holiness one day, in an offended tone, " that I always see here?" " She is my eyes," replied the doating artist!

His ST. JOHN has all the wild sublimity of inspiration about it; and you can fancy, as lost in a reverie of admiration, you hear the voice crying in the wilderness, " Make straight the way." A rude cross of reeds is in his hand, from which scintillate flickering streams of fire.

Buonarotti's HOLY FAMILY exemplifies the utmost correctness of design, so excessively perfect as almost to destroy the best impression of a painting—the pleasure of being momentarily deceived into a sense of its reality. Michael Angelo painted this when only sixteen years old.

Here also is an allegory beautifully painted by Rubens—INNOCENCE between VIRTUE and VICE. Innocence is personified by a young man: Virtue has brought his helmet; a horse is standing behind ready to mount; she endeavours to persuade the youth to quit the enticements of Vice, and to follow her banner: while Time, emblematical of experience, hovers over the head of the fair advocate. Vice, again, is seated by his side, having hold of his arm with one hand, while the other encircles his waist, and she regards him with eyes full of fascination, pleasure, and voluptuousness. Instead of Medusa's snaky head, roses strew the background,

where two beautiful females beckon Innocence to follow them into an adjoining thicket :—and to whom does he listen with most pleasure ? Alas, human nature can answer for us all !

Behind the group of the two **GLADIATORS FIGHTING** is a painting of the **MURDER of the INNOCENTS**, by Daniel da Volterra. The sight of both the one and the other always makes me shudder ; and in regarding either, the eye instinctively flies away to Guercino's **SAMIAN SIBYL**, to cling to the beauteous beam that radiates from hers as it traverses, amidst magic stars, the regions of divination.

In the transept gallery, fronting the Arno, there is an admirable statue of **CUPID DEFYING THE GODS**. No expression could be more provokingly insulting than what the countenance of this imp displays. His head and body are bent back, as he looks towards Olympus laughing in scorn, and his hands, though empty, fling volumes of defiance at the assembled gods.

Nearly opposite to this a statue of **MERCURY** stands, of the lightest and most ethereal proportions. The sweetest harmony of form pervades every limb in movements of softest undulation. The eye can trace no angle in the line of beauty : by contours it vanishes, and by contours it returns, and each gliding form, where you think it terminates, is but the commencement of a new one : the eye never stops in pursuing it ; and you quit viewing the beauties of the fleet messenger of heaven with an unsatisfied feeling, as if you had been chasing a shadow.

There is another statue of Mercury nearer the Tribune, more mundane in its form, holding a purse in his hand, as the god of commerce.

At the upper end of the gallery, opposite to that of the Tribune, on the tomb of Telegennus, lies stretched in deepest slumber the **GENIUS OF ETERNAL SLEEP**. This statue is of polished *nero antico* : every muscle is relaxed : his jaw is fallen as if breathing with stertor, his close-shut eyelids seem as if sealed with the signet of Eternity, and he sleeps the apoplectic sleep of the poppy.

Not far from this is a statue of **DAVID** with the head of

GOLIATH at his feet, by Donatello, which, though rather stiff, is good for the period. Opposite to the David is a St. JOHN THE BAPTIST, by the same artist: so meagre he looks, that he appears to have deserted from a churchyard, and in such a hurry, too, that his ghost hath forgotten to flesh itself. Donatello's "*vox clamantis*" personifies Ovid's "*vox et præterea nihil*;" and, to speak my mind, such a St. John deserves to be sent back again to the wilderness.

At the very top of this wing you find Bandinelli's copy of the group of the LAOCOON; but it is a mere copy. The eye falls flat on the marble, and gathers no elastic impulse to play between the object and the sense: it crawls over the group, and quits the inanimate mass of stone disgusted with the sodden contact.

How different from this is Buonarrotti's BACCHUS! It is difficult to determine in which of the three arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting, Michael Angelo most excelled; his statuary pleases me the most, and this Bacchus, in my estimation, is his *chef-d'œuvre*, it is so faultless and beautiful. Observe the graceful ease in the bend of the body; in what fine positions the arms are displayed; and how all the parts harmonise in elegant proportion: grapes cluster round his head, and his lips seem to utter audibly the incoherences of a mind inebriated. Every joint totters on its hinges, and every muscle partakes of the mind's flabby listlessness. Give me that cup you hold in your hand, babbling prater! for, Bacchus, you have drank enough.

Opposite to Michael Angelo's stands the BACCHUS of SANSOVINO. This statue is more gay and less intoxicated. Bacchus is holding up the cup, drinking "a health to all good lasses," and seems delighted with the rosy juice. His form is light and delicate, resembling the remembrance of a beloved object reflected in the mirror of a tender imagination, and the eye wanders over it in meanders as varied and beautiful as those of the neighbouring Arno.

There is another BACCHUS by Michael Angelo, of exquisite outlines, but unfinished; yet the eye of fancy dips beneath the unchiselled surface, and imagines it can perceive,

through the coarse veil that intervenes, those excellencies which the magic chisel of Buonarroti intended to create.

Before entering the cabinets which open from the gallery, remark a painting of an OLD MAN BEGGING, by Crespi (*il Spagnoletto*). His face is wrinkled with age, wretchedness, and sorrow; in tatters he supplicates your pity and charity. This portrait is carefully finished; and fastidious must be the taste that would refuse the obolus of praise to the mendicant of Spagnoletto.

Among the Etruscan vases you find a striking and frightful statue of the GENIUS OF DEATH—so fair and yet so ghastly pale—so young and yet so relentless—winged—resting on his bow in a most graceful attitude, giving, as it would seem, mortality a holyday: yet his countenance, though beautifully regular, expresses a chilling severity; mingling in its impression a paradox of sentiment, in representing what the power of the understanding cannot define, or the most sunny imagination scarcely trace a shadow of—*Death alive!* Death, too, in boyhood, ere he has yet unsheathed his bones, and assumed his occupation of assassin-general of the human race.

THE NIOBE ROOM.—In this little theatre the tragedy of Niobe, in marble, is continually being enacted. Here you see the children of Niobe all assembled. Apollo has just struck one of her sons; he has fallen on his knees, and the rock has rendered him a statue. Twice wounded by the ruthless hand, another lies stretched at his length, and is now swimming in his blood. Dismay has seized the whole group, and some are seen flying away or hiding. Two, however, petrified by fear, have become what they were without the sculptor's chisel. Her eldest daughter enters her bosom to the avenger—she implores him with a look on the countenance of Niobe is depicted as a mother, who sees her children slain. Her grief is sublime and beautiful (if grief can be beautiful), as she strives to hide in her arms the bleeding victim. This beautiful creature holds

up her hand to protect herself, hiding her face from the offended deity ; but nothing less will assuage the vengeance of Apollo and his sister than the destruction of all.

Among this pathetic group the celebrated statue of *Psyche* has been placed. The lovely *Psyche* crouches in an attitude of inexpressible fright : she entreats, she implores, but implores and entreats in vain.

There are a few paintings in this apartment by Rubens, *Snyders*, *Carlo Lotti*, and *Della Notte* (*Gerard Honthorst*). Here also we observe a fine bust of *JUNO*, of heroic proportions, and another of *ALEXANDER THE GREAT EXPIRING*. He dies as he lived, amidst convulsions. Every feature seems rent asunder, as if to steal quietly into the grave were unworthy of one who had held the world in his hand, and torn it into shreds for his favourites.

In a narrow corridor off this long gallery, to the west, observe a group in bas-relief singing a trio, by *Luca della Robbia*, in which the keys are so admirably represented, that you may fancy you hear the treble, tenor, and bass. Here also you find, near to the bust of *Ovid*, the unfinished portrait of *Lorenzo di Medici*, who killed his cousin the Duke Alexander. When believed to be the liberator of his country, Lorenzo was designated the Florentine Brutus ; but when this pretended liberator was discovered to be a new oppressor, the sculptor (*Michael Angelo*) would not finish it. This fact, so honourable to the feelings of *Michael Angelo*, is commemorated by the following inscription upon it :—

“ DUM BRUTI EFFIGIEM
SCULPTOR DE MARMORE DUCIT,
IN MENTEM SCELERIS VENIT,
ET ABSTINUIT.”

At the corners you read the artist's initials, M. A. B. F.

In the BRONZE ROOMS ancient and modern art have wreathed their laurels into one coronet. Here you see *John de Bologna's* celebrated statue of *MERCURY BORNE UP ON THE BREATH OF BOREAS* ; two fine antique statues of *VULCAN* and *VENUS* ; a statue of *CUPID* chained like a felon, and I do not

know a greater: the little wretch calls loudly for help: but he who ever felt his power would rather double his bonds. This collection was made by Cosmo the First, among which you find a bust of himself.

THE CABINET OF THE HERMAPHRODITE.—Amiable modesty, double now your veil, or dare not to enter, if you would refrain from blushing with conscious shame and delight! Next to the Venus, this, perhaps, is the statue of the most delicate proportions that exists. Here you likewise find a unique collection of the portraits of artists painted by themselves. Those which most interest an Englishman are Sir Joshua, Zoffani, and Harlow. Zoffani has made a picture of the subject. Before leaving this apartment, cast a glance at the beautiful Vigée le Brun, Canova, and Salvator Rosa. The portrait of the last surprised me; for instead of the rugged features of an ascetic savage, which I expected to see, Salvator's countenance is, on the contrary, extremely pleasing. The adjoining room is likewise studded with portraits, in the centre of which stands a superb antique vase with bas-reliefs, representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

For the paintings in the Venetian and other schools, I must refer to the Appendix.

Taking leave of this splendid collection of all that is great and beautiful in art, and which in viewing makes the human mind proud of its powers, calls to mind an anecdote I was told, when at Florence, of an Englishman, relating to it. When our travelling, or rather posting, countrymen was one other day by an acquaintance as he was stepping on board the *poste* from Featherstonehaugh's, in his way to Rome, when the following characteristic dialogue took place:—“ Ah! Bob! you here?” “ Yes, my boy,” quoth the Englishman. “ I came here, d’y’e see, the day before yesterday, and determined to see what is to be seen; and I have been to snooze all the way to the Eternal City, and to see all the curiosities as I have done here.” “ Well, what do you think of the Gallery, Bob?” asked his acquaintance. “ Oh,” replied Bob, “ what’s that?”

“What! have you not seen the Venus?” “Not I; but, well minded, I will though.” So Bob ordered the postilion to drive to the gallery: he ran up the stairs, and in five minutes was back again. “Well,” said Bob to his friend, as he bade him good-bye, “they can’t now say, when I get back to Old England, *that I han’t seen the Venus!*”

Close to the gallery is the LOGGIA DE' LANZI. This handsome portico was built by the architect Andrea Orcagna, so early as the year 1355. It is here that, on St. John's day, the grand dukes receive the homage of all the communities of Tuscany. Under the arcades stand three magnificent statues: the first is of bronze, by Donatello, of JUDITH cutting off the head of Holofernes. The second, also of bronze, represents PERSEUS trampling on the body of Medusa, and holding a sword in one hand, and her bleeding head in the other. It is by Benvenuto Cellini, and exemplifies the perfect mastery of art, saving, perhaps, in the representation of the blood which gushes from the head and trunk of Medusa, for it resembles more the flame from an antique tripod altar, than stalactites of gore clotted by death. The third is the well-known group of the RAPE OF THE SABINES, in marble, by John de Bologna. Under the pedestal a bronze tablet is let in, representing the same event in bas-relief, executed by the same inimitable artist.

To the right of the Loggia three colossal statues of marble stand, in front of the Palazzo Vecchio. The one representing DAVID is by the chisel of Michael Angelo; but he appears to have failed in an appropriate conception of the subject, for the figure may stand for any other character, take but away his sling. The best apology for this is, that the artist executed this gigantic statue when a mere youth. The two others are by Bandinelli: one is HERCULES overcoming the giant Cacus; the other, a statue of NEPTUNE in his car, drawn by four sea-horses; and the font, in the centre of which this statue is placed, is surrounded by four bronze figures, emblematical of the course of the Arno. But, in my opinion, no statues could well be more misplaced. The giant-killers, David and Hercules, stand sentry at the palace-

gate, and below them you see a couple of living pigmy grandueal grenadiers, with muskets over their shoulders, walking about as if in mockery of their duty. Neptune, again, stands in the midst of a fountain without water, like a caged polar bear. Were this marine deity in his appropriate situation, he ought to be on the sea-beach, canopied only by a stormy sky, or standing on the edge of some lofty weather-beaten rock, whose precipitous base repels the rolling surge. Had fate ordained me an artist, I would not have envied Bandinelli his taste, which, to say the most for it, is of a clumsy, unwieldy, and colossal cast, as if engendered in the caves of the Cyclops. His statues are only fitted to adorn the brim of the crater of a volcano during an eruption. Let such hideous figures amuse themselves in playing at snow-balls with an avalanche, or at shuttle-cock with a knob of one of the Alps, if they will; and when tired of their sports, the merry monsters might refresh themselves by sweltering in a bath of molten lava. Give me, again, for my taste, to frolic with Albani's nymphs in a meadow checkered with daisies and cowslips—now chasing a butterfly—now a sylphoid wench, in laughing, innocent, breathless delight: and when exhausted by exceeding joy, Hebe, thou lovely creation of Canova's ethereal fancy, give me a goblet of nectar—or, sweeter far, a kiss!

THE DUOMO.—This celebrated cathedral is built upon the ancient site of the Campus Martius of the Florentine Etrurians. It was begun A.D. 1298, as we learn from an inscription on that part of the exterior wall which faces the Campanella, under the direction of Arnolfo di Lapo, a pupil of Cimabue, and finished, in one hundred and fifty years, by other celebrated architects who succeeded him. The entire of this noble edifice is coated with beautifully varied marble, symmetrically disposed. In the interior a solemn twilight reigns, where the statues of the four Evangelists, by Donatello, standing in the middle tribune, appear like the spirits of the dead.

It has been objected to the Duomo by some travellers,

that it is gloomy and druidical. How far this is to be considered a defect, depends so much upon taste, that no single opinion can have pretence to decide. For my part, a certain degree of obscurity appears almost essential to the full fervour of adoration. We love to kneel alone, in the stillness and privacy of night—to impart our griefs to Omnipotent Benevolence, asking solace in our afflictions: we seek the shade of solitude to confess our manifold sins—to offer up our thankfulness for some unmerited good, or to implore remission of some past transgression; which we would not, or could not do in any other place, or to any other confidant; and to all of which the sombreness pervading the interior of this sanctuary appears eminently favourable and appropriate.

This church is divided into three naves, terminating in corresponding tribunes of an octahedral form. In that of the Holy Cross, observe a circle of marble on the pavement, upon which, at the summer solstice, a sun-ray falls, passing through an aperture in the lantern of the dome. This is TOSCANELLI'S FAMOUS MERIDIAN, one of the first and oldest in Europe. The majestic cupola raises its lofty canopy over the tribunes, ornamented with frescos by Vasari and Zuccheri. The choir corresponds beneath, of the design of Brunelleschi, but executed by Baccio. It is of the Ionic order, and constructed of variegated marbles, crowned by an elegant border, supported on columns whose bases are enriched with bas-reliefs, from the chisels of Bandinelli and Giovanni dell'Opera. Over the grand altar are three statues in marble, by Bandinelli; and behind it, facing the middle tribune, you see the last work of Michael Angelo—it is a PIETA, supported in the arms of the Virgin and the Magdalen. Every limb lies in the lax attitude of death; the head has fallen upon the shoulder; the left arm is twisted with the elbow in front, and there is no articulation but what denotes the complete separation of the divine essence from the mortality it had put on. This admirable group, though unfinished, does not less evince the superior genius of the artist; and every frightful trait tells that it is an exact copy of some corpse that had *sat* for the portrait.

Against the wall of the left aisle there is a full-length portrait of the poet Dante, crowned with laurels, painted by Paolo Orcagna, and placed here by a decree of the republic, with some indifferent Latin verses beneath, by Salutati. Over the middle porch of the façade there is an ancient mosaic painting, by Gaddo Gaddi; and near the door in the right aisle you see two medallion portraits: one of Giotto, the reviver of the art of painting, and architect of the Campanella, with some verses underneath, written by the famous Politian, which begin:

“ Ille ego sum per quem pictura extincta revixit,” &c.

The other of Philip Brunelleschi, the architect of the cupola.

Close to, but insulated from, the church, stands the CAMPANELLA, a Gothic tower, one of the most celebrated in Italy. It was designed by Giotto, and it is difficult to conceive any thing of its kind more elegant or beautiful. This edifice is also coated with differently coloured marbles, forming divers beautiful designs, and its sides are embellished with figures by Donatello, Giotto, Andrea Pisano, and Luca della Robbia.

Opposite the Duomo stands the ancient BAPTISTERY OF ST. JOHN. You enter it by three bronze doors; that facing the cathedral, and the other opposite the column of San Zanobi, are those which Michael Angelo called the gates of Paradise: they were made by Ghiberti, after designs by Arnolfo di Lapo. The third, which fronts the Bigallo, is more ancient still, and was executed by Andrea, the son of the celebrated Nicola Pisano, from designs by Giotto, the subjects of which are taken from the Old and New Testament. The two columns of porphyry which are placed before the principal entrance, were presented by the Pisanese to the Florentines, on their return from the conquest of the islands of Majorca and Minorca in 1117; and the chains which are suspended to them are trophies of the valour of the Florentines at the taking of the port of Pisa, of which they formed the entrance. Sixteen antique columns, with their capitals, sustain a gallery which surrounds the interior: between these are statues of

the **TWELVE APOSTLES**, and of the **LAW OF NATURE** and the **WRITTEN LAW**, by Ammannato. Under the arch of the tribune, and over the grand altar, you see a statue representing **THE APOTHEOSIS OF ST. JOHN**, encircled by a glory of angels, by Ticciati.

The baptismal font is extremely elegant, and richly sculptured, opposite to which is the tomb that contains the remains of Baldassar Coscia, who, under the name of John XXII., died at Florence, A.D. 1418, after having, in 1415, renounced the pontificate and delivered up the keys at the council of Constance. The tomb and sculpture are by Donatello, except the statue of Faith, which is by his pupil Michelozzo. Above, you read the following epitaph :

JOHANNES · QUONDAM · PAPA
XXII · OBIT · FLORENTIAE
ANNO · DOMINI · MCCCCXVIII · XI ·
KALENDAS · IANVARII ·

Observe a statue in wood of the Magdalen penitent over an altar, likewise the workmanship of Donatello ; and the rich mosaic dome by the hand of Gaddo Gaddi.

As a relief to the grandeur and pomp of an Italian cathedral, I went to visit the **PALACE RICCARDI**. This is one of the largest and most beautiful edifices in Florence, combining the Tuscan, Doric, and Corinthian orders in its structure, terminated at top by an elegant cornice.

Here it was that the arts had their birth, and where the liberty of Florence expired—the tomb of liberty was the cradle of the fine arts. This palace formerly contained an infinity of fine paintings, sculptures, and inscriptions. They have all been removed ; but the ceiling of the gallery remains, and merits a visit from the stranger. The subject is allegorical, representing **THE DESTINY OF MAN**, painted in fresco, by Luca Jordano. Destiny, Time, the Fates, and Nature, appear in the attitude of expectation. Destiny passes a sign to Time, Time to the Fates ; their spindle turns round, and in the arms of Nature you now see an infant. Prometheus approaches and shakes his torch over it—'tis the

spark of life. Already the child creeps at the feet of Nature—it gets up—walks—and wishes to leave its nurse. Nature tries in vain to retain it—in vain she weeps. He gets farther and farther off, and soon wanders astray: two ways open to him—that of Virtue and of Vice; the one, steep, rugged, and thorny; the other, carpeted with flowers, and presenting every enticing pleasure. Is it necessary to tell which he takes? Human nature answers for us all! Delightful allegory! Truth never put on a veil more brilliant or diaphanous.

CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO.—This church was built in the time of the Emperor Theodosius, at the expense of one Giuliana, a rich and devout widow. It was consecrated by St. Ambrose, archbishop of Milan, in 393, and was then called the Basilica Ambrosiana. The ancient temple being destroyed by fire, the present edifice was erected by John de' Medici and his son Cosmo the Great, after the plan of Brunelleschi.

Referring the reader to the Appendix for the more minute details, as indeed I purpose doing in all other matters where these are tedious, let him accompany me into the

CAPELLA DE' PRINCIPI.—It was Leo X. who charged Michael Angelo with its construction, and it was begun at the expense of Clement VII., who destined it for the sepulchre of his family. This chapel is remarkable for the fine statuary which adorns the tombs of the two brothers, Giulio and Lorenzo de Medicis, executed by the architect of this magnificent mausoleum. The statue of Lorenzo occupies a niche over the tomb: he is represented seated in a position of inimitable ease, resting his head on his hand; and, by the shade of contemplation thrown over his features, this figure is commonly known by the name of *IL PENNEROSO*. Below, you see the statues of *DAY* and *NIGHT*. Facing these repose the statues of *TWILIGHT* and *DAWN*, on the tomb of Giulio. Night is represented asleep, and an owl stands watch by her side. A foreigner, on first seeing this beautiful statue, wrote with his crayon on the plinth beneath—"She sleeps, but she lives; if thou dost not believe it, awake her, and she will

“speak to thee.” To which the artist, in the character of Night, replied, “Awake me not; it is so sweet for me to sleep, and sweeter still to be a stone! So long as injustice and shame reign, it is a blessing neither to see nor to hear. Then, for pity’s sake, awake me not: speak low—I wish to sleep.” The statue of Day is, like many other of Michael Angelo’s works, unfinished. The head and features are imperfectly made out, but the attitude in which the body reposes is admirable. What the head would have expressed when finished, would require a genius as profound and original as the artist’s to surmise. Opposite lie Twilight and Dawn. Dawn has not yet drawn up the curtains of her eyes, and yet you can perceive that the active principle of life is awake—it stirs the drowsy limbs—it vermiculates among the muscles, and tingles in every sense. The whole body begins to unfold itself, like the closed petals of a flower to the first kiss of Day, while the features expand into that kind of dubious expression which the refreshed soul evinces when it begins to recover its consciousness. What a sublime conception must that man have had who could bend the uncouth stone to represent a moment and situation which the most vivid imagination, by a strong creative effort, can picture one moment only, to vanish the next, and, like a globule of quicksilver on a polished surface, try but to seize it, and it flies the farther off! On the other side lies Twilight. The features have fallen into an expression of still, contemplative sombreness, as if Evening had thrown her mantle of grey over the radiant countenance of wearied Light, as he prepares to couch to rest for the night. This statue has assumed the position of repose: the right leg is thrown over the opposite knee; and unaffected truth and nature pervade every listless muscle. Nothing can be more correct than the anatomy, or more chaste in taste than what these inimitable groups exemplify. Here also you see a statue of *THE VIRGIN AND CHILD*, by Buonarrotti. Michael Angelo, full of his subject, seldom diverts or divides your attention from the main impression he aims to make; hence the infant Christ in this

composition, however perfect and beautiful, becomes, by the skilful management of the artist, a secondary object of your regard : the eye is thus left disengaged and unembarrassed ; the feelings are hence directed to, and absorbed in, one object of admiration, and the visiter has only to behold this Virgin of Buonarotti's to be sensible how completely he becomes the unconscious automaton of the sculptor's art. The countenance of the Virgin beams with divine benignity ; and as you gaze on it, you involuntarily exclaim, " So ought to be represented the mother of the glorious Propitiator ! "

A passage leads from this chapel into a gorgeous and most magnificent rotunda, called the CAPELLA REALE DEI SEPOLCRI. It was built by the Grand Duke Ferdinand the First, thinking he might be able to transport thither from Jerusalem the holy sepulchre ; but the Turks hearing of his project, took precautions to defeat the noble enterprise.

On the stranger's first entering it, he is struck dumb by the magnificence and astonishing workmanship which present themselves on all sides. A superb basement or continued pedestal surrounds the entire building, upon which rise the principal pilasters, of jasper from Braga, the bases and capitals of which are of bronze. The cornice is of beautiful granite from the island of Elba, the border of Flanders pierre de touche, and the letters, which are let in, of giallo antico. Around the interior you see the arms of the principal cities of Tuscany, formed of the most precious stones and marbles, of lapis lazuli, giallo antico, verd antique, pierre de touche, oriental alabaster, lumachella, &c. Below, there is a subterranean chapel, which, when finished, is to contain the bodies in recesses corresponding with the monuments above.

On returning to the body of the church, observe the richness of the grand altar, over which is placed A CRUCIFIX by John de Bologna, between A HOLY VIRGIN, by Michael Angelo, and a ST. JOHN, by one of his scholars. On going out by the door which leads to the Canonica, you see a statue of Giovio, the celebrated historian, sculptured by San Gallo.

A staircase opens from the canonica to the Mediceo-Laurentian library, the vase of which was constructed after the design of Buonarotti.

CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE.—This splendid edifice is the Westminster Abbey of Florence ; and were it any where else, it might be called the gallery, it is so rich in paintings by the first masters of the Florentine school. The architect of the cathedral, Arnolfo di Lapo, was also the artist who planned this church. Here it is that we find the TOMB OF MICHAEL ANGELO. At the foot of a sarcophagus you see the statues of Sculpture, Architecture, and Painting, in attitudes of deepest affliction, surmounted by a bust of this great man, of a bold style of sculpture, with a triple coronet of laurel on each side. Of the three statues it is difficult to say which is most graceful : Sculpture seems most disconsolate.

Next to AN ECCE HOMO, at whom the Jews are pointing in scorn, by Del Meglio, you find the Tomb of the Italian Sophocles, ALFIERI. It is by the chisel of Canova. This superb monument consists of a sarcophagus, ornamented at the corners with tragic masks, in the front of which you see, under a laurel crown, a medallion profile of Alfieri, encompassed by his name. By the side of, and leaning on, the sarcophagus, stands a majestic semi-colossal statue of a female of whitest marble, resting her head on her hand in an attitude of grief, and never was grief depicted with more majestic grace. A mural crown is on her head, and at her feet different fruits lie strewed in profusion, emblematical of the fecundity of the author's genius. This monument was erected to the memory of Alfieri, by Louisa, Countess of Albany ; and the *liaison* which subsisted between these two illustrious persons in life is continued even on the tomb :

VICTORIO · ALFIERO · ASTENSI ·
ALOISA · E · PRINCIPIBUS · STOLBERGIS ·
ALBANIAE · COMITESSA ·
M. P. C. AN. MDCCXC.

A little farther on, and you come to the Tomb of MACHIAVEL.

On a large and beautiful sarcophagus sits the Genius of Polity, resting her right hand on a medallion likeness of this celebrated writer ; on the pedestal of which you read the following simple inscription :

TANTO * NOMINI * NULLUM * PAR * ELOGIUM.
NICOLAUS * MACHIAVELLI *
OBIIIT. AN. A. P. V. CIOXXXVII.

Spinazzi was the sculptor. These splendid monuments are against the wall of the aisle to the right as you enter. In that to the left you find the Tomb of the immortal GALILEO, which encloses likewise the ashes of his pupil, the celebrated mathematician Viviani.

Over an inscription beginning,

GALILAEUS * GALILEIUS * PATRIC. * FLOR.
GEOMETRIAE * ASTRONOMIAE * PHILOSOPHIAE * MAXIMUS * RESTITUTOR *
NULLI * AETATIS * SVAE * COMPARANDUS *
HIC * BENE * QUIESCAT * &c.

there is a sarcophagus of fine Siena marble, surmounted by a bust of Galileo, holding a telescope in his right hand : his left rests on a globe, under which is a diagram of the solar system of this immortal astronomer. His eyes are turned towards the heavens, as if watching the planets in their flight, even in the grave. Two statues of ASTRONOMY and her sister GEOMETRY lean on the tomb.

Among the many fine paintings that adorn the altars, remark a splendid painting of the MARTYRDOM OF ST. LAWRENCE, by Ligozzi ; the figure of the martyr is surpassing fine : CHRIST'S ENTRANCE INTO JERUSALEM, from the joint pencils of Cigoli and Biliverti ; note the rich tone of the colouring, and the fine perspective shewn through the gateway. Perspective in painting is always pleasing : it is like hope in life. We delight in the prospect of misty distance, by its affording imagination scope to fill it up with visions of one's own creation. The SCEPTICISM OF ST. THOMAS, by Vasari, is another excellent painting. Observe the breadth in the casting of the drapery, the warmth of the colouring, and the varied expression in the countenances of the other

apostles. Here also is a fine **ASCENSION**, by Stradano, and **THE COMING OF THE HOLY GHOST**, by Vasari, in which a choir of angels, of exquisite beauty and in attitudes of the utmost grace, strew twigs of myrtle down on the group below. Salviati has a **DESCENT** remarkable for its fine grouping, soft and charming tone of colouring, and beauty of the sweetest cast, intermixed with grief sunk down into that state of stupor which is left after the first great agony has passed away. Santi di Tito's **CRUCIFIXION**, which is next to the last, though a highly toned painting, is not so skilfully composed. There is a striking and offensive sameness in the position of the three crucified figures, and too strong a resemblance to one another in the countenances of St. Peter and the Virgin. Bronzino's **CHRIST ABOUT TO BE CONVEYED TO THE TOMB**, is a most superb painting, and is intended for the gallery.

There are several chapels on each side of the grand altar, with paintings by Gaddi, Giotto, and Giotto, near to which is the magnificent chapel of the Niccolini family. It is entirely coated with beautiful Carrara marble of admirable workmanship, and inhabited by five fine statues representing Moses, Aaron, Chastity, Prudence, and Humility, by Francavilla, the favourite pupil of John de Bologna. The two paintings of the **ASSUMPTION** and **CORONATION** of the Virgin are by Alexander Allori; the first is particularly excellent. On the dome of this chapel you see **THE FOUR SIBYLS**, painted in fresco, with the perfection of a master, by Volterrano. Over the altar which follows, stands Donatello's celebrated **CRUCIFIX**.

In the sacristy and the neighbouring corridors you see several ancient paintings by Cimabue and Giotto. At the farther end of an open passage you find the place where Louisa Countess of Albany, the last scion of the Stuarts, lies in unconsecrated ground; and in the opposite corner they shew the place where the body of Galileo lay, whilst his grand discoveries in astronomy caused him to be deemed and treated as a heretic. In an apartment adjoining you see the celebrated painting of St. **CECILIA**, by Carlo Dolce. Her

whole countenance is of the most enchanting cast, and on her mouth, so sweet and beauteous,

“ ——— the lip would linger, like some bee
Sipping a favourite flower;”

for there the spirit of melody itself seems to form an atmosphere around it for her voice to vibrate on.

CHURCH OF THE ANNUNZIATA. — This ancient church occupies the north side of the piazza of the same name. First observe, before entering the church, a bronze equestrian statue of the Grand Duke Ferdinand the First, in the centre of the square, by John de Bologna. On the girth of the horse you read :

DEI METALLI RAPITI AL FIERO TRACE.

A beautiful covered gallery forms the outer façade of the church, so light and airy in its architecture, that it merits to be tacked to the hem of the Virgin's garment, and taken upwards in Volterrano's Assumption. From this you pass into a court, or cloister, painted by the first artists of the day : those by Del Sarto are especially fine ; in one* of which he introduces a portrait of himself ; and in another,† that of his wife.

On entering the interior, the stranger is struck with the rich and massive elegance which presents itself on all sides. On the ceiling you see splendid gilt reliefs on a white ground, after designs by Silvani ; and in the middle there is a noble painting of THE ASSUMPTION, by Volterrano. On turning to the left, you find the magnificent chapel of the Annunciation. The altar is of massive silver, richly chased, as well as the step before it, which is enriched with jewels and precious stones. In a tabernacle you see A HEAD of our Saviour, by Del Sarto. On two large columns of alabaster rest a rich architrave, with its cornice of silver, from which depends a curtain of admirable workmanship ; and the whole is illuminated by lamps of solid silver. Off the chapel there is a little oratory of an astonishing richness. The whole of its

* The Offering of the Magi.

† The Birth of the Virgin.

walls are lined with agates, oriental chalcedony and jaspers, representing emblems of the holy Virgin. Two slabs of dusky blue marble represent the *Stella Maris*, and *Pulchra ut Luna*. Their colour well depicts the veil of night, with a sky speckled here and there by light clouds of white. On one you see a crescent moon in mother-of-pearl; on the other, a golden star shedding its soft chaste rays over a rippled ocean of sombre blue. From this you pass into the chapel of the Feroni family, and behold the altar-piece by Carlo Lotti, representing THE AGONY OF ST. JOSEPH. But for the numerous fine paintings in this church, I must, as usual, refer to the Appendix; suffice it to name a *chef-d'œuvre* of Stradano's, of THE CRUCIFIXION; A UNIVERSAL JUDGMENT, by Alexander Allori; and A RESURRECTION, by Angiolo Bronzino. On the dome of the Tribune, Volterrano has depicted the VIRGIN at the moment of her ASSUMPTION into heaven, crowned by the Holy Trinity, surrounded by the patriarchs, prophets, and saints of the Old and New Testament. This artist painted the above at a very advanced age; yet age seems to have brightened, rather than dimmed, the splendour of his imagination; for nothing can well exceed the fineness of the design, the beauty and brilliancy of the colouring, or the vivid invention shewn in its conception. The choir is immediately under the dome, with the Grand Altar in front, on which stands a magnificent pyx of silver, ornamented with figures in bas-relief, vases, statues, and different precious ornaments.

This church contains the ashes of two celebrated artists, John de Bologna and Baccio Bandinelli. The first lies in the chapel of the Holy Cross, immediately at the feet of one of his *chefs-d'œuvre*, A CRUCIFIXION in bronze, round which you see six tablets, also of bronze, by the same great artist. These represent: 1st, Christ brought before Pilate; 2dly, Pilate washing his hands; 3dly, Christ bound, with the Jews crying "Crucify him!" 4thly, the Scourging of Christ; 5thly, Christ crowned with thorns; and, lastly, Christ falling under the weight of his Cross as he bears it to Mount Calvary, while St. Veronica wipes his face with her

handkerchief. The tomb of Bandinelli is in the chapel called after his name. It is adorned with a DEAD CHRIST, supported on the knees of Nicodemus. This group is by Bandinelli himself, and the head of Nicodemus is a portrait of the artist. The cloisters of the convent, attached to the church of the Nunziata, are extremely rich in frescos; and here you see the celebrated MADONNA DEL SACCO, by Del Sarto. It is so called from Joseph leaning on a sack, introduced by the artist, from a sack of flour being the wages he received for painting it. I confess I was somewhat disappointed on seeing this well-known fresco. Its greatest merit, in my judgment, consists in the extraordinary relief it possesses, and the fine casting of the drapery; otherwise the Virgin appears a very countrified girl—heavy, coarse, and good-natured, without one trait of divinity about her—the carpenter's wife, in short. The infant Jesus, again, seems to be making a great noise about nothing at all; whilst Joseph very sobersidedly contents himself, as he leans his elbow on the sack, with dozing over a book. Michael Angelo greatly admired this painting, and so he did every thing that had nature and strength about it; this celebrated fresco possesses both, but without one touch of inspiration.

There are three fine frescos by the graceful pencil of Salimbeni: that which represents Clement IV. granting the first indulgence to the church of the Nunziata is exceedingly fine: what attitudes are here for the player to study! Another (by Rosselli, if I mistake not) commemorates the miracle of the painter Bartolomeo and the Angel. The artist, while painting the subject of the ANNUNCIATION for the oratory of the convent, being unable to depict the idea he had conceived, fell asleep in despair; and when he awoke, he found an angel at work, giving it the *coup de grace*. This occurred in 1252; and miracles were rather rife in those days. This angelic painting rendered the church of the Annunciation a place of pilgrimage formerly, on account of the miracles it performed; but the wonder-working aroma has evaporated like the dream that gave birth to the tale.

The church of Santa Maria Nuova contains a few fine

paintings, particularly the **MARTYRDOM OF ST. BARBARA**, by Buti, in which the calmness of resignation is beautifully personified ; a **DESCENT**, in which angels alone assist, by Alex. Allori ; **ST. ANTHONY** and the **INFANT JESUS**, by Ficherelli, a deep and richly toned painting ; and a **VIRGIN AND CHILD**, with **ST. AGNES**, **ST. CECILIA**, and others, by Allori. The High Altar is of Carrara marble, of great beauty, adorned with a pyx representing a church in miniature, constructed of the richest marbles, inlaid with lapis lazuli, standing on a pedestal equally beautiful, and the whole surmounted by a crucifix, thought to be by Giovanni Bologna.

THE CHURCH OF S. M. NOVELLA is remarkable as containing THE FIRST WORK of Cimabue. It is a figure of the Virgin. The reader is, perhaps, aware that Cimabue was the inventor of painting in oils ; and this painting, therefore, is considered a very great curiosity.

I looked in vain for the tombs of Boccaccio and Peter the Martyr, who are said by some writers to lie buried here. In the transept to the right lies the body of the patriarch Joseph, who died at Florence in 1440, whilst attending the council convoked by Eugene IV., for the union of the Greek and Latin churches.

There are many fine paintings adorning different altars, among which I may note a sublime painting of **ST. VINCENT PREACHING**, by Del Meglio ; **ST. RAYMOND** restoring a child to life, by Ligozzi ; three charming paintings of the **BIRTH**, **PRESENTATION** and **DESCENT**, by the elegant pencil of Naldini ; **CHRIST AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA**, by Alex. Allori ; a **RESURRECTION**, by Vasari ; and **CHRIST RAISING FROM THE DEAD THE DAUGHTER OF THE ARCHISYNAGOGUS**, by the superb pencil of Bronzino.

In the same chapel with Cimabue's Madonna, there is a painting by Bugiardini, but designed by Michael Angelo. The subject is the representation of a miracle. You see three martyrs dead or dying, who had undergone the torture of the wheel : the Holy Virgin is calling for the interference of heaven : an angel appears in the sky, from whom a stream of light issues down, and the instruments of torture are

instantly broken in pieces. A group of soldiers in the foreground admirably represents the various expressions of terror. Over the grand altar, between two beautiful columns of marble, you see AN ASSUMPTION, by Sabatelli. The five paintings in the choir are by Ghirlandaio, and depict passages in the lives of the Virgin and St. John the Baptist. Here the artist has taken occasion to introduce the portraits of several celebrated persons. In the first to the right, where the angel appears to Zacharias, the figure with one hand raised is Angelo Politian, the famous reformer: in another, where Joachim is driven out of the temple, Ghirlandaio has introduced a portrait of himself, in the figure in the blue and red mantle: the old man in the red cap is his master Baldovinetti: he with the black head of hair is his pupil Gemignano; and in some of the others he has placed the portraits of Peter, John, and Laurence de' Medici. In this church you also see the fine CRUCIFIX carved in wood by Brunelleschi, on the occasion of his famous dispute with Donatello. Near to this, you ascend by steps to the chapel painted in fresco by the two brothers Andrew and Bernard Orcagna. One is a representation of THE JOYS OF PARADISE, the other of THE TORMENTS OF HELL. They are both singularly curious for the manner in which they are treated. In the latter, you see Charon's boat ferrying across the Styx with the damned; and in another part, the wicked cast into a lake of fire, with centaurs on its shores amusing themselves in shooting at them with bows and arrows.

In the Spanish chapel, in the cloisters of the convent attached to this church, among many fine frescos, observe the portraits of Cimabue and Memmi, painted by Memmi himself. For some notice of several other remarkable churches in Florence, I must refer the reader to the end of the volume.

There are several detached objects of art in different parts of the city meriting examination.

THE COLONNA DI S. TRINITA is a fine granite column of the Doric order, surmounted by a graceful statue of Justice, in porphyry by Del Tadda, presented by Pope Pius IV. to Cosmo the First from the baths of Caracalla. There is a

maid-and-a-magpie sort of story told of this statue of Justice, about something that was stolen, of a person being condemned for the theft, and of the property being afterwards found in one of the scales she holds in her hand.

Crossing the Ponte Vecchio, you come to the Fountain of the Centaur, so called from a group which ornaments it, representing **HERCULES KILLING the CENTAUR NESSUS**, by John de Bologna. It is chiselled out of one block of marble, and is justly esteemed one of the artist's finest works.

A little farther on, and you arrive at the **PALAZZO PITTI**. This is one of the largest and most majestic palaces in Italy. It was commenced in 1440, after designs by Brunelleschi, for the residence of a Florentine nobleman, whose name it still bears. Its whole exterior façade is of the Tuscan order, and its interior contains many splendid paintings by the first masters. Here it is that the traveller will find Raphael's celebrated **MADONNA DELLA SEGGIOLA, d' IMPEGNATO**, his portrait of **LEO THE TENTH**, and the **VISION OF EZEKIEL**; besides abundance of other fine paintings by Salvator Rosa, Rubens, Schidone, Giulio Romano, Carlo Maratta, Guido, Dolce, and others of the same high class. The boudoir of the grand-dutchess contains **CANOVA's VENUS**; but this celebrated statue will bear no comparison, in my judgment, with the divine Venus of the Tribune. Though modest certainly, yet the goddess looks as if sensible of her nakedness; and as she shrouds her beauties from sight, she seems as if aware of your beholding her. The dorsal view is the finest, or facing her as she looks aside. The view in front is spoilt by the drapery, which, however decorous, gives an ungraceful flatness to the figure; and as your eye instinctively drops, it falls on limbs that are coarse when compared with those of the Grecian Venus, every contour of which, as you endeavour to gaze, is so slippery and fine, that the eye glides off the polished surface like tears from the cheek of sobbing girlhood.

The **BOBOLI GARDENS**, behind the palace, are open to the public twice a-week — on Thursdays and Sundays; and besides the fine exuberant statue of Abundance, which we

formerly noticed, there is one of OCEAN in another part of the gardens, likewise by John de Bologna. It is placed in the centre of a parterre, surrounded by a pool of water; and at the upper corners of the pedestal on which it stands, there sit statues of the Ganges, Euphrates, Danube, and the Nile. This statue, though both superb and imposing, shews some awkward angles, especially about the left lower extremity, when viewed in certain positions; and in my opinion, the general effect would be improved by removing the petty parterre about it, and encompassing it wholly with water. A statue of Ocean looking at daisies is not quite in character. Let Fiamingo's Infant Cupids make posies of them: Ocean, again, ought to play with a whirlwind in his hand, or kick about mountain billows with his feet.

Not far from the Palace Pitti is the MUSEUM of NATURAL HISTORY. This museum was founded by the munificence of the Grand Duke Leopold; and its different chambers are enriched with rare specimens belonging to each of the three grand kingdoms of nature: but what gives it most singularity is, the inimitable collection of preparations in wax of the different parts of the human frame, executed principally by the artist Susini. These last occupy the first seven rooms, besides another suite which contain demonstrations of every muscle separately, with its origin and insertion, and a fine collection of models of the different stages of pregnancy, from the foetus fifteen days' old from conception, till the full period of gestation: but for the particulars of these, and other objects of curiosity, I must refer the reader, as usual, to the Appendix. There is only one room which I cannot so summarily dismiss—that in which the traveller finds those pictures in wax, the offspring of the most extraordinary imagination that ever embodied its horrible conceptions,—I mean Zumbo's representation of the plague of Florence.

From a room containing a small collection of savage ornaments and weapons, you enter a small cabinet, round which you see ranged some Egyptian mummies, and several small wax statues, exhibiting the different layers of muscles. Here it is you find what ought to mortify the overweeningness

of all human vanity, and of what disgusting ingredients the utmost beauty of proud mortality is composed, when struck with the poisoned dart of Death. The artist introduces the horrid picture of a plague, with the representation of a young man, with a fillet bound across his eyes to hide from his sight a dead corpse which he carries in his arms to the general charnel-house, where the dying are seen lying under piles of the dead in horrible confusion. He stops his breath, lest he should inhale the mortal contagion; and as he advances with his putrid burden, he holds back his head, as if overcome with the deadly stench. An infant is seen crying by the livid bosom of its expiring mother: in the background, men, women, and children, in different stages of corruption, rest on the bare and worm-picked ribs of a gore-stained skeleton. Horrified at this appalling picture, you turn to another. Here a female sits on a tomb in an attitude of disconsolate grief: hope and joy have left her eye tenantless of beams, and, save the spectre Despair throwing an obscure glare of light on the threshold of the sunken orbit, all within is vacant, dark, and frightful. At her feet lies a skeleton, with the gore dried on the bones. In front you see the carcass of a human being, livid, swollen, succulent with the juices of putridity—dissolved, as it were, into a gelatinous mass of corrupt concocted humours for crawling vermin to wallow in: the abdomen has burst with the distension and flatulence of putrefactive fermentation; and a glutton of a rat stands snuffing up the redolent halitus by the brink of the horrid fissure. To the right you see a marble sarcophagus, on the front of which is represented the proud triumph of some hero, preceded and followed by a giddy, shouting multitude. On it reposes the body of this candidate for glorious immortality. Arise, heroes! from your graves, and look at it. The carcass of Renown, erst stuffed and embalmed with the aroma of fame even to cramming, and fragrant with the breath of flattery, has become livid and fetid, puffed up with putrid flatus, lacerated into shreds, half-eaten: the bowels hang out, and a villanous rat tugs, ravenous, at the disgusting morsel of tripe! Skulls and

various disjointed bones lie strewed about to make up the *mortis imago*, and the carcass of a dog even puts in its claim to share the victory of the grave. Did satire ever sting with more point, for here it truly becomes "the *sting* of Death?" The third and last represents Time with a sceptre in his hand pointing to a corpse in which the humours of cankering corruption have evaporated, and the carcass become too insipid for even the hungry rats to feed on. By its side lies stretched another human figure, with the crackling ribs of a skeleton for its rickety, uneasy pillow. What a contrast such a revolting scene as this makes with that repose where the elastic heavings of a lover's respiration alone rocks the cradle of the chest, and the soft sighings of ecstatic nature forms the only lullaby! Opposite to this lies another corpse, bent double over a broken column. The figure of a female occupies the foreground: she has not been long dead, and over her bosom you perceive a scorpion creeping, while spiders run along her arms: her head rests on the decollated trunk of a fallen statue, and clotted blood oozes from her mouth and nose: dead children and skulls fill up the terrific scene; and the body of one of the children is so bestirred with maggots, as to give to it a frightful kind of animation: hard by, you see a book in tatters, on a scroll of which you read

OPERA ENIM
ILLORUM
SEQUUNTUR ILLOS.

An autograph note, of the great physiologist Haller, acquaints the visitor with the name of the author of these most extraordinary works of art. There is an anatomical preparation of the head by the same artist, so real in its appearance as far to surpass any thing of Susini's, wonderfully fine as they are.

Zumbo was a Sicilian monk, whose sepulchral imagination seems to have been engendered by brooding, in the solitude of his cell, on images of death in their most abhorrent shape, until it got perverse and corrupt through the unkindly contemplation. That his genius was marvellous and original, will readily be admitted by all who see his

works, and I have sometimes thought that it might bear a parallel, in some respects, with that of Michael Angelo's: both were distinguished for the utmost perfection in their works: while Michael Angelo excels in the grandeur and sublimity of his conception, Zumbo does not less so in the horrible character of his imagination,—both were, almost to a fault, true to nature in her least inviting mood, and both equally terrific in their images of death.

From the Museum I went to visit THE PALACE CORSINI, situated on the Lung' Arno, near the Ponte Carraja. This magnificent palace, which ranks among the largest in Florence, is of the Tuscan order, and is particularly rich in paintings, produced by the tender heart, delicate imagination, and patient pencil of Dolce. His POETRY is, perhaps, the sweetest painting that ever animated canvass. She wears a crown of laurel round her temples, and an azure robe, spangled with golden asterias, decks her fine person. Golden hair and hazel eyes illuminate a countenance expressive of the noblest simplicity, and beauty of the sweetest cast sheds on every enamelled trait beams of the softest inspiration. There is likewise a personification of HOPE by the same pencil, and a head of St. CECILIA. A stream of rays issues from the throat of the latter, typical of the notes of celestial harmony, which, as you gaze, steal on the ear of imagination, and waft the enchanted beholder, on the wings of fancy, to where even angels might listen with delight. Here, also, are two fine MARINE VIEWS, by Salvator Rosa; CUPIDS in a landscape, by Albani; and FORTUNE, by Michael Angelo. Fortune is seated on her wheel, blindly distributing her favours, holding a crown of laurel in one hand, and strewing ivy leaves with the other. Capricious dame! jade, I could call you! throw me, in pity, but one withered leaf of your coronet, for my share of ivy hath already been superabundant. Repulsive representations seem to have delighted Buonarrotti; and Fortune, the Furies, a Last Judgment, and a Pieta, were the subjects most congenial to his taste. How different from that of the gentle Albani! Here we see Cupids in a valley, by the margin of a rill, on the green grass, among fragrant

flowers, where the happy little urchins laugh, dance, and gambol, accompanied on the flute by old daddy Silenus. The ludicrous gravity of the sot is in fine *contrappunta* with such a gay and charming scene. There are many other fine paintings in this palace; among others, I may note the RAPE OF DEJANIRA by that excellent artist, Furino; a HEAD OF ST. JEROME, by Tintoretto; an ECCE HOMO, by Dolce; VENUS AND ADONIS, by Hannibal Caracci; and a VENUS, by Titian. There is a chapel, also, in the palace, painted by Gherardini, and an altar-piece by Carlo Maratta.*

Florence has given birth to a multitude of celebrated men. Salvino was born here, who first invented spectacles, which a Dutchman improved upon by inventing the telescope, of which a Florentine (Galileo) made such notable use in his discoveries in astronomy. Leopold de' Medici, younger brother of Ferdinand II., was the first who expelled the air from, and hermetically sealed, Galileo's thermometer. Vespuccio Americano was also a native of Florence, who cheated Columbus out of the honour of giving his name to America; and the poet Dante causes this city to blush even to this day for her ungrateful treatment of him she is now proud to own as one of her sons. Its situation is healthy, but in winter it is exposed to the piercing winds from the Apennines—a circumstance which renders it particularly unsuitable as a residence for the pulmonary invalid. To-morrow I purpose again slinging my knapsack on my back, on my way to Rome.

The road between Florence and Siena is variegated by hill and dale, occasionally presenting points of view which approach the picturesque. Many of life's little cheering gratifications are made up, as the reader may have often found, of the ready interchange of little good offices,—a remark which suggested itself to me from an amusing incident that happened on the way. A short distance from Tavernella I

* A notice of the paintings in the *Accademia delle Belle Arte* will be found among the catalogues in the Appendix.

came up with an old woman in a dilemma. She had overladen her ass, and the poor brute had sunk under the burden. The old lady was striving hard to produce a resurrection, by making a lever of the ass's tail, at the same time kicking its haunches with her foot, but unavailingly. To have thrown off the sack under which it lay, would have cut the Gordian knot; but who was to lift it on again? So as I drew near to the scene of her sad mishap, the dame solicited me, with polite frankness, to assist her. It is every man's duty to aid his fellow, and doubly so the fair sex; so, unshipping my knapsack with alacrity, proud of the Quixotic opportunity of succouring a damsel in distress, I took hold of one end of the sack, my wrinkled Dulcinea of the other; when the brute, finding himself relieved of his load, sprung up on his legs, only to find himself saddled again with his old burden. "*Tante, tante grazie,*" was my grateful recompense; and as I moved my beaver in bidding the fair one adieu, I felt that I trod more elastically on my feet. Monte Rotondo is in this neighbourhood, wherein are two caverns from which explosions, it is said, take place in rainy weather, heard at a distance of several miles. I slept in Poggibonzi the first night, and arrived early in the afternoon of the following day at Siena.

SIENA.

Siena is the second city in Tuscany. It is said to have been founded by the Senonese Gauls, who entered Italy under Brennus, and called it after the capital of their own country, Sens: a derivation not adopted by the modern Siennese, who prefer owning the children of Remus for their founders. The arms of the town is a wolf suckling twins. Siena stands on the top of a mountain, with its main street running along its back, from the Porta Firenze to the Porta Romana, whence the other streets diverge at right angles, like the costal offsets of a skeleton. This city is distinguished in the Catholic world for originating the abominable story of St. Catherine. This woman was a dyer's daughter; and her

father's house, in which she lived, is still standing in the Costa de' Tintori. Here it was, as the blasphemous legend goes, that this saint received in secret the nightly visits of the Son of God, as her lover, in her bed-chamber, who, after a courtship of several years, espoused her. This celebrated event is said to have taken place about the year 1367. Her divine lover gave her a rich diamond ring, and invited his mother, the Virgin Mary, St. Peter, St. John, and St. Dominick, to witness the ceremony; and king David was ordered from heaven to play the harp—a group which the stranger will see represented in an altar-piece in the Cathedral here, by the pencil of Dandini. The traveller will readily recognise the house by the inscription over the door: D. CAT. ÆDES SACRÆ. In one part they shew the kitchen, with its pristine utensils and furniture: the shop, again, of her father is converted into a chapel, adorned with paintings; the one representing Christ's visit to St. Catherine is by Il Sodoma, her Death is by Pacchiarotti, St. Catherine curing one sick is by Vanni, and another of her miracles is from the hand of Buonaventura. There is another painting of a Pope presenting something sent her from heaven, by Conca. To see her bed-chamber, and the window through which Christ privately entered, it is necessary to get to the bottom of the Vicolo del Trapaso. You ascend by steps to a vestibule, the ceiling of which is painted in azure, and spangled with stars of gold, over which you read:

SPŒSE. XPI. KETRIÆ. DOMUS.
(Sposæ Christi Katerinæ Domus.)

THE CATHEDRAL is reckoned among the finest in Italy. The front of it is extremely rich in sculpture: Corinthian columns of variously coloured marbles are clustered together in sheaves of infinite beauty; others, again, run up in spiral shafts. On each side of the middle porch you see two antique columns of florid sculpture, like those at Pisa, which were brought from Egypt, and thought by some to have belonged to Solomon's Temple: there are two corresponding ones within. The pavement of this church is remarkable, being laid out

in designs, shaded simply in black and grey marble. These represent different events in Scripture history, as the sacrifice of Abraham, the passage of the Israelites across the Red Sea, with the Phrygian, Tiburtine, Samian, and Helespontine Sibyls.

The high altar is of most beautiful Siena marble, ornamented with statues of angels in bronze, by pupils of Michael Angelo; behind which there is a fine ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN, painted by Cesi, of the school of Guido. The frescos in the choir are by Beccafumi. The Chapel of the Holy Virgin, erected at the expense of the Chigi family, contains a miracle-working image of her holiness; it is concealed from profane gaze by a monogram: four gilt bronze angels, by Bernini, sustain the wondrous portraiture, and it is framed in an immense slab of lapis lazuli. Here, also, we see four fine statues in marble; the ST. JEROME and the MAGDALEN are by the masterly chisel of Bernini. Over one of the side altars we observe a beautiful painting of the VISITATION, by Carlo Maratta; and on the one opposite, a charming mosaic copy of the FLIGHT INTO EGYPT, from a painting by the same excellent master. The Holy Family are represented at the moment of crossing a little stream: Mary is giving the infant Jesus to Joseph, who stands in the water, and the rippling streamlet laves his feet: four angels hover over the holy group, as guardians of their way. Eight composite columns of beautiful Cipolino divide the statuary and paintings, and the whole is shut in by a handsome bronze gate, supported on each side by a Corinthian column of Siena marble. Facing this beautiful chapel is the Library, better known as the CAMERA DI RAPHAËLE, from its containing the seven celebrated frescos designed by this illustrious artist. Six of these were coloured by Pinturicchio, and the seventh by Raphael himself, wherein he has introduced his own portrait riding on a dark-chestnut horse. Four relate to events in the life of Æneas Silvius Piccolomini; the other three, to those of Pope Pius the Second. In that in which Pius is canonising St. Catherine, Raphael has introduced his own portrait as a young man; and in another next to this, where the same

Pope is represented returning from an expedition against the Turks, Raphael again introduces himself as a boy. The frescos in this camera are in the highest preservation of any in Italy. It is in this chamber, also, that the traveller will find the well-known group of the Graces, so justly reputed a *chef-d'œuvre* of ancient Greece: they were found in digging the foundations of the dome. These graceful, elegant, almost lascivious figures formerly stood in the sacristy, in whose naked presence the priest was wont to prepare himself for mass! Before quitting this sanctuary of *chefs-d'œuvre*, let the traveller cast a glance on the tomb of the illustrious Mascagni. The door of the library was sculptured by the scholars of Michael Angelo, as was likewise a chapel to the left of it. The tomb of Archbishop Piccolomini is immediately adjoining, on which we observe two ANGELS, and CHRIST HOLDING HIS CROSS, by the chisel of Buonarrotti himself.

The ceiling of this church is painted in azure, and speckled with stars of gold: the cupola rises majestically from the centre of the edifice, sustained on beautiful columns of black and white marble, and busts of all the Popes are ranged around the whole of the interior. Each of the altars is supported by two Corinthian columns of choice Siena marble, and adorned with paintings by some of the first masters. Note, among others, ST. BERNARD PREACHING, by the energetic pencil of Il Calabrese; in the opposite transept remark the CONVERSION OF ST. ANSARO, by Vanni; observe, also, a richly toned painting, by Pietro Sorvi, of the ADORATION OF THE MAGI, and, what I have already mentioned, the MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE, by Pietro Dandini. Among the precious relics which this cathedral contains, the most holy is the arm of St. John, with which he baptised our Saviour in the Jordan: they also pretend to shew the sword with which St. Peter cut off Malchus's ear.

Near the Church of the Cordeliers they point out a tree said to have sprung from the staff of St. Francis, who, coming to Siena to settle some disputation, stuck his stick into the ground, when it forthwith took root and shot up


a goodly tree, thus proving, by the miracle, the divinity of his mission. Before the traveller quits this city, let him visit an ancient edifice called Rocca Bruna, said to be older than the vulgar era, as well as the suspended arch in the Grand Piazza, which apparently rests upon nothing. It is the work of Balthasar, a Sieneſe architect, and is reckoned a wonder of art.

Sienna is ſubject to earthquakes; and ſome of the ſprings are tepid, ſulphureous, and aperient. The air here is pure, but keen: in ſummer it is pleaſant and cool, but expoſed to the miſtral, eſpecially in ſpring; and every one has heard of the celebrity of this city for the perfect purity with which Italian is ſpoken. I attended a ſermon in the cathedral, and was delighted both with the language and the graceful animation and delivery of the preacher. With ſuch eloquent advocates, no wonder I could not help thinking that ſtories equally horrible as even that of St. Catherine ſhould come to be believed. Sienna prides itſelf in giving ſeven popes and ſeveral ſaints to the Romiſh church: the celebrated anatomiſt, Maſcagni, was a native of this place; ſo was St. Bernard, and St. Catherine, the ſpouſe of Jeſus Chriſt, and the famous ſchiſmatic Socinus, the founder of the ſect now called Unitarians.

The Maremma di Sienna is an unhealthy marſh, which extends about thirty miles to the ſouth along the coaſt. In ancient times this plain was covered with towns and villas, and now is one vaſt marſhy deſert. Agues and the “*pancia piena*,” formed by enlargements and indurations of the liver and ſpleen, are, conſequently, the endemics of the ſoil.

After viſiting the Prato della Lizza, the Citadel, and the Theatre, I took the road towards Rome. The evening previous I went to the theatre; the farce was of a Jeremy Diddler caſt; and, by way of a ſpree, I tried the character on myſelf, but it would not fit. The waiter of the inn had told me that noblemen and ſtrangers paid the double of what the inhabitants did: having learned what the latter ſum was, I walked boldly in, put down the plebeian rate, thinking to diddle the door-keeper; but it was no go—Cerberus was awake!

The route to Rome lies through Buonconvento, famous, or rather infamous, in history, for the poisoning of the Emperor Henry the Seventh, by a monk in administering the sacrament to him. Before coming to Torrineri, the geologist cannot help being struck with the immense track of blue clay which shews itself to the left of the road: it is cracked into yawning fissures, which expose its great thickness; and from characters which became more legible every step I advanced, I had no doubt but such had been vomited up by an earthquake. The country has a sterile and inhospitable aspect all the way from Siena to Ricorsi, where I slept on the second evening. In this neighbourhood are the cascade and baths of San Filippi. They are situated on a mountain about three miles from the post-house of Ricorsi, and I took them in my way to Radicofani next morning. As you approach you see the cascade tumbling down a precipice, in a milk-white smoking stream, over stalactitic rocks of its own formation. These assume, in different places, beautiful fantastic forms, and the weeds by the side of the impetuous torrent steal a coating of calcareous earth as it rushes by, thus resembling icicles of grass-piles by the borders of a frozen waterfall. The water is steaming hot, and contains abundance of lime in solution and suspension, white as arragonite, together with sulphuretted hydrogen, magnesia, and iron. Besides the natural medicated baths, there is a manufactory here of sulphur, and of those beautiful medallions known in the cabinets throughout all Europe, under the direction of, and belonging to, the physician of this wild district, Signor Gaetano Rimpici. These medallions are made by placing sulphur-moulds in a reservoir; and when the deposition from the water is thick enough, they are taken out, the moulds are broken off, and the impression remains. I bought two excellent likenesses of his Grace of Wellington, when Marquis; and as Rimpici and I parted like old, though short, acquaintances, he was polite enough to present me with a Galileo as a *souvenir*. Above the baths, which, by the way, are wretched enough, without disparaging their efficacy, you see the places where the water



springs out from the bowels of the mountain. It is called Monte Fiore, from which, it is said, in stormy weather subterranean noises issue. Descending again to the main road, you cross a bridge, and begin to ascend the high and steep mountain of Radicofani. On gaining the summit, I was agreeably surprised to find blocks of lava strewed on all sides. It is chiefly of a reddish colour, hard, compact, lithoidal, and speckled with minute grains of mica. The mountain terminates in a cone, with the tip, as it were, broken off: here you find the crater of an extinct volcano, containing water at an astonishing high level above the surrounding country. At the upper part of the base of the cone I picked up lava of a vesicular, cineritious nature, and this, with the crater and the hot sulphureous waters of San Pilippi, tend to confirm the conjecture I hazarded, of the blue clay in the distance being the product of a volcanic phenomenon. The volcano of Radicofani had continued active, it would seem, but for a short period—one hiccup probably, and no more—enough to knock its bonnet off; while the intestine grumblings of Monte Fiore, and the earthquakes occasionally felt at Siena, would indicate that the combustion below was still at work, and, had it water sufficient to supply its thirst, might one day force the barriers which confine it, to revel like an unchained maniac in destructive violence. The road now having attained the ridge of the mountain, begins immediately to wind down to its foot, in the same rapid manner it had climbed over its shoulder. Three miles from this you cross the Vela, which, a bow-shot below the ford, loses itself in the Paglia. This rivulet forms the boundary between the Tuscan territories and the patrimony of St. Peter: a short step farther, and you come to the custom-house of the papal frontier at Centino, where the traveller's passport and baggage are examined. The country now assumes a less uncouth and barren appearance, the road traversing the valley of the Paglia, which you cross by a bridge four miles from Centino. Pitiful as this bridge is, it has no fewer than four tablets on it, to inform the traveller that it has been repaired by as many

munificent potentates. Fanciful and puerile, indeed, I could not help thinking, must have been that "longing after immortality," which could dictate on so paltry a structure—

"PIETRO LIOPOLDO MAGNO ETRURIAE DUCE."

Wearied, I sat down on its parapet to rest myself, and forgot, in the reverie I sunk into, how speedily the inaudible foot of Time steals on: the top of Radicofani had lost its gilding: that blunted cone, which formerly had shone as a beacon in the night, supplying the materials of its combustion from its own bowels, was now shadowed under a mantle of dusky clouds, which, warning me of the danger of late marching alone in so lawless a country, hurried me up the opposite steep to Aquapendente.

AQUAPENDENTE, so called from a little cascade which falls in its vicinity, has all the appearance of a town that had drunk of the nightshade; its houses crumbling into ruins, its streets deserted—where beggary alone stalks about in all its squalid wretchedness, and poverty in all its filth. What a contrast with the neatness and comfort which pervades the Tuscan states! where, though the power of the prince is as despotic as the papal edict, yet, being hereditary, he treats his people as the progeny of his family; while each successive pope, a mere being of a day, having no prospective interest in the welfare of the people he governs, thinks only of enriching himself at their expense, and hands them over to his successor in a worse condition than he found them. This town is the birth-place of the well-known Fabricius, who took its name as his cognomen. It possesses no object of curiosity; and unless it were that my worthy landlord appeared to covet strongly my walking shoes—and which I am now sorry I did not give him, for they came to a worse end—I know of nothing else which reminds me of the place. The rock about Aquapendente is of a volcanic character, and, if named for its resemblances, might be designated stratified volcanic sandstone. That which is not consolidated is light and pulverulent, arising apparently from the passage

formerly of hot vapours through it, giving it the commotion of fermentation, which, by commixing materials of different colours and consistence together, gives it a spongy texture, and consequently a small specific gravity. Five miles from Aquapendente we come to San Lorenzo Nuovo. On the way the volcanic stone puts on the resemblance of indurated clay, of a light flesh-red colour, some of which is vesicular.

From San Lorenzo you first get a view of the beautiful lake of Bolsena. On surveying the circular expanse of water before you, and the range of hills which encompass it, what a grand idea it gives of the majesty of nature, to conceive that this was once the spacious cauldron of a volcano! an idea confirmed by the volcanic *débris* in the distance, which leads the traveller to the centre of action, only to have it impressed on his conviction by more unquestionable phenomena. On its now-tranquil bosom the two islands of Martana and Presentina seem as it were to float. It was to the first of these that the unfortunate Amalazonte, daughter of Theodoric, king of the Goths, and one of the most eloquent women of her age, was banished, and afterwards strangled, by the orders of her ungrateful cousin, Theodatus, whom she had associated in the government. It is here, also, that the signors of the princely house of Farnese lie interred—a family now merged in the royal house of Naples. The road winds down to the margin of the lake, and on each side the traveller may perceive the charred trunks of trees lying by the wayside. These are all that remain of the ancient forest sacred to Juno. Formerly it was the retreat and fastness of banditti, in the recesses of which they defied pursuit, and committed every sort of atrocity with impunity, until Bonaparte, at the time when he overran Italy, unable to exterminate them by other means, set the whole forest on fire. Seven miles from San Lorenzo lies the town which gives its name to the lake—Bolsena. This little town, the ancient Volcinium, is remarkable, in the history of Catholicism, for giving rise to one of the greatest festivals in the Romish church. A priest, whilst saying mass, conceived a doubt of the reality of the transubstantiation: in an instant,

saith the legend, sorrowful and wounded by the impious scepticism, the consecrated wafer wept blood ; in memory of which great miracle, Urban the Fourth instituted the festival of Corpus Christi, and of which Raphael has further perpetuated the remembrance, in a beautiful fresco-painting in the Vatican. Past Bolsena you find detached columns of basalt lying along, and at a little distance from, the road, which have fallen from a cluster you see to the left, shooting out of the rock in the manner of the pruned stem of the palm-tree. All around there is nothing but volcanic products, some perfect, some in a state of decomposition ; and the soil which this forms by the edge of the water is extremely rich and fertile. I sat down on a pentagonal column of basalt to rest myself ; the wind blew across the lake, and threw up the water in rippling waves, cresting their heads with frothing snow-white air-bells : how different, methought, is such peaceful agitation from the same abyss when filled with matter in a state of red-hot fusion, shaded by the dense fumes which rose from a molten ocean of liquid lava—a blood-red sun looking on the while, broiled by the intensity of the heat, and blushing at his eclipsed splendour ! What a glorious sight it must have been, I thought, to have seen the sides of this immense cauldron give way ; to have beheld the elemental war betwixt earth, fire, and water ; the throes of the one, the fuming of the other, the hissing of the third ; the cracking of the outer crust, the crash of the fall, and the demoniacal yell of some chained Moloch, writhing under the torments of such a conflict ! But, reader, such sublime catastrophes as these happen only in ages when man, timid as his fellow-brute, flies from, rather than remains to witness, parturient Nature brought to bed of a mouse. That this Tartarean scene must have occurred, the parched tongue of every volcanic cinder declares, though the event distances the retrospective view of the remotest tradition. The lake is ten miles across, and the circle of hills which surrounds it, had formed merely the base of the volcano. This will convey some idea of the original height of the volcanic mountain itself before its walls fell in and extinguished it, and

account for the appearance of the volcanic dust, now consolidated in various shapes, which it had thrown all around in the distance. As the road quits the skirts of the lake, it begins to ascend to Montefiascone. On the left you pass a broad stream of petrosilicious lava, with its inclination dipping towards the water. The naturalist can readily perceive that there are several strata of it, apparently formed by the falling back of the fused matter, when the projectile force was not strong enough to throw it over the edge of the crater. Higher up, you again come in contact with lava, covered by lime burnt to a matter resembling old dry mortar, over which an impure sandy-like matter lies in layers of different colours and thickness, together with gravel formed of decomposed lava: the sandy-like matter, indeed, is the same substance, only in a state of greater comminution—a proof, in the absence of other tradition, of the antiquity of the period when this volcano was in activity; for all know how many ages it requires before lava suffers decomposition.

I had spent so much time by the lake side, that it was late when I arrived at MONTEFIAScone. I hung out at an inn outside of the walls of the town; and whilst waiting until supper was ready, I occupied myself in wrapping up in paper the different volcanic specimens I had collected. And here a ridiculous-enough incident occurred. The waiter was an inquisitive fellow, and began to question me about their use and value. A little good-nature is requisite every where, and to none is it more than to a pedestrian traveller; so I said that the stones he saw had told me the past history of his country; for there are stones that speak, added I, unwittingly, not caring to be further interrupted by his idle prating. Unconscious of the figurative language I had used, or of the literal sense into which it was to be construed, guess, then, my surprise, when the whole household, with the waiter at their head, came in a body to consult me concerning a hidden treasure. The father, it seems, of the present landlord had died some time ago; and although known to have possessed monies of different descriptions, none could be found after his decease; and the purport of their corporate visit

was, that I should give a specimen of my art by interrogating the stone-walls where the pelf was thought to be concealed. Not exactly wishing to be had up before his holiness as one in such intimate communion with his worship the devil, I was fain to explain myself as well as I could out of the dilemma my unlucky trope had placed me in. The supper was indifferent ; but, to make amends, I had an excellent bottle of the celebrated triple *Est* wine. This wine got its name, as the reader may know, from the following tragi-comic circumstance. A certain German bishop, whenever he travelled, had a practice of sending his servant on before him to taste the wines of the different inns he had to pass in his route ; and whenever he should meet with one more than ordinarily good, he was directed to write in chalk over the door, as a guide to his reverence, the Latin word “ *Est*,” meaning *bonum est*. Arriving at Montefiascone, this bacchanalian *avant-courier* found the wine so delicious, that he wrote the cabalistic word thrice over the door, as a sign for his master to alight. This the reverend father did ; and being of the same opinion with his servant, he drank of it so copiously, that he died on the spot. He was buried in the subterranean part of the ancient church of San Flaviano, in front of the altar. This church is about forty paces to the left of the road, facing the gate by which you enter the town. You descend by a flight of steps to the lower chapel, where the tombstone, which was placed over his body by his faithful servant, is still in existence : on it you see engraved a full-length portrait of this priest of Bacchus, with his mitre on, graced on each side with his arms and two drinking-cups. Over all, you read the following epitaph :

EST, EST, EST, PRP. NIM.*
EST, HIC IO. D. EVG. DO.†
MEUS MORTUUS EST.

To perpetuate both his memory and the event, this faithful and affectionate domestic founded, with the goods of his master, an annual ceremony, now discontinued, of emptying

* *Propter nimium.*

† *Dominus.*


two butts of wine over his grave on the first Tuesday after Pentecost: the fund has been appropriated to the benefit of the poor. Mine host, in narrating the story, pretended that the event actually happened in his house, and that the sign of his ancestors was the goodly figure of the bishop, with the words *EST, EST, EST*, as an inscription beneath—a name given to the wine even to this day.

When you have passed Montefiascone, you get a view of Viterbo in the distance. Descending for about four miles and a half, you reach a hollow by a gently inclined plain, into which streams of lava accompany you; and as you ascend from it, you again meet other sheets of lava, falling in a direction opposite to the preceding—circumstances which would indicate that this spot also had formerly been the centre of some eruptive action, marking out the grave of a volcano that had died of convulsions, and torn itself to pieces in the struggle. Where, you ask, is its skeleton?—Crumbled into dust by the comminuting fingers of Time, and by his breath scattered about on the surrounding level, of which no other vestige remains save the hollow shallow cone from which we have just emerged.

Three miles farther, and within as many of Viterbo, lies the little lake of Solfatara. The traveller will find it about fifty paces to the right of the road, and close by a building in ruins. Its surface presents the appearance of a large cauldron of boiling water, from which air-bells continually ascend in rapid and tumultuous succession; and the peculiar smell which seizes on the nostrils at once declares its chemical nature. As I approached the brink, a large piece of lava, which I held with the intention of throwing it into the boiling vortex, accidentally dropped out of my hand, and the sound it produced as it fell, gave me warning of the hollow footing I stood upon. When got to the edge, where the water bubbled up freely, I cautiously put in the tip of my finger, and was not a little surprised and disappointed, relying on the accounts I had read in guide-books, to find it of the ordinary temperature. On taking some of it into my mouth, I found it tasted strongly of sulphuretted hydrogen,

joined with a very sensible acidity, owing, probably, to some admixture of sulphureous acid. Various ingenious conjectures might be hazarded of the origin of this gaseous ebullition; but, without entering into any recondite and dubious surmises, of no earthly account, let us rather solve them at once in a more rational and feasible manner, by dare-saying they proceeded from some of Lucifer's acquaintance quietly smoking a cigar. Our friend Moloch may have shifted to cooler quarters, and may thus amuse himself, as he recounts to his *conticuere-omnes* companions the catastrophe of Bolsena.

The volcanic ashes and dust that form the entire soil of the plain on the border of which Viterbo is situated, are of a very scorified character, chiefly soot-black with white specks of calcined leucites. A short hour now brought me to VITERBO, a city famed for possessing the incorruptible body of Santa Rosa. You enter Viterbo by a gate of the Doric order, erected by Pope Clement XIII., who was a native of this place. Santa Rosa is its patron, and the church, which is endowed with her immortal mummy, is situated at the top of the Via Santa Rosa, annexed to a convent of the same name. The tomb is to the right of the grand altar, enclosed by an iron grating. The body reposes in a richly chased sarcophagus of gilt silver. On drawing near, a very pretty nun, whose countenance beamed with the most amiable sweetness, asked me if I wished to see the body—the corruptible that had put on incorruption, even on earth. On replying in the affirmative, she obligingly unfolded the doors, and I knelt before the grate, whilst a crowd of mumbling old women pressed anxiously forward, uttering their aves. The face of the saint is of a beseeching mummy brown; every thing about her is extremely decorous, and altogether the entire keeping of this pious farce is very well sustained. Not being allowed to approach nearer than the grating, I cannot say whether the body be actually embalmed, or merely an adult image; but there is no doubt that the face is a mask—a *larratum funus*—for no feature is in the least shrunk, nor do any wrinkles meander on her brow; but the whole outer



integument is screwed up to a degree of tension, as if kept on the stretch by antagonist muscles. Like the Scottish emblem, the thistle, her body cannot be touched with impunity. Ere I left the grate, the kind-hearted nun presented me with a cord of white cotton, the exact length of the saint's body, which had been imbued with a portion of the essence of her incorruptible body, with directions that I would wear it round my arm as a talisman or safeguard against the devil and all his works—a gift which I accepted with sincere gratitude; for whatever doubts may be entertained of its efficiency, there can be none of the benevolence of the amiable donor.

As I sat by the kitchen fire of the inn in the evening, seeing my supper prepared, I began, as usual, to converse right and left with those about me; and, as our chat was of Santa Rosa, I picked up the following little particulars concerning her. They are obliged to cut her nails and change her chemise once a week, and, during hot weather, the body is vulgar enough to perspire. A French officer, in a sceptical mood, cut Santa Rosa's finger, when, miraculous to tell, it bled, and the infidel was of course converted: by putting money to the wound, the bleeding stopped. Of the latter part of the miracle I think there can be no doubt; for money has before now stanchd more wounds than this. As the late Pope Pius the Seventh passed through Viterbo, in his way to France, a state prisoner, he paid a visit to this holy shrine, when, in the presence of a great multitude, who still live to bear witness to the fact, Santa Rosa stretched out her hand to his holiness: he took the diamond ring off his finger, and put it on that of the saint's; and as she drew it back to her breast, she was seen to weep tears of gratitude. Santa Rosa is no bad hand at the chisel and trowel. When the French entered Viterbo, during their devastating career over Europe, these profane conquerors caused her name over the principal gate of the town to be erased; next day the venerated letters were as legible as ever. To obliterate more effectually the inscription, they demolished that part of the wall, but all to no purpose; for by next morning an invisible hand had built the whole up again!

From the entrance in the cathedral of Viterbo.* You get first of all another gate, also of the Doric order, surmounted by a statue of its patron saint, supported on each side by the papal arms. There are natural hot baths near Viterbo, which I regret I did not visit.

From Viterbo you ascend for about six miles. On reaching the summit, the eye falls into the placid-looking lake of Vico. It is placed in a circular valley to the right: to the left you see the range of the Apennines, and at your feet a sandy plain, with a reef of rocks abruptly projecting from its centre. This is the ancient Mount Soracte. In the sinking down of the country before you, Vico seems to have been situated on the outskirts of the general conformation. A conical mount, the base of which stands on a level with the lake, appears as if it had been deserted by the surrounding ground: an idea which becomes more apparent and profitable when I behold from the plain between Ronciglione and Monterosi. There is a vague tradition of a town having sunk down into the lake of Vico, and of its walls being still visible at the bottom when the weather is clear and the water unswelled: but this I regard as a *conte bleu*, like many others prevalent of Italy.

You now descend for about ten miles to Ronciglione, a town in a state of continued, stationary wretchedness; where palaces are tumbling into ruins, or uninhabited, or occupied by the lowest and most miserable of society. The houses are constructed chiefly of volcanic materials, and supporting the portico of a house I observed two handsome Doric columns of basaltic lava. At Monterosi there is a small lake of great depth, the formation and wreck of some volcanic convulsion. All this part of the country is extremely unhealthy in summer, suffering under the virulence of remittent and intermittent fevers, accompanied with a strong inflammatory tendency to the brain. The route between Monterosi and Baccano pursues an inclined plain. It is part of the ancient Flaminian way, which is based a foot or two under the surface, on

* John XXI., Alexander IV., Adrian V., and Clement IV.

sheets of lava of so hard a texture that they form mill-stones of it: to the left there is a mountain composed of lava so thoroughly vitrified as to resemble exactly the cinders from a smith's forge. Five miles from Monterosi the road leads over a ridge of hills, and then descends into the plain of Baccano. This is a circular basin, so perfectly regular that it would seem as if the moon had slept here for a night, and left her form behind, marking the very spot where the prude Diana slily embraced the sleeping Endymion. But, if fancy be not permitted her conjecture, facts must then prosaically pronounce it another crater of an exhausted volcano. It is about a mile in diameter, edged by a low ridge of hills all nearly of the same height, and before the water was drained off, it was occupied by a swampy marsh. Emerging from this basin, and scaling the rampart of little hills which hems it in, you now get a first view of the majestic cupola of St. Peter's peering over the intervening heights, distant seventeen miles. The volcanic soil does not leave you in the intermediate space: you find it at Il Fosso in the form of volcanic clay, variegated with white and brown specks; you follow it up to the post-house at La Storta, and you distinctly trace it three miles and a half from Rome, disposed in strata of varying thickness. In some places this clay becomes so indistinct in its character, that you only know it to be the same from having traced it from a spot where there could be no doubt of its volcanic nature; but time and the amalgamating hand of accident and industry have so blended its features together, as to be alone cognisable by its nicer relations and affinities. At the five-mile-stone you meet with the first antique remain: it is a massive sarcophagus, with a Pegasus sculptured on one of its sides, said to be the tomb of P. Vibius Marianus. The traveller shortly afterwards crosses the Tiber by the Milvian bridge. It was here that Constantine engaged with and defeated Maxentius, when the vision of the *signum salutare* appeared to him in the air, prognostic of his victory. This bridge was built by the censor Scaurus, in flying across which the tyrant Maxentius was drowned.

At the farther extremity you find two statues; one of

which represents the VIRGIN DIANAIFIED, but with this difference, that, as the Diana of ancient polytheism wore the emblem of chastity, a crescent moon, on her forehead, the Diana of modern paganism, on the contrary, tramples it under her feet. From this the Via Flaminia leads straight to Rome. You enter by the Porta del Popolo, where the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, on either side of the porch, stand to greet the stranger's arrival. St. Peter is bawling as lustily as if he were the common town-crier, while, pointing to a book which he holds in his hand, he proclaims the glorious truths of the Gospel; but in such a place, and among such a people, the meaning is lost—it is a voice merely crying in a wilderness. "Make straight the *Flaminian way*!"

ROME.

And can this be Rome? No, it is but its corse. Campania is its tomb, and its populace the worms which feed on its corruption! Can this be Rome, the stranger again cannot help asking! Do I really breathe the air which the Casars shook with so many terrible decrees, that caused a suppliant world to weep tears of blood, and which popes have for so many ages since lulled with edicts of enchantment? How greatly is every thing changed! Formerly they adored Venus where to-day they worship the Virgin. The Lares and Penates take the form of Madonnas, Mags, and saints: the Flamines have only changed their name, not their office; priests crowned with laurel are metempsychosed into capuchins with shaven scalps; in lieu of the most exalted and august of Rome's olden times, celebrating the conquest of the world, dressed in floating robes of purple, glistening with gold, marching in gorgeous procession to the sound of trumpets and timbrels, and bearing statues of Ceres, Juno, or Venus, you now have processions of bald-pated friars chanting an ave, as they hawk about a tawdry Paris-plaster cast of the Virgin, for the adoration of the basest of the ignorant. Instead of the trophies and spoils of Asia, borne in cars drawn by lions and leopards, descending in all the pomp and

circumstance of majesty from the Capitol, advancing under triumphal arches, attended by captive monarchs, and preceded by statues of the immortal great, you now see a string of the same greasy group bearing on their shoulders the rotten, canonised bones of the cobbler St. Crispin ! How just are the lines :

“Servierant tibi, Roma, prius domini dominorum,
Servorum servi tibi sunt jam, Roma, tyranni.”

What a change, indeed, from those times when Rome alternately displayed the most heroic virtues and paraded the most atrocious crimes ; giving birth to heroes the most exalted, and to monsters the most execrable ! On this ground it was that Cato censured and Lucullus sinned — where Lesbia listened while Catullus sung : every stone conceals some precious vestige of antiquity, or associates itself with some grand recollection of the past. But it is time to have done with such apostrophes and reflections : there is much to do, fellow-traveller ; therefore, *ad rem*—let us walk to St. Peter's.

ST. PETER'S.—This magnificent basilica stands on the Monte Vaticano, so called, as Varro tells us, from a temple which stood here dedicated to Aius Vaticanus, the god who presided over the tongues of infants, and taught them to pronounce their first words. This hill was formerly beyond the boundaries of Latium, and belonged to the territory of the Etrurians. The Tiber separates the Monte Vaticano from the city, to which it was connected by the Pons Triumphalis, over which victors passed on their entrance into Rome ; and its ruins are still to be seen in the river. That which you cross in the present day is the Ponte Sant' Angelo, facing the castle of the same name, the ancient **TOMB OF THE EMPEROR HADRIAN**. It was Gregory the Great who changed its denomination, in consequence of a vision he pretended to see while parading the streets, in grand procession, at a time when Rome was desolated by a pestilence. His holiness saw, or said, or thought he saw, an angel perched on the pinnacle of the mausoleum, in the act of sheathing a sword ; in

memory of which prodigy, he placed a colossal statue of the archangel Michael on its summit, and called it after the circumstance. Formerly one could count more than seven hundred figures of men and horses on its battlements; but they were all broken to pieces by the soldiers of Belisarius, in repulsing the assaults of the Goths when they besieged this fortress. It was dismantled by Constantine the Great, to build the ancient church of St. Peter, and four and twenty beautiful columns were afterwards taken away to adorn the church of St. Paul.

The present church of St. Peter stands on the spot occupied by that erected by Constantine to the same apostle. It is related of this emperor that he worked in digging its foundations with his own hand, filling and carrying away no fewer than twelve hodsful of earth on his shoulders, in honour of St. Peter and the other apostles.

The present stupendous edifice was begun by Pope Julius the Second, and continued by his successors, who, upon the plans of Michael Angelo and Giacomo Porta, have raised it to that point of surpassing excellence and splendour in which we now see it.

Its elevation is surprising, being three hundred geometrical feet, and its length four hundred. The grand altar stands beneath the dome, under a magnificent baldacchino, sustained by four twisted and richly chased bronze columns, and is sumptuous beyond description. Beneath the altar lies the body of the favourite apostle of Christ, where, night and day, numerous lamps shed their softest light; and around which crowds of devotees kneel before the confessional of St. Peter, as it is called. It is to this altar that they bear the pope after his election, and none but a successor to the keys ever says mass under its canopy.

The enormous pillars which support the roof of this grand edifice are coated with the richest and most beautiful marbles, and decorated with mosaic copies of some of the finest paintings that exist, and several magnificent tombs of the popes: the pavement also is wholly composed of different coloured marbles, disposed with the greatest skill and taste.

The portico of this temple is of the Ionic order, and you enter it by five doors of bronze, of exquisite workmanship, in which I remarked Leda and her swan mingling with subjects drawn from a holier source. That to the left is the Porta Santa, which is opened on the year of the jubilee, a period which recurs only once in five and twenty years. This is one of the grandest ceremonies in the Romish ritual, when the pope, attended by the whole conclave, and in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators, goes through the manœuvre of knocking it down with a golden hammer. When demolished in reality by less sacred hands and a ruder tool, the public obtain indulgencies by crossing its threshold on their knees.

In front of St. Peter's there is a PIAZZA of an oval figure, surrounded by a colonnade after a plan by Bernini. The majestic portico which it forms is surmounted by a balustrade, from which the pope gives his benediction to the people on Holy Thursday. It is truly a grand sight to behold this spacious piazza filled with troops, and the multitude that flock from all parts, not only of Italy, but of the catholic world, kneeling to receive the blessing of him whom they believe to be Vice-God Omnipotent, for so his holiness is sometimes styled. In the centre of the piazza there stands a lofty obelisk of granite, and on each side a superb jet d'eau, from which the water falls into fountains below in cooled and ventilated fillets. The height of this prodigious obelisk is eighty-one geometrical feet, exclusive of its pedestal, which is one-third more. Its faces are ornamented with hieroglyphics; and tradition says that it was made by Sesostris, son of Noncoreus of Alexandria. Fontana, under the pontificate and direction of Sixtus the Fifth, was the architect who placed it on its pedestal, in doing which, it must be allowed, he performed a feat so miraculous, that many a saint for performing infinitely less has obtained a niche in the calendar.—But it is time to re-enter the church.

Among the many TOMBS which adorn its interior, the traveller will remark the following :

THE FIRST to the left on entering is that erected to the

last of the Stuarts, the old and young Pretender, and the late Cardinal York. It is by the chisel of Canova, and presents a model of chaste and elegant simplicity. Its form is Egyptian. On the upper part you perceive the profile PORTRAITS of the last of this royal race, surmounted by the arms of England; and below, an inscription, tainted somewhat, I could not help thinking, with the jesuitical turn of mind of this unfortunate family:

JACOBO * III.
JACOBI * II * MAGNÆ * BRIT *
REGIS * FILIO *
KAROLO * EDUARDO *
II * HENRICO * DICANO * PATRUM * CARDINALIUM *
JACOBI * III * FILII *
REGIÆ * STIRPIS * STUARDIÆ * POSTREMIS *
ANNO * MDCCCXIX.

Beneath this, a door is represented, of the Egyptian style of architecture, and on each side of the portal AN ANGEL stands in a mournful attitude, with an inverted torch* in his hand, sculptured with faultless beauty. Over the door you read:

BEATI * MORTUI *
QUI * IN * DOMINO * MORIUNTUR.

Opposite to the preceding, which is placed against one of the pillars of the aisle to the left, you see THE MONUMENT erected to Maria Clementina Sobieski, wife of James, son of James the Second. A beautiful statue of a female representing the GENIUS OF ETERNAL LIFE supports a mosaic medallion portrait of the pseudo-queen, assisted by an infant genius, under whom a curtain of beautifully striped alabaster falls in graceful folds, and beneath this, two other genii hold a crown and sceptre: annexed to her name you read:

M * BRITAN * FRANC * ET * HIBERN * REGINA.

Next observe THE TOMB OF LEO XI. and the two fine

* At funerals, among the ancient Romans, it was usual to carry the fasces in an inverted position—

“ ——— fasces ———
vidi versos, indiciumque mali.”

statues of WISDOM and LIBERALITY, emblems of the qualities for which this amiable pontiff was distinguished. The first is particularly delicate in the conception, and engagingly sweet in the expression. Under such a mild tutoress, who would not search after wisdom?—Facing this is THE TOMB OF INNOCENT XI. A statue of RELIGION seems to address that of his holiness: on the other side MINERVA stands, armed with a sword and buckler; bas-reliefs, representing battles, ornament the front of the sarcophagus. The whole is boldly executed, and forms a fine contrast with the pacific cast of the tomb last noticed. Hard by, remark a fine mosaic copy of Raphael's TRANSFIGURATION.

Having crossed the transept, you come to the beautiful MONUMENT OF PAUL III., executed by Della Porta: it is ornamented with two statues; one of VIRTUE, in the figure of an old woman—a negative sort of type, by the way; the other of IMMORTALITY. This last is personified by one of the loveliest forms that ever perhaps was sculptured. In her right hand the embodied essence of eternity holds the symbol of the soul; in her left, the key that opens to another world. Her countenance is illuminated with the noblest and sweetest expression that eye ever adored. Her figure lies stretched in an attitude too dangerous for innocence long to contemplate with impunity; and, though the body be clothed in cold bronze, yet those limbs are uncovered, and alas! they even are too beauteous to gaze upon!

It is told that this beautiful statue was clothed in bronze on account of a certain Spaniard falling in love with it.* So, Pygmalion, your lovely bride can no longer pride herself on an anomaly, save in being less obdurate; yet Hohenlohe may one day remove even this chasm in the parallel.

In the transept to the right observe the finest MOSAIC painting in the church: it is a copy of Guercino's APO-

* Pliny relates a somewhat similar story of a Roman knight who fell in love with one of the Thespiades,—statues executed by the sculptor of the Venus, Cleomenes, and brought to Rome by Mummius, after the taking of Corinth.

EFFIGIES OF ST. PETRONILLA, which is in the gallery of the Capitol.

NEXT observe THE TOMB OF CLEMENT XIII.; it is by Canova. Above you see the STATUE of the pope kneeling on a cushion, and his features, which are life itself, depict the most devout and fervid piety. Below, by the side of the sarcophagus, stands RELIGION with a lion crouching at her feet, and a cross in her right hand. Her position is expressive of undaunted firmness and courage; her countenance, the boldness and consciousness of truth: the drapery of the statue is cast with a grandeur of simplicity in fine keeping with the character of a faith that ought to disdain the meretricious aid of tawdry decoration. On the other side of the pedestal reposes the GENIUS OF DEATH. This statue is placed to a disadvantage, and shews too evidently that it was *added* to the group: it is not near enough the sarcophagus, against which it was intended to repose; the Genius leans his shoulder against the sharp edge of the sarcophagus, and you cannot help perceiving that the position is too uneasy for so long a night of rest— you feel it must be painful, and this destroys the idea of repose. Yet the figure is beautiful; and though the countenance be death-like, yet it is lovely even in death. At his feet A LION lies asleep on his paws, and every brindled hair sleeps with him.

In the splendid chapel dedicated to the Holy Virgin, you see A PIETA of the highest finish and perfection, by the modern Phidias, Michael Angelo: you find it adorning the altar. Death is represented, as is usual with this great artist, in all its terrific fidelity. The body of the crucified Redeemer is wasted by long suffering: the head falls back on the supple neck; the right arm appears as if dislocated from the socket, and the knees are bent, as when the mere mechanism of the body is its only mean of cohesion: remark how the left leg drops and swings to the rocking of the Virgin's knee; and how sweetly sad the mother looks on her crucified lifeless son and God.

Among the other MOSAICS I may point out as excellent a copy of Guido's Crucifixion of St. Peter: of his Archangel

Michael; of the Incredulity of St. Thomas, by Guercino, and of Domenichino's Communion of St. Jerome. In the left aisle, near the transept, there is a bronze statue of St. Peter seated, with his toe quite polished by the kisses of devotees. This was formerly an antique statue of Jupiter Capitolinus, which, by a little appropriate alteration, makes a passing good St. Peter: but the converting a statue of Jupiter into the keeper of the keys, is certainly a new species of *peterification*.

Pilgrim, as I professedly am, to holy shrines, it were out of character did I not tell of the many precious RELICS which St. Peter's contains. I omitted mentioning to the reader before, that I was here on the holy week, and the relics are exhibited from a balcony under the dome on the Monday and Tuesday after Easter: they are proclaimed individually as they are brought forth; and the manner of it was so very much after that which we see and hear announced by certain public orators at Bartholomew fair and elsewhere, that I could not drive out of my ear the irreverent association, "Valk in, ladies and gentlemen, and view the royal Bengal tiger from Bottom-house Bay, in the Vest Injees!" Among the most remarkable they exhibit are, the handkerchief St. Veronica wiped our Saviour's face with as he bore his cross to Mount Calvary, which left the impression of his portrait upon it; the spear the soldier pierced our Saviour's side with, presented by the Sultan Bajazet to Pope Innocent VIII.; a table, having imprinted on it the likenesses of St. Peter and St. Paul, authenticated by Constantine the Great, who saw both of these apostles at Pope Sylvester's; the shoulder of St. Christopher,—and the shoulder, we know, is his most precious joint, for on it, they say, he carried the infant Jesus, a circumstance verified by numerous paintings and engravings; the arms of Joseph of Arimathea, in which the body of our Saviour was borne to the tomb, &c. &c.

From St. Peter's I ascended to the palace of THE VATICAN, to view the paintings in the PICTURE GALLERY;* and, first,

* The galleries of the Vatican are open to the public on Mondays and Thursdays, but remain shut the whole of Lent.

of the TRANSFIGURATION. This celebrated painting affords an example of the inadequacy of all verbal description to convey aught save a feeble idea of a fine picture. It has been objected to it as a fault, that there is a want of unity in its structure, by its representing a double action; but how else was it possible to make so fine a painting of a subject which, if treated to the letter, afforded so contracted a scope even for the divine imagination of a Raphael? Though a double action be its composition, yet how admirably has the annealing skill of the artist surmounted this objection and difficulty, by his intimate identification of the two subjects; a circumstance that becomes the more obvious the more critically strict it is examined.

In every picture the eye naturally fixes on the largest group, that is, the largest mass of colouring, first, which in the Transfiguration is placed in the foreground; here every eye and finger direct the regards towards the boy possessed, and after wandering in varied delight from figure to figure, they fix on the terrific yet sublime subject of the miracle: here they rest, partaking, I had almost said, of the possession, till, stirred by curiosity to behold the whole, the eye is led upwards by the right hand of the boy to the mystic scene which gives name to the painting. Follow the impulse, and as you regard the Redeemer spiritualised, you find it insensibly involved in a vortex by the magic circle made by the prophets and the apostles on the eminence. Giddy with its own involuntary revolutions, the wearied eye sinks downward into the distant landscape for a moment's repose; but caught in its fall by an outstretched hand, it is thrown to the opposite side of the painting, only to be seized by another; where, getting again entangled in the eddy of this painted whirlpool, it recommences making the same revolution it has so often made before.

This celebrated painting exhibits in its composition a fine contrast between Divinity in all its glory and power, and humanity in all its infirmity and nothingness. It was this eloquent *chef-d'œuvre* of art that spoke the artist's funeral oration, for it was placed by his side when his corpse lay in state.

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Every painting in this small collection is a *chef-d'œuvre*. Guercino's **ST. THOMAS** expresses incredulity with great force and effect; even with his fingers in the wound, he appears scarcely to believe.

There is an amusing **ANNUNCIATION**, by Baroccio, in which the angel appears so polite, and the Virgin so condescending, that the painting, though undoubtedly fine, might be characterised as affectedly beautiful. Another *chef-d'œuvre* is Domenichino's **COMMUNION OF ST. JEROME**. Life is just alive, scintillating feebly in his eye, like a spark going out. He dies surrounded by the few consolations of which the wretchedness of extreme old age is susceptible. Angels hover in the air, ready to convey his soul to the presence of a merciful God; while those who minister to him in his agony, express, in their countenances, sentiments of the tenderest sympathy.

The **MADONNA DI FOLIGNO** of Raphael abounds in beauties. In the Virgin you see depicted the utmost grace; in the St. John, the wildness of the hermit; in the saints, the beauty of holiness; and in the boys, the fascinating interest of childhood. Guido's **CRUCIFIXION OF ST. PETER**, done on panel, is painted in his first, and, in my opinion, his finest, manner. Remark the fine inverted position of the body, and the deep, rich tone which characterises the colouring. Here, also, is another of the same artist, in which **ST. JEROME** is seen reading; and his macerated, wrinkled frame betokens the rigour both of his penance and his extreme old age. The **BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN**, by Albani, though beautifully painted, fails to please those accustomed to the productions of his playful and pastoral fancy: here there is no scope for it. The same thing may be said of Poussin's **MARTYRDOM OF ST. ERASMUS**, but for a different reason: it is a revolting subject, otherwise the fine transparency of the colouring, and its noontide effect, are master-pieces of art. There is likewise a **TITIAN** in this collection, chiefly remarkable for a naked figure of **ST. SEBASTIAN**—it is so naturally coloured and so finely designed.

Three others complete the collection: a kneeling, dishe-

relled, weeping MAGDALEN, with blood-shot eyes fixed on the instruments of our Saviour's passion and disgrace, by Guercino; THE MARTYRDOM OF TWO SAINTS, by Valentin; and a DEAD CHRIST, borne to the tomb in the arms of St. Peter, which abounds with excellent painting, varied expression, and strong relief, by the gloomy sepulchral pencil of Caravaggio.

Before leaving this gallery, to proceed to those containing the antiques, the Englishman is struck with pleasure and surprise at beholding, within the very sanctuary of Roman Catholicism, a full-length portrait of the "DEFENSOR FIDEI," by Lawrence. It was presented by the munificent subject of the portrait to Pope Pius VII., accompanied with a splendid collection of casts from the Elgin marbles; and placed here by his holiness, as a token and memorial of the generous tolerance of two exalted and majestic minds.

THE GALLERY OF ANTIQUES.—This consists of various apartments, containing such a multitude of rare and beautiful objects, that I can only notice a few of the most prominent. Passing through the first, which is appropriated to inscriptions of various kinds, you come to the tomb of SCIPIO BARBATUS. It is made of a volcanic product, somewhat resembling sandstone, and called, from its colour, *piperino*. It is Doric in its form and ornament, and by its perfect and elegant simplicity it pleased me more than any sarcophagus I ever saw. On the face of it you read the following inscription:—

CORNELIUS . LUCIUS . SCIPIO . BARBATUS .
 CNAUCOD . PATRE . PROCNATUS . PORTIS . VIR . SAPIENSQUE .
 QUOVIS . FORMA . VIRTUTEI . PARISUMA . FUIT .
 CONSOL . CENSOR : AIDILIS . QUEI . FUIT . APUD . VOSTRAURASIA .
 CISSUNA . SAMNIO . CEPIT .
 SUBICIT . OMNE . LOVCANA .
 OPSIDESQUE . ABDVCIT .

Farther on, you come to a portico, under which are four little halls for the Apollo Belvidere, the Laocoon, the Meleagers, and the Perseus and Wrestlers of Canova.

THE APOLLO.—This glorious example of marble made god by the creative chisel of the sculptor, stands in the first hall to the left. Time has fortunately respected this combination of human forms the most perfect. The body exhibits proportions of the noblest and most harmonious description; the limbs are freed from all the wants of humanity—the countenance depicts the perfection of manly beauty, somewhat ruffled by a frown; and the entire figure may be considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of the beau-idéal; not masculine, nor yet adolescent—the god of day and of music. Whatever be the action represented, it is performed with the fiat of a divinity: the arm which had bent the bow is still extended, the other hangs down by his side, as if the shaft had fled: from his eyes darts a look that precedes the arrow, and his lips indicate vengeance triumphant: the serpent Python is pierced, and writhes in the agonies of death. This beautiful statue was found on the sea-shore, among the ruins of ancient Antium, towards the end of the fifteenth century.

THE LAOCOON.—This celebrated group, as the reader knows, represents the misfortunes of Laocoon, a priest of Apollo, whose story is related in Virgil. At the first glance the traveller is struck with the difference between this and all the copies he may have seen of it. Bandinelli's, in the Florence Gallery, is the group defunct—the mere corpse of the original. To represent outline and muscle is a mere mechanical excellence—what the hand can copy; but what genius inspires is wanting—the vital principle of originality.

Pain, sentiment, and courage, are the three athletics which you see wrestling for mastery in this admirable group. Laocoon is attacked in flank by one of the serpents, which winds its coils round his arms and body. The cry of pain from the bite is almost forcing itself from his half-opened lips, but the courage of the man closes them again. What perfection of anatomy! every tortuous vein swells with exertion and agony. But the sufferings of the man are what you least and last notice: it is those of parental tenderness that engross the feelings. The children, whilst flying to their father for protection, are seized by the serpents; and here

note the judgment of the artist. To have represented them both bitten would have been a sameness : one alone shall be their immediate victim, and that the youngest ; the other is merely imprisoned in the folds of one of the horrid reptiles, and his sacrifice is deferred. The fate of the youngest is the most pathetic : he runs to shelter himself in his father's bosom ; the serpent seizes him—coils round his tender limbs, and lifts him up in the air ; while with another fold he fixes one of his feeble arms : another coil winds round his infant breast, stifling the dying scream which calls on his father for succour. But the tragedy is not finished : the fate of the elder is not decided. Pinioned in the horrid embrace, in vain the boy casts a piteous look on his helpless parent ; in vain his hands attempt to sever the folds which entwine him ; his hands, alas ! are too feeble. Will these reptiles be satiated when they have devoured Laocoon, and sucked the life's-blood of the younger boy ? What a sublime genius it indicates to make of an event so horrible a scene so pathetic ! In Virgil the action is successive ; here it is simultaneous. In Virgil the serpents have already destroyed the two children, when the father flies to their succour ; here the children and the father are bound together in the same fatal coils. Laocoon, in Virgil, utters piercing cries ; on the marble he is silent. Virgil describes the bodily, the sculptor the moral, sufferings of the father. The artist is the poet, and Virgil the mere artist : the latter gives a narrative ; the sculptor has made a poem of the subject. The group of the Laocoon was found on the Esquiline Mount, in the ruins of Titus's palace. Pliny mentions having seen it in the same place ; and it is from him we learn the names of the authors who executed it—Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus.

The next apartment you come to contains the statues of the two MELEAGERS. Both are extremely fine, particularly the mutilated one, the contour of which is so softly undulating, that it keeps the eye in a perpetual floating motion. Poussin esteemed this statue, from the beautiful harmony of its different parts, superior to every other in its perfection of human proportions.

Next to these is the **PERSEUS** of Canova. Canova, when he conceived this statue, evidently had the idea of the Apollo in his mind's eye, and his attempt is obvious—that of rivaling this inimitable statue. Medusa's head is in his left hand, and he holds the sword which severed it in his right. The head and trunk are fine, yet want the fascination of the grand prototype; while the thighs appear too short for the body; and there is a harshness and stiffness about the limbs, which disfigures the grace and ease of the upper parts. The fault in the proportion of the limbs, which is so manifest at a little distance, disappears as you approach the figure, owing probably to the eye being incapable, from its position, of embracing it entirely. The drapery is well cast, excepting that the roll round the arm is too precise and formal, and checks the eye as it pursues the direction given to it by the look of Perseus.

The figures of **THE TWO WRESTLERS**, again, by the same artist, are still more faulty. That to the right of the Perseus advances the left leg so far as completely to enfeeble the position. This is most conspicuous when seen in profile; while, in his antagonist, the great breadth under the axilla, the enormous projection of the ribs and *latissimus dorsi*, and the stunted length of the left forearm, are defects which cannot but strike the most superficial observer. Canova's forte, in fact, was not of a colossal cast: a Hebe, a danzatrice, or an angel, were the legitimate offspring of his delicate chisel; and though the Perseus partakes of the latter character, it cannot be considered otherwise than a failure. Icarus, when he ventured to approach the God of Day, failed in the bold attempt; smaller, then, the marvel that Canova should not surpass the son of Dedalus.

The traveller will find a notice of some other of the more remarkable objects in the Vatican among the catalogues.

Proceeding now down the right bank of the Tiber, by a gate under the bastion on which the Villa Cavalieri is situated, you find the **CHURCH** of the hermit **SANT' ONOFRIO**, son of a king of Persia, on the Monte Gianicolo. Here you behold glory in all its nothingness—fortune in all her caprice

—and genius in all its misfortune. Approach, pilgrim of genius, and shed a tear over the tomb of Tasso! The bones of this celebrated poet lie immediately to the left on entering, over which you read the following inscription:—

D. O. M.
 TORQUATI . TASSI
 OSSA
 HIC . JACENT .
 HOC . NE . NESCIUS . ESSEJ . HOSPES .
 FRES . HUJUS . ECCL.
 P . P .
 MDCX .
 OBIIT . ANNO . MDXCV.

The platform before this church commands one of the finest views of Rome, on descending from which, and continuing your way, you come to the PALACE CORSINI. This palace is richer in paintings even than that belonging to the same princely family at Florence. Among a crowd of others, I was struck in particular with the following:—A *St. Sebastian*, by Rubens. An angel is represented drawing out the arrow, which has pierced his heart; and the strides of death are finely portrayed on a yet living countenance. Life is visibly ebbing apace, and the cold sweat of death bedews his forehead; his head has fallen on his shoulder, and his features express the unutterable sickness of a fainting fit.

SUSANNA AND THE ELDERS, by Domenichino.—Under the cover of a hill, where rises a cool and refreshing spring, the unconscious Sue laves her beauteous limbs, splashing the water about in all the playful wantonness and freedom of innocence unseen. Ah, luckless Sue! you little know how mightily you are mistaken; for, lo! two hoary sinners are peeping over the hill-side, and witnessing your sportive, unrestrained gambols.

JUDITH, by Della Notte.—This is a fine dramatic picture. She enters with the head of Holofernes in her hand, as if just come from committing the murderous deed; and the

glare of taper-light assists the expression of horror which pervades her every feature.

PROMETHEUS, by Salvator Rosa.—Whilst the vulture is feeding, ravenous and insatiable, on his regenerating liver, and tearing it in pieces, Prometheus roars aloud with pain, and the gore clots on his breast. There are also some fine landscapes by Claude, Mieris, and Orizonte; a ST. JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS, by Caravaggio; an ECCE, by the divine pencil of Dolce; and a great many others of similar merit, for which I must refer the reader to the Appendix.

All this part of the city, at the foot of the Monte Gianicolo, is called Trastevere, from being on the other side of the Tevere, or Tiber. This quarter of Rome is reckoned particularly unhealthy, and must be so from its crowded and confined situation, and the quantity of organic matter, the wreck of ages, buried under its foundations. Modern Rome is in reality the sepulchre of the ancient, and its inhabitants breathe nought but the noisome and noxious vapours of its decay.

There are two CHURCHES, among many others, on this side of the water, which the stranger may visit: SANTA MARIA IN TRASTEVERE, and SANTA MARIA DELLA PACE. The first was built by Pope Calisto the First, on the spot where the earth poured out a stream of oil into the Tiber on the night of the glorious nativity. They even shew you the hole whence it flowed; and an existing evidence of the miracle is, that you have only to introduce your fingers, when even now they come out besmeared with grease. What a miraculous device—faugh!—when a badger's bottom is necessary to its accomplishment and perpetuation! There is a very ancient and fine mosaic in the Tribune, of CHRIST AND THE VIRGIN SEATED, with figures on each side: that of the Virgin is both graceful and beautiful. The ceiling of the nave is adorned with a fine ASSUMPTION, by Domenichino; and in a chapel to the left you see two beautiful frescos, representing the VERIFICATION OF THE SCRIPTURES, by the same hand.

The second church, that of Santa Maria della Pace, contains several esteemed paintings by celebrated masters:—

Raphael's *SIBYLS AND PROPHETS*, painted in fresco; a *PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN AT THE TEMPLE*, by Peruzzi; her *ASSUMPTION*, by Albani; her *BIRTH*, by Vanni; and her *DEATH*, by Morante. There is also an excellent *VISITATION*, by Carlo Maratta.

Approaching the river, you come to the islet Tiburina, where the famous temple of Æsculapius stood. Crossing the island by the ancient Pons Cestius and Pons Tarpeius, you come to the quarter inhabited by the Jews, called the Ghetto. It was here that Porsenna encamped after having taken the Janiculum, where Mucius Sævola burnt off his right hand, in presence of this king, for having failed of its office: and through this heroic action induced Porsenna to raise the siege of Rome. This quarter of the city, extending as high up as the Ripetta, was afterwards given to Mucius, and thence took the name of Mucia Prata.

Turning to the right, you come to what is called PILATE'S HOUSE, the remains of the TEMPLE OF FORTUNE, and the beautiful little TEMPLE which Numa built in honour of the goddess VESTA. In this neighbourhood, also, the Cloaca Maxima opens into the Tiber; and hard by stand the ruins of the ancient PONS SENATORIUS,—so named because of the senators crossing it in their way to consult the books of the Sibyl on the Janiculum. A little lower, by the Porta Portese, you see the remains of another ancient bridge, originally built by the prætor Emilius Lepidus, and called after him. Being carried away by a flood of the Tiber, it was rebuilt of marble by Antoninus Pius, and took the name of MARMORATUS. It was from this bridge that the Romans threw their criminals into the Tiber; and on it Horatius Cocles withstood, single-handed, for some time the assault of the Tuscans, when they attempted to replace Tarquin on the throne.

Passing the Temple of Vesta, you come to the CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA in Cosmedin. Under the porch you see a large ancient mask, which had probably served for an oracle. It is called by the vulgar the Bocca della Verità, from a belief of its formerly serving as an ordeal, or test of truth, by putting the hand into its mouth: if the thing affirmed was true, the

person withdrew his hand unhurt ; but if otherwise, it was sure to be bitten.

From this church the stranger may either proceed to the **FORUM**, to view the ruins situated there, as indicated in the Appendix, or passing through the **Circus Maximus**, between the Palatine and Aventine hills, get to the **CHURCH OF SAN GREGORIO**, to view the rival frescos of Domenichino and Guido — the one representing the **FLAGELLATION OF ST. ANDREW** ; the other, his being led to crucifixion. Here, also, is a **STATUE OF ST. GREGORY** by Michael Angelo, and the table at which he daily entertained the beggars. From this a road crosses the Monte Celio to the churches of **S. MARIA NAVICELLA**, so called from a marble ship in front of it, placed there by Leo X., and of **S. STEFANO ROTONDO**. In the first, the frieze in chiaro oscuro was designed by Raphael, and painted by his pupils Giulio Romano and Pierino del Vaga, as well as the presbytery and two altar-pieces ; the second, again, was a temple built by Agrippina to the god Faunus, and afterwards consecrated to the first martyr by Saint Simplicius. Close by, you see some remains of the **AQUEDUCT OF CLAUDIUS**, which is said to have cost the prodigious and almost incredible sum of 60,000 talents—about 36,000,000 crowns. A little to the south lie the immense ruins of the **BATHS OF CARACALLA**, the **TOMB OF THE SCIPIOS**, and the **ARCH OF DRUSUS** : towards the east is the **CHURCH OF S. GIOVANNI LATERANO**. This magnificent basilica was built by Constantine the Great, and is the mother church of Rome. The ceiling is entirely gilt, and it contains several singular objects of curiosity. Observe the three porches of marble, through which, *it is said*, our Saviour passed when taken before Pontius, close to which there formerly stood the porphyry chair, on which the new-elected pope sat, and suffered it to be ascertained of what gender he was—a ceremony appointed after the discovery of the English papess (Joan), who once occupied the emasculate chair of St. Peter ; but this is now discontinued. The rude baptismal fonts of porphyry which you see, were given by Constantine ; and the tomb, of the same valuable stone, at the end of the church, is thought to be that of his mother, St. Helen. This church contains a

SCALES OF THE SCALES, the first that was ever exhibited at Rome, is a piece of white marble many precious relics. Among these is the cup out of which the apostle St. Peter drank to sin with impunity: the chains which St. Peter and Paul brought to Rome; and his tunic, the first possessed the virtue of raising the dead: but this, being so long lying in the ground, has lost its powers. The cloth which the holy Virgin made for the burial of her son, with which Christ wiped the feet of his apostles, the towel and sponge from which he drank; the cloth of blood and water that flowed from his wounded side; the brass of John the Baptist; the rod of St. Peter; Moses' and Aaron's rods; the wooden table on which the last Supper was eaten; all the sacred vessels of the Sanctuary, brought from Solomon's Temple by the three kings; the table on which the soldiers crucified St. John's garments; and an altar made of wood on which St. Peter said mass, and where none but the pope can officiate.

The **SACRED SCALES** face the church on the left. This edifice is supported from the steps, twenty-eight in number, which were brought from David's house at Jerusalem: they are made of stone, which our Saviour ascended when led to his execution, stamped with his blood, and where devotees are only permitted to ascend them on their knees for indulgences. On Easter Monday it is quite ludicrous to see the crowds of foolish fanatics who crowd their way up; and on going to the top, there is a chapel called the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, containing an image of our Saviour, which is said to have been designed by St. Luke, and finished by an angel. This image is borne in grand procession every year, on the 14th of August, to the church of *S. Maria Maggiore*, where it passes the night; and the next day it is brought back to its own domicile with the same epithalamic pomp and solemnity. Wretched superstition! where will you stop?

Facing the porch of St. John's you will perceive an avenue of young trees, which leads to the church of *Santa Croce*. The walls to the left are those of ancient Rome, built by

Marcus Aurelius; and close to the church are the ruins of the Amfiteatro Castrense, erected by Tiberius for the amusement of the soldiers. Santa Croce was built by Constantine the Great, near the Temple of Venus and Cupid. This church is chiefly remarkable for the relics it contains. The body of St. Anastatius lies under the grand altar; and among the relics are the following:—A phial containing some of the blood of our Saviour; three morsels of the holy cross; two thorns from the crown of scorn, and a nail of the cross. These nails, it may be remarked, have multiplied in a marvellous manner. Every Christian knows that the Propitiation was ignominiously attached to the cross by three nails only—one through each hand, and a third transfixing both feet. Now history makes mention of one which the Empress Helen caused to be thrown into the Adriatic to appease a storm, and it did so!—we also know that Constantine the Great made a bit for his horse of another; and the third he had made into a pummel for his sword! Nevertheless, besides these, there is another, as we have seen, in Santa Croce, a fifth at Venice, another at Siena, a seventh at Milan, and the cathedral of St. Denis, near Paris, boasted of possessing an eighth. A Catholic writer very ingenuously asks, “How are we to account for this? Why, that it is a miracle; and if God should will it so, there might be a hundred more.” It must be confessed, that nothing can more satisfactorily explain this untoward circumstance. A miracle explains, in the most accommodating mood, every stumbling anomaly; and heretics even must admit that there is nothing impossible with faith. The same may be said with equal probability and truth of the wood of the holy cross. It has been computed that a hundred wagons would not hold all the genuine chips of this precious relic; and yet every separate morsel is authenticated beyond all doubt! In this church they likewise preserve the sceptical finger of St. Thomas; a scrap of the inscription which Pilate caused to be placed over the head of the crucified Redeemer; and one of the thirty pieces of gold, the price of Judas’s treachery.

By the Porta Maggiore you see the remains of a fine aqueduct. Turning northward, you find the ruins of the

TEMPLE OF MINERVA MEDICA, in a garden to the right ; and crossing the Esquiline hill, upon which the ancients burned the bodies of their dead, and which afterwards became Mæcenas's garden, you descend, and the CHURCH OF STA. MARIA MAGGIORE appears before you : it is sometimes called " *ad Præsepe*," from its containing, among its relics, a portion of the holy manger ; sometimes S. M. Genitrix, a more profane appellation, borrowed from one of Venus's cognomina.

In this church there is a chapel consecrated to a certain St. Anthony, the protector of mules and asses. On the festival of the saint, the people lead these favoured beasts to the church all saddled and caparisoned, where they duly receive an annual benediction, and get sprinkled with holy water. A majestic fluted column of the Corinthian order stands in front of this church : it was found in the ruins of the Temple of Peace, and placed here by Paul the Fifth. On the opposite side there is a handsome Egyptian obelisk, which formerly ornamented the Mausoleum of Augustus.

At the foot of the Monte Viminale you find the church of ST. PRUDENTIANA, famous for her pious care of the bodies of the martyrs who were massacred in thousands in her days ; and hard by, that of her sister, ST. PRASSEDE. In this church you see, in a chapel which was formerly the oratory of St. Zeno, enclosed by a trellis of iron, the COLUMN to which our Saviour was bound when scourged. Here, also, it is believed that St. Peter said mass in person.

From the church of St. Prassede, let the visitor go to that of SAN PIETRO IN VINCOLI, so named from its possessing the chains which bound this apostle in prison when released by the angel. This church is remarkable for the TOMB OF POPE JULIUS THE SECOND, and the STATUE OF MOSES, by Michael Angelo, which adorn it. Among the gigantic works of this great artist, the sublime Statue of Moses, the Basilica of St. Peter's, and the Last Judgment, form the three *chef-d'œuvre*. The august forehead of Moses seems but a transparent veil which scarce covers his immense mind ; his beard descends to his middle ; his mouth is full of expression, and the thought seems only to wait utterance.

Next proceed to the PALACE ROSPIGLIOSI, and view Guido's celebrated allegorical representation in fresco of the **RISE OF THE MORNING STAR**. While Night still envelops the vast sea in her mantle of grey, lit only here and there by the foam of the bubbling waves; young, innocent, and beautiful, clothed in variegated veils of every iridescent hue, emblematical of the clouds which accompany her, Aurora of a sudden appears with flowers in both her hands, and the sky reddens around her. She advances with her head reverted, and eyes full of tenderness, regarding the God of Day, who, with looks not less affectionate, is gazing at his beloved harbinger as he follows in her train. In full day these two lovers never can have but a glimpse of each other. Four superb coursers playfully graze the azure waves: these acquire the tint of the blushing star, and are magnetically harnessed to a car of vermilion. The youngest daughters of rosy-fingered Morn, the Hours, so like their mother, laughing, hold each other by the hand around the chariot of the Sun, whilst hovering between the goddess and the steeds, Cupid bears the flaming torch of day; he shakes it over the universe; parting tears tremble on the eyelids of Aurora; and in an instant daylight shines abroad.

There are several other fine paintings in this pavilion. A deep and richly toned **LANDSCAPE**, by Guercino; a fine magic painting of **SOPHONISBA DRINKING THE POISON**, by Il Galabrese; **ADAM PLUCKING FIG-LEAVES FOR EVE**, by Domenichino; and an **ANDROMEDA**, by Guido. Here likewise is a fine **PIETA**, by Hannibal Caracci; and **DAVID'S TRIUMPH**, by Domenichino.

THE MONTE CAVALLO is hard by; so named from the two marble horses which were presented by Tiridates, king of Armenia, to Nero; and, if the inscription on their pedestals be genuine, are the rival works of Phidias and Praxiteles, representing Alexander and his horse Bucephalus.

Turning up the street to the right, you come to the **CHURCH OF SANT' ANDREA**, and that of **VICTORY**. Ye lovers, deserted or betrayed by your mistresses, enter not the latter; for here sculpture, in representing the **DEATH OF ST. THERESA**, has

chiselled a figure so exquisitely lovely as to renew all your pains. She is half recumbent; and her eyes, her features, every limb, are yielded up, and languish in an attitude too voluptuous for a saint, or for chastity, under any denomination, to appear in, in regarding which the mind involuntarily blushes. This statue is by Bernini. Nearly opposite to this is the FOUNTAIN OF MOSES, so called from a sublime figure of this legislator which ornaments it. It is semi-colossal. With a rod in his hand Moses is striking the rock in the desert; and there is a terrific calmness in the countenance fitting the dignified agent of Divine power. Two lions, in black marble, repose at his feet: from their half-open mouths two streams of water escape into a marble reservoir below. Art can execute repose, but ordinarily it is the repose of death—here it is the repose of life.

Before going to the Palace Barberini, let the stranger first visit the CHURCH OF ST. MARIA DEGLI ANGELI, and the ruins of the Baths of Dioclesian, in this neighbourhood. The church is in the form of a Latin cross, and owns Buonarroti for its architect. Salvator Rosa and Carlo Maratta lie buried here: over Maratta's grave you read,

SOLUM MIHI SUPEREST SEPULCRUM.

He forgot the fame of an immortal name emblazoned even in this church by a painting from his own pencil, THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST. This is Maratta's *chef-d'œuvre*, from which the fine copy in mosaic, in the Chigi chapel at Siena, was taken. Christ is standing in the water; and his entire figure is so truly divine, that you can scarce spare a glance to some beautiful angels, who kneeling witness the mystic sacrament. Nothing could be better managed than the composition of this picture: the eye cannot wander from the principal subject; and the tone of colouring is in softest, most harmonious diapason. Maratta was among the *ultimi Romanorum*; and in Battoni and Costanza, who followed, you can plainly perceive the decline of the art. In the same transept you see Domenichino's MARTYRDOM OF ST. SEBASTIAN. Sebastian is bound to a cross, and his countenance expresses the resig-

nation of a martyr : a figure in the foreground is preparing his bow and quiver, whilst a centurion rides furiously over a group of females who had come to behold the execution. This circumstance spreads a variety of expression among the assembly,—of fright, commiseration, and curiosity : that of a child is particularly fine, of mingled timidity and curiosity. There are four other good paintings in this church : *ST. PETER RAISING TABITHA FROM THE DEAD*, by Placido Costanza ; the *FALL OF SIMON MAGUS*, by Pompeo Battoni ; the same subject repeated by an artist whose pencil I could not recognise ; and a *CRUCIFIXION OF ST. PETER*. In Costanza's painting you see the traits of death making their escape from Tabitha's countenance, and supplanted by those of gratitude springing fresh into life : the surprise of the attendants is likewise well expressed. In Battoni's *St. Peter* the expression is that of calm consciousness of his inspired miraculous power ; and the composition of the whole displays great art : note the out-stretched hand of the devil, directing the eye downwards, lest it should dwell too long on the figure of the magician ; and when the spectator's regard has obeyed the secret impulse, it is again led into the circle by the attitude of the female who is seated below. In the other representation of the same subject there are several fine points : remark the beautiful figure of a female seated, with an infant at her breast ; and the fine fore-shortening in the upper part of a male figure, who, with fright and horror in his countenance, seems to fly towards the spectator.

To the left of this church you find the ruins of the *BATHS OF DIOCLESIAN*, consisting of remains of walls of prodigious thickness ; chambers and vaults sustained on enormous pillars, and subterraneous cisterns. These, as the reader may know, were built by convicted Christians, persecuted by the cruel emperor whose name the ruins bear. Upwards of 40,000 men were employed during the space of fourteen years in their construction, and as their recompense, it is said, they all suffered martyrdom.

Return now to the Fountain of Moses, and descending the street to the Quattro Fontane, you come to the *PALAZZO*

BARBERINI. Here art and prodigality have disputed with each other which were to outvie in perfecting this noble structure.

In the entrance-hall there are two fine statues, one of PAN, by Michael Angelo, the other of DIANA, by Bernini: both are asleep, and make a fine contrast. Here also is a large painting by the energetic pencil of Il Calabrese, representing ST. CATHERINE IN PRISON, in which the dark tone of the colouring corresponds admirably with the depth of affliction depicted by the subject. From this you enter the great hall, and see the magnificent fresco which enriches the ceiling, by Pietro da Cortona. Four rooms open from this: in the first, remark a MAGDALEN, by Guercino: often as this subject was painted by the artist, he appears in this instance to have surpassed himself. The custode now conducts you up stairs to a suit of five rooms, decked with paintings by the first masters: but for these in detail I must refer the reader to the Appendix: yet two or three demand particular notice. In the second room observe a ST. JEROME, by Spagnoletto. This master's style of pencilling was quite adapted to such a subject: indeed, he painted nothing more frequently: and the macerated, mortified, solitary ascetic stands personifying abstinence in its utmost rigour and wretchedness.

JOSEPH AND POTIPHAR'S WIFE, by Biliverti. The virtuous horror and repugnance of Joseph are admirably expressed. Had an ordinary artist painted the scene, Joseph's countenance would, probably, have exhibited only a volcano of contortion, and every disrupted feature had been wrenched from its natural place only to caricature the feeling. Here you have the workings of the soul as they appear through the features lit from within, and thus rendered visible by reflection on the transparent veil that intervenes.

A SACRIFICE TO DIANA, by the gay and classical pencil of Poussin.

FORNARINA, by Raphael. This differs from the one in the tribune of the Florence Gallery; and the polite custode of the palace will have it that this is the only true original.

Portraits of the CENCI and her MOTHER : the last is by Gaetani, the first by Guido. The reader, perhaps, already knows the sad history attached to the first of these portraits. Cenci owned a monster for a father, who strove to seduce his own child. Horror-struck at the unnatural purpose, Cenci withstood her father's revolting attempts. At length, being threatened with violence, she made her mother the confidant of her wrongs. The latter furnishes this second Lucretia with a dagger, and instructs her how to use it : the avowed ravisher comes—again employs persuasion with no avail ; he now has recourse to force, and the parricidal hand of his own daughter alone could stay his incestuous attempt. Cenci is tried—convicted, for the Cenci offered no defence—and executed ! We have now to regard her portrait, taken in the dress in which she suffered. Her pallid cheek bespeaks the sadness and inward horror of her feelings ; and yet you may perceive that a sense of virtue vindicated tempers the severity of her agony, shedding beams of most melancholy sweetness over a countenance of the loveliest expression.—Lovely, unfortunate Cenci ! how imperious soever the deed, and however well merited the punishment, yet Fate dealt harshly by thee, sweet girl, that thy hand should be obliged to strike the murderous blow ! *

I cannot quit this palace without mentioning a trait of the great condescension of this princely family to strangers. When I came, the young Princess Barberini was taking a lesson of her music-master ; and as I proceeded onward in viewing the apartments, she most politely retreated from room to room, until she could actually retreat no further ; so I called another day, by appointment, before I could see the Cenci, which is in the last room of the suite.

Near the Piazza Barberini you find the CHURCH OF THE CAPUCHINS, which contains Guido's celebrated painting of the ARCHANGEL MICHAEL,—the Apollo of painting, as it has been

* Plutarch (*in Parall.*) mentions a similar case of parricide committed by Medullina on her father Aruntius ; but Cenci had more to palliate her crime than Medullina—her father was not inebriated.

characteristically designated. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the upper part of the figure, but the lower limbs are somewhat harsh in the outline. Opposite to this is a painting by Da Cortona, of PAUL RECEIVING HIS SIGHT; and in a chapel to the right, the DEATH OF ST. FRANCIS, the founder of the order of the mendicant friars, by Ludovico Caracci. He expires in the arms of an angel; and the scene is laid in a rich landscape. There is a fine copy of this painting in mosaic in St. Peter's.

THE PIAZZA BARBERINI occupies the site of the ancient Circus of Flora, in the centre of which a Triton throws up water through a shell from a fountain: hence a street leads in a straight line to the *Monte Pincio*; or the stranger may descend the *Via del Tritone*, and get, by the *Fountain of the Teveri*, to the neighbourhood of *Trajan's and Antonine's Columns*. At the extremity of the *Monte Pincio*, you find yourself at the gate by which you first entered Rome. The PORTA DEL POPOLA is thought to have been a triumphal arch erected by Belisarius. It was anciently called the Porta Flaminia, from the *via* of that name commencing here, and sometimes Flumentana, from its proximity to the river. To the right of this gate, on going out, you find the CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEL POPOLA. The first and second chapels were painted by Pinturicchio, between which there is a painting on the wall in oil by Maratta. In the chapel to the right you see an ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN, by Hannibal Caracci, and that of the Chigi family was designed by Raphael, as was also the STATUE OF JONAS: the other statues are by Bernini. From this the stranger may proceed down the Corso, and visit the church of San Carlo al Corso, and that of San Lorenzo in Lucina: for the objects in which I must refer to the catalogue; or, going by the Ripetta, visit the MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS. This magnificent palace of death is now used as a sort of bear-garden; and the roarings of the baited wild beast is heard over the former silence of the grave. It is somewhat difficult to find it out, glided as it is into a corner, crumbling to pieces like a dried corse, covered with dust and by ages which devour it. Lower down, you come to the

PALACE BORGHESE. Here the visitor will be struck with astonishment at the great number and excellence of the paintings which it contains. They are arranged in a suite of nine apartments; and, by the truly princely munificence of the owner, a custode is in daily attendance to shew them to strangers. Among the host of such a superb collection, I may note the following:—

In the Second Room observe a superlatively fine painting of a **PRIZE-SHOOTING PARTY AMONG DIANA'S NYMPHS**, by Domenichino. In a rich landscape scene of wood, water, hill, and dale, Diana has assembled her nymphs at a trial of skill. The prizes are seen hanging to a may-pole. Three nymphs compete for the palm, and the moment taken for representation is that of victory. A wood-pigeon had been tied by the leg to a post, and the arrow of the first sticks in it; the second has cut the string in two; and just as the bird was about to escape, the arrow of the third has transfixed its head. A shout of joyful triumph is uttered by the goddess; while two dogs held in a leash by a nymph are eager to spring on the lifeless bird. Others of her nymphs, in the foreground, bathe their fair limbs in a pool of limpid water, too translucent far for frail flesh to contemplate with indifference. What delightful pastime! to partake in which, where is the stoic even that would not risk the fate of Actæon!

Room III.—A HOLY FAMILY, by Pierino del Vaga. Raphael's pupil has here copied all his master's grace. A virgin of enchanting beauty holds an infant on her knee, to whom a little St. John is presenting fruit.

Room IV.—A FEMALE MAGICIAN, by Dosso Dossi; and where is the female that is not a magician? But Dossi has incorporated the whole magic of the sex in this one figure.

A MAGDALEN, by Fontana. Her auburn hair floats in sparse ringlets over a bosom of alabaster, and her tears only make her the more lovely. Cease, cease your weeping, fairest of penitents, else I shall doubt the sincerity of your tears, and think you a mere sentimental coquette! Note Raphael's celebrated **DESCENT FROM THE CROSS**, and particularly the figure (of St. John) who supports the shoulders.

THE CUMEAN SIBYL, by Domenichino. This, in my judgment, is the most charming of all the heathen prophetesses I have yet seen painted. The light of inspiration shines in her large blue eyes. The first sight of day cannot be more delightful to the blind restored to sight, than the impression this divine painting makes, and you look upon it as a celestial vision.

Room V. contains four circular paintings by Albani, similar to those of a different form, by the same artist, in the Louvre at Paris. That representing ADONIS DEPARTING FOR THE CHASE is, perhaps, the most pleasing of the four. Adonis is bidding his mistress, for the thousandth time, adieu, with the presentiment that it is to be for the last time; while Venus, stretched at length on the green grass, surrounded by cuddling Cupids, begs him not to go, with looks so sweet, enticing, and persuasive, that you perceive he *still* lingers on the canvass, unable to part. What a strong cobweb Love can spin! Shackles of adamant are not half so irrefrangible.

In the Seventh Room there is a Titian, intended to represent PYRROIC AFFECTION, and love of a more human kind. But the artist, in treating the subject, has made a distinction without a difference. One of the figures is more clothed than the other, and this comprises the whole point of contrast. Splendid, rich, and harmonious as was Titian's taste for colouring, he rarely evinces any compass of poetical imagination: costume almost alone forms his idea of character; and if he paint a Magdalen, she seems to weep only through the help of an omen and some squeezing.

All this quarter of the city, by the edge of the Tiber, is the site of the ancient Campus Martius.

From the Palace Borghese, let the stranger go to the PIAZZA NAVONA, and view the superb fountain which adorns it. This was anciently the Forum Agonis, where Numa instituted the festival of the Agonalia, in honour of the god who presided over enterprise of every sort. It was afterwards the circus of Alexander the Pious. The CHURCH OF ST. AGNES stands on the western side of this parallelogram, in which observe the martyrdom of this saint in marble: opposite,

there is an ancient statue, which, by a little management, has made an excellent St. Sebastian.

A little further to the westward you come to the PALACE FARNESE. This noble edifice was built by Paul the Third, after designs by Michael Angelo, of materials chiefly taken from the Colosseum. It now belongs to the royal house of Naples; and the celebrated Farnese Hercules, by Glycon, the Toro, and other fine pieces of sculpture, have been removed to the studj at Naples. None of its former precious ornaments remain, save the noble FRESCOS of Hannibal Caracci.

Before getting to the Capitol, let the stranger, in his way, visit the CHURCH OF SANT ANDREA DELLA VALLE. This church is adorned with some fine fresco paintings by Lanfranco, Il Calabrese, and Domenichino. Those of the last occupy the lower part of the ceiling of the Tribune, and the corners immediately under the cupola. The figures of HOPE and CHARITY are particularly fine. In the Barberini Chapel you see an excellent VISITATION by Passignano. This chapel was built by Urban VIII. over the spot, it is said, where the body of St. Sebastian was found; and the site of the church itself is on that where the Curia of Pompey stood, in which Cæsar was assassinated. Opposite to the Barberini you see the Strozzi Chapel, of which Michael Angelo was the architect. It is quite a bijou of art, for nothing can well be more beautiful or perfect. On entering it, the spectator is impressed with a feeling as if he had come out of a dungeon into full day; and yet the body of this church is in no part either heavy or gloomy.

For a notice of several other churches in this quarter, I must refer to the Appendix.

Arriving now at the CAPITOL, you ascend to it by 124 steps, which were all taken from the ancient temple of Quirinus. Facing you, in the middle of the PIAZZA, you see the superb bronze EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF MARCUS AURELIUS. It was to this statue that Michael Angelo said "*Cammina*,"—a command that was needless, for it seems to keep continually marching time on its pedestal; and crack but a whip, and

it would start off at a gallop. Viewed in front, the majestic head of Aurelius, and the no less majestic of its kind, of the horse, first catch the eye, to which the right hand of the rider gives additional life ; but, taken in all points, it is equally faultless and beautiful. Remark the graceful bending of the horse's neck ; the natural, easy, and dignified position of the rider. The statue must once have been gilt, for some of the gilding is still perceptible.

Enter now the PALACE OF THE CONSERVATORI, to the right. In the open quadrangle, before ascending to the Picture Gallery, observe a group in marble of a LION WHICH HAS SEIZED A HORSE : the horse is down on his haunches, and the beast is biting his sides : the neigh of horror is finely expressed, for the pain of the wound is lost in the stronger feeling. Under the arcade, facing the entrance, you see a fine group of ROME TRIUMPHANT, with a captive Dacian King on each side, and a bas-relief of the WEEPING PROVINCE is let into the centre pedestal. This last figure is represented seated, leaning her head on her arm, wailing in bitterness of heart her humbled, abject, tributary condition. Here, also, you see a head and hand of enormous proportions in bronze, part of a statue of the Emperor Commodus ; and a colossal foot of marble, of which the great toe alone measures a foot and a half, thought to have belonged to the statue of Nero, which, for its colossal size, gave the name of *Colosseum* to the noble Amphitheatre of Vespasian. We are told that this statue stood in the centre of the arena, and was 120 feet in height, the stupendous work of a Greek sculptor named Zenodorus. After the death of the monster it represented, this statue was dedicated to the sun.

Ascend now the stairs, and visit the apartments, not open to the public generally ; but for the particulars contained in them, I must again refer to the end of the volume. As there is still a good deal to describe in Rome, I must hurry the traveller on to the paintings in this palace, of some of which let him take the following brief sketch :—

Guido's BACCHUS AND ARIADNE. Seated on a rock by the sea-shore, where the billowy ocean splashes its hushing

waters on the beach, you see the lovely Ariadne listening to the passionate suings of her youthful lover. And here the artist displays the propriety of his judgment; for the lover of Ariadne is not represented as the rude and noisy god of port and porter, but the delicate, respectful deity of champagne *non mousseux*.

A MAGDALEN, by Guercino. Her grief is beautiful, not affecting; for she cries like a child that wanted a play-thing.

Another, by the same.—Here the fair penitent is kneeling before a skull, flogging himself; but, like Sancho, she takes special good care to lay it very gently on.

Another, by Albani. The Magdalen weeps most piteously, it is true; but yet you cannot help perceiving they are a woman's tears, that, like an April shower, only brighten the heaven from whence they fall.

How different all these, and Guido's to boot, from the same subject by Tintoretto! Here you see real compunction—sincere, deep, and solemn—glaring dimly, yet visibly, in every wretched feature. A skull and crucifix are beside her; her only covering a mat; her couch, a bed of rushes; and with clasped hands and weeping heart, expressive of the misery of guilt in all its utter desolation, she fervently implores the forgiveness of her offended God.

POUSSIN'S TRIUMPH OF FLORA. In a car, drawn by two azure-winged Cupids, lovely as May-morn, and fresh as the vernal breeze, Flora sits smiling like an opening rose-bud. A crowd of adorers (and who is not of the number?) encircle the goddess, and press round her car, presenting their sweetest *primitiæ*, primroses and every blooming flower; while nymphs, as beauteous as the posies they hold in their hands, dance before, and strew her path with others, of every fragrant scent and variegated hue.

Guercino's PERSIAN SIBYL is beautiful as a painting, and particularly in the management of the drapery; but her eye is small, and bespeaks none of that inspiration which shines so resplendently in Domenichino's CUMEAN. Here you have loveliness in full bloom; eyes like a new-unfolded convolvulus, blue and clear as the unclouded vault of heaven, and

teeming with sweetness that never cloy; brows arched like the rainbow; lips, cherry-ripe, that sue to be pressed; and a forehead fair, lofty, and expansive—too smooth and polished far for the wrinkled frow of Care to rest on. Guercino's may prophesy, and no one would contradict so pretty a lady—*and so she is*, that's all: Domenichino's, again, has only to aver, to make scepticism itself the most credulous of converts.

THE BEATIFIED SPIRIT, by Guido. The artist has represented this sublime idea by a figure with wings, standing on the utmost verge of the world, ready to take flight to regions beyond the last fixed star; but he has failed in the colouring—failed in giving it that coating of ether which the representation of such a subject demanded; and yet no pencilling was so appropriate as Guido's to such a delineation, for the blue mist of the moon seems always to hang round this artist's pallet. The general figure is spare, not delicate; humanity emaciated, not spiritualised; and to me it appears more like a being that had fretted itself to a fiddle-string at the loss of its soul, than the ethereal representation of the divine essence freed from the dross of mortality. Nevertheless there is a certain grace in the general outline; but it is chilling, meagre, and revolting in detail, colouring, and execution—only fit to sit on a cold cloud, and manufacture snow-drift, or cool the scorched moths that flit too near the sun.

Let us walk into the other room.

The first painting that strikes the observer is Guercino's *APOTHEOSIS OF ST. PETRONILLA*. Fault has been found with Raphael's *TRANSFIGURATION*, because it represented a double action. Here this objection is more forcibly applicable, for the unities of both time, place, and action, are still more manifestly disregarded, without any redeeming skill in the composition of it to compensate the transgression. In the lower part of the picture you see the interment of Petronilla; and in the upper, her apotheosis. The first is so managed as to drag the eye downwards, and there bury it in the same cold grave with the dead body of the saint.

Escaping from this uncomfortable scene, by a sensible effort of the will—a circumstance always unfavourable to a pleasing impression, for the chain of feeling is broken in upon, and its unison destroyed—the eye now rests, in the upper part of the canvass, on the figure of the saint received into heaven. There it may rest, and with pleasure ; but should it wander towards two figures behind that of Christ, it is carried involuntarily hence, to admire the white-washing of the ceiling. Yet, with all these defects, it is a noble painting, abounding in beautiful, though unconnected, groups ; and time has given it its richest, mellowest tint.

Paul Veronese's EUROPA. This well-known painting possesses all the characteristics of the Venetian school in an eminent degree : drapery beautifully and highly finished ; colouring brilliant and harmonious ; and the composition of the whole extremely well balanced. In a rich landscape-scene Europa is represented seated on the back of the bull, which lies in an attitude of repose, licking his mistress's feet. There is a lascivious warmth, in this picture, of colouring, action, and attitude, that quickens the pulse, and insensibly makes the bashful blush, and the chaste to turn aside.

CLEOPATRA BEFORE AUGUSTUS, by the same artist. She kneels at the feet of the victor, and implores death with the earnestness, and in all the despair, of love plucked in full blossom.

Guido's EUROPA. Here you have this artist's usual lovely female, who indifferently serves as a Mag, Lucretia, or Europa, as attributes may denote. She is regarding Cupid, who returns her love-sick looks with an arrow.

A WITCH, by Salvator Rosa. Sitting in her den, resting her feet on cabalistic figures enclosed in a circle, edged by bits of candles that are lit, the hag is consulting a book filled with figures of mystical meaning, and characters legible only to spirits who have learned their alphabet of the devil.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL. The conception of the composition of this painting is particularly appropriate and striking, and resembles the bursting of a bomb-shell. The accompanying figures fly out of the picture in all directions,

and leave the eye to gaze undisturbed on the floundering horse and fallen horseman.

No. 79 marks a beautiful *LANDSCAPE*, by Domenichino; and his *POOL OF BETHESDA* is not less fine. Observe, also, two *ST. SEBASTIANS*, one by Ludovico Caracci, the other by Guercino: but both of them suffer the arrow to stick in their breasts with the same indifference as if it were a flower-stalk of heart's-ease, and more particularly that by the often-unmeaning pencil of Guercino. Guercino was a painter, but no glazier: his eyes shew no transparency; his corneæ are literally horny, not lucid—mere stable lanterns; and you look in vain for crystal any where, to exhibit the inward workings of the heart.

Opposite the palace of the Conservatori you find the *MUSEO CAPITOLINO*, appropriated to statuary in marble and bronze. Referring to the Appendix for the minuter details, I may draw the visitor's attention to the following more particularly:—

THE DYING GLADIATOR. Sitting on the ground, and supporting himself on his arm, remark how finely the faintness of approaching death is portrayed in his countenance: his head droops, as the life-stream gushes from his wounded side: but this expression is not confined to the countenance—every limb dies. It was in this school that Michael Angelo studied: and the arm on which the Gladiator rests was restored by this inimitable artist. But to call this statue a Gladiator, is, in my opinion, a misnomer. His short, coarse hair, the profile of his nose, the form of his eyebrows, his mustachios, a kind of collar round his neck; nothing, in short, accords with the figures of gladiators elsewhere represented, but denote appropriately that of a barbarian warrior. Ctesilas was the sculptor. The character of soul represented in this statue is truly astonishing, and beautifully illustrates the remark of Hume, when he says that, “it will be found that the most perfect production still proceeds from the most perfect thought, and that it is mind alone which we admire, while we bestow our applause on the graces of a well-proportioned statue, or the symmetry of a noble pile.”

The apartment of the Dying Gladiator, which takes its name from this celebrated statue, may be considered properly a tribune, for every object in it is a *chef-d'œuvre* of art. Here is a glorious APOLLO, a beautiful ANTINOUS, a most majestic JUNO, ZENO, and the celebrated group of CUPID AND PSYCHE.

ZENO. His knit and shaggy eyebrows express defiance of the caprice and buffetings of fortune, with a total indifference to the most despotic edicts of fate; and, in perfect keeping with such characteristics of the philosophy Zeno taught, the statue exhibits a form made to endure. He looks the Stoic: firm even to obstinacy; obdurate even to unfeelingness.

CUPID AND PSYCHE. Were limbs e'er before entwined in such voluptuous coils? Here even priests stand and gaze! It is not Cupid who embraces Psyche, but the wanton girl herself, who, in pressing her lover's bosom to her own, seals his lips with an eternal kiss, lest he should chide her fondness too soon. This group is emblematical of the union of the soul and body, and is not unfrequently seen on sarcophagi.

APARTMENT OF THE FAUN.—The statue which designates this room is of *rosso antico*; and though undoubtedly very fine, it did not strike me so much as the one to be seen in the Vatican, perhaps from its being a second impression. Yet its general contour seemed harsher, its form not so perfect, and its expression less characteristic; but the marble is in finer preservation.

THE SALOON.—Observe a bronze HERCULES, the only bronze statue yet found, on which the ancient gilding is so perfect. He holds his club in one hand, and the apples from the garden of the Hesperides in the other. His position is that of the most graceful ease; the proportions are heroic, and display, in full perfection, manhood in all its athletic vigour.

Two statues of CENTAURS, in *nero antico*. Both are extremely fine, and being of coloured marble, the eyes are of black and white, to impart the requisite animation: indeed,

when they are so managed, they are more expressive even than statues of common marble. In one of them an eye is wanting, which accident gives additional character to the figure.

AN INFANT HERCULES in bronze, of colossal proportions. This is a remarkably fine statue, and shews the admirable skill of the artist, in preserving perfect the proportions of childhood on a scale so exceedingly difficult and unfavourable.

A VENUS. She stands in the same modest attitude as the Tuscan Venus; but, though fine, this statue has nothing of the inconceivable delicacy of proportion and finish of that of Florence.

HARPOCRATES, the God of Silence. The most remarkable thing about this statue is the ear-trumpet which he holds in his hand, as it shews that this aid to hearing was used by the ancients.

Here, also, I could not help regarding the statue of CAIUS MARIUS as an old acquaintance; and another to which, I am afraid, I have been somewhat longer a stranger—that of INNOCENCE, who, personated by a little girl, presses a dove to her breast. Traveller! are you a little girl? If not, I apprehend you likewise will not see here the exact portraiture of your most intimate acquaintance.

The collection of busts in this Museum is invaluable. Note a HOMER, represented blind; likewise CÆTO the censor: stern inflexibility of resolve and purpose is in his features, depicting the very beau-idéal of stoicism in its utmost rigidity; also PLATO, in whose countenance a species of divinity shines; and DIOGENES—but such a savage deserves to dwell only in a tub.

In the LONG GALLERY, observe an INFANT HERCULES strangling two serpents, a portrait evidently of some child. A GLADIATOR fighting, like Withrington in Chevy Chase, on his stumps; and a fine statue of a FEMALE, numbered 24, but very badly restored. Hence you enter

The APARTMENT OF THE VASE.—The elegant vessel, which

gives name to its habitat, was found near the tomb of Cecilia Metella. Here you also see the BRONZE VASE, which formerly belonged to Mithridates, king of Pontus; and the well-known mosaic, in *pietra dura*, which is mentioned in Pliny, of four pigeons drinking out of a bowl. It was found in Hadrian's villa, at Tivoli.

The stranger naturally asks, as he stands on the Capitol, Where are all those noble edifices—those temples of the Capitoline Jupiter? where the Flaminian Circus, the finest that ever existed, which once adorned this place, not even a ruin of which remains?

On the spot where formerly the Temple of Jupiter Fere-trius stood, you now find the church called Ara Cœli. This church is held in great veneration, from the circumstance of an angel appearing to Gregory the Great when he founded it; and they still shew, as a proof of the fact, the impression of two small feet on a stone, like those of an infant.

From the Capitol you descend by two ways to THE CAMPO VACCINO, the ancient FORUM ROMANUM; and he that treads it for the first time without feeling a desire to take off his shoes, has no reverence for the memory of the mighty and immortal great who figured on this eventful stage.

At the bottom of the hill you find the chapel of SAN PIETRO IN CARCERE, so named from St. Peter having been imprisoned here. There is a spring of water at the bottom of it, which, they tell you, St. Peter caused to rise out of the ground; and by this miracle he contrived to convert the jailor and all his fellow-prisoners. It was anciently a prison, built by Ancus Martius: the underground story was afterwards added by Servius Tullius Hostilius. From the upper part, which was called Robur, criminals were thrown; and hence this punishment was designated *Præcipitatio de robore*.

Enter now the FORUM, and view the vestiges of miracles of less pretending performance: those of the Temple of Concord, of Jupiter Tonans and Jupiter Stator; the Basilica of Sempronius, now the church of St. Gregory in Velabro; the Triumphal Arch of Septimus Severus; the Temple of

Festina and Augustus; the Church of Sts. Cosmo and Damian, the bronze door of which was brought from Perugia by Pope Adrian the First; the magnificent ruins of the Temple of Peace, built by Vespasian, after the taking and destruction of Jerusalem; the Temples of the Sun and Moon; the Triumphant Arch of Titus, with the admirable bas-reliefs under the arcades, some of which represent the spoils brought from Jerusalem, as the chandelier with seven branches, the two tables of the law, vases, and other utensils, taken from Solomon's Temple, brought by Vespasian to Rome, and deposited by him in the Temple of Peace, as we learn from St. Jerome. Next view the ruins on the Mons Palatinus; and, finally, THE COLOSSEUM. Thirty thousand workmen were employed during eleven years in its construction; first under Vespasian, and afterwards under his son Titus. It is one hundred and thirty paces long and eighty wide; and when entire, it was capable of containing 190,000 spectators commodiously to see the games and spectacles. Dilapidated as it is, it still is a noble ruin, surpassing in grandeur any that exists. Among the foliage which adorns its ruined arcades, feathered songsters, in choirs, chant their little sonnets, making those vaults and arches that formerly echoed back only the roarings of wild beasts and the groans of the dying gladiator, resound with notes of softest, sweetest cadence. Visit it at all hours, by noontide or moonlight, its fascinating effect is the same; and the oftener you go, the more charmed you become, by the crowd of recollections and reflections it excites. Behind the Colosseum are the ruins of the Baths of Titus.

Retrace now your steps by the Campo, and getting to the Corso, there are some objects in this quarter that claim the stranger's notice; and first of the PALAZZO DORIA.

The following are some, among a multitude of other, fine paintings contained in this palace, which admit of a succinct description:—

THE DEATH OF ABEL, by Salvator Rosa. Abel is down; Cain stands over his brother, and holding him by the hair of the head, he kills him with the jaw-bone of a horse. The

scene is laid in a landscape, canopied by a dark and angry sky, as if the sun had veiled his face in clouds, not to view the murderous deed ; whilst the light which illuminates the picture proceeds from the fire of the altar to the left.

HAGAR IN THE DESERT, by Spagnoletto. Nothing could be more finely conceived than the accompaniments of this affecting subject : the scene is bleak and dreary ; the colouring dun and cold : a broken pitcher lies on the ground, to typify the well of the living God ; the child Ishmael is seen by its side, pallid, ghastly, and expiring, as if from thirst and exhaustion ; while the angel of the Lord leads Hagar away from a scene so horrid and appalling, to humble herself before her mistress.

TIME PLUCKING CUPID'S WINGS, by Albani. This gadster, more fluttering and variable in his tastes than a butterfly, well deserves to be punished ; but, good father Time, when I shall give you the job, it must be only to clip, not pluck, his pinions—pluck them entirely, so that he cannot flirt about at all, and he will sometimes be in the way when he is not desired. Cupid himself seems to think so ; for the little urchin looks pitiful and sad, as if afraid he was going to be treated like a chicken—singd and roasted.

THE REPOSE IN EGYPT, by Caravaggio. The subject is singularly treated. Seated on the ground, the Virgin and Child have fallen asleep to the music of an angel, who plays on a violin : Joseph holds up the book, as if the seraphim could not play but by note. You have a back view of the angel, who, with expanded wings, appears more like a Cupid ; only this little wretch's music are sobs and tears, which do any thing but lull.

THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM, by Titian. This painting exhibits more expression than is usual with Titian. Isaac lies on his back : you believe that you hear his cries, for, stretching out his hands towards the angel, he calls aloud for help, with the lusty sincerity of a boy, and the clamorous fright of a female.

BELISARIUS, by Salvator Rosa. The aged and unfortunate hero leans on a staff which he holds in his right hand,

and his left is somewhat extended—*date obolum*: he walks down to the spectator, and with upcast eyes he appears to lament aloud his wretched condition. The scenery around is rocky and uncouth: the landscape develops no sunshine; rocks and the splintered trunks of trees are the accompaniments and emblems of his hard and broken fortunes.

In this select and invaluable collection you find many other examples of the first artists. Sassoferrati's well-known MADONNA, so full of sweetness and beauty; Claude's MOLINA, so called from a mill being introduced—a waterfall occupies the centre: figures dance in the foreground, and mountains, receding from the eye in measured perspective, lose themselves in the mist of distance. Here, also, are two superior Guercinos: the MARTYRDOM OF ST. AGNES, and ST. JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS getting water at a spring.

On the opposite side of the Corso, and not far from the Doria, the SCIARRA PALACE is situated. This also is remarkable for its fine collection of paintings. Among many others, observe a splendid copy of Raphael's TRANSFIGURATION, by Giulio Romano.

ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE, by Della Notte. This is a frightful representation of the patriarch's obedience. Abraham's hand presses the throat of his devoted son, whose countenance depicts the struggling, choking gasp of strangulation.

GAMBLERS CHEATING A JOHNNY, by Caravaggio. Two youths are seated at play: one evinces in his countenance all the rawness of unsuspecting simplicity; the other, though equally young, the keenness of thoroughly initiated knavery. A third, the finished adept, and the confederate of the young aspirant for the gallows, is looking over the hand of the novice, and telegraphs to his apprentice what he is to do. Villany is legibly engraved on the features of both; and the painter has ably exemplified the traits which characterise the progressive grades of depravity.

TWO MAGDALENS, by Guido. The finer of the two is a copy of the other, distinguished by a dress of a purplish hue, with some radishes by her side: hence its designation "*alle radice*." As a painting it is deservedly esteemed a *chef-*

d'œuvre, possessing all the soft pencilling of the artist, and penitence of the sweetest, most contrite cast.

There are many others in this collection of no less merit. A portrait of RAPHAEL, by himself; his mistress FARNARINA, by Giulio Romano; TITIAN'S MISTRESS, by himself, which well may vie with the Farnarina in loveliness and beauty; MOSES, by Guido, in his first manner; MODESTY and VANITY, by Da Vinci, represented by two females of fascinating grace; but there is magic in the eye and smile of all Leonardo's females.

Behind this palace you find the CHURCH OF THE SANTISSIMI APOSTOLI, in the piazza of the same name. Under the vestibule to the left of the porch, observe, before entering the church, a monument erected and executed by Canova to his friend Valpato. But what makes this church chiefly an object of the stranger's regard are the FRESCOS by Odazzi, which adorn the ceiling of the tribune. The subject represents the rebel angels driven from heaven. Remark the foreshortenings of the figures, which are so extraordinarily fine: the very prominent relief given to them is so real, indeed, that while you regard them, a sense of dread creeps over you lest they should fall upon you. Here also is the tomb of Pope Clement XIV., ornamented with statues of Meekness and Temperance, by Canova. The painting over the grand altar is by Muratori, and exhibits skilful composition. .

Hence let the stranger visit TRAJAN'S COLUMN, erected in honour of his victories over the Parthians. It is 140 feet in height, and 192 steps lead to the top of it, where formerly stood the urn placed here by the senate of Rome, and which contained the ashes of the emperor. Getting to the *Fountain of the Trevi*, one of the most ancient in Rome, originally constructed by Agrippa, as we learn from Suetonius, let the stranger descend the Via de' Crociferi to view the COLUMN OF MARCUS ANTONINUS in the Piazza Colonna, facing the post-office. It stands 161 feet in height: on it the military exploits of this emperor against the Armenians, Parthians, and Germans, are engraved. You ascend by 207 steps, which

coil round its interior, to the top, on which a bronze-gilt statue of St. Paul stands. A short distance from this you come to the PANTHEON.

This famous temple was built by Agrippa, who dedicated it in particular (as Pliny tells us) to Jupiter the Avenger. Statues of the other deities encompassed their chief. The height of this noble edifice is one hundred and forty-four feet, its width the same, and the thickness of its walls is eighteen feet. Its dome is justly esteemed a prodigy of art. In front there is a magnificent vestibule, supported by thirteen columns of granite of prodigious height and size, being six feet in diameter, and fifty-three high. But the nobleness of the effect must, in the present day, be considerably diminished from the elevation of the surrounding ground. Formerly a flight of steps led up to the vestibule; now you must descend in order to enter it. The Pantheon of the ancient pagans has been consecrated to the Virgin by modern polytheism; perhaps it would have been more in keeping with its original appropriation to have dedicated it to "Ognisanti." This temple is the most perfect of all the antique remains in Rome, and derives additional attraction from the ashes of the celebrated men it enshrines—the urn, as it were, of the dead more immortal than itself. Raphael, the modern Apelles, lies here; his pupil, Pierino del Vaga, and Hannibal Caracci: here also you find the remains of Zuccheri, Vacca, and others. Over Vacca's tomb you read:

D. O. M.
CLAMINIO . VACCA.
SCULPTORI . ROMAN.
QUI . IN . OPERIBUS . QUAE . FECIT .
NUSQUAM . SIBI . SATISFECIT .

Over Zuccheri's:

MAGNA . QUOD . IN . MAGNO . TIMUIT . RAPHAEL . PERAQUE .
TADATO . IN . MAGNO . PERTIMUIT . GENITRIX .

Raphael's is on one side of the altar of the Virgin:

ILLE . HIC . EST . RAPHAEL . TIMUIT . QUO . SOSPITE . VINCI .
ERUM . MAGNA . PARENS . ET . MORIENTE . MORI .

On the other side you read :

D. O. M.
 HANNIBAL . CARACCIUS . BONONIENSIS .
 HIC . EST .
 RAPHAELE . SANCTIO . URBINATI .
 UT . ARTE . INGENIO . FAMA . SIC . TUMULO . PROXIMUS .
 PAR . UTRIQUE . FUNUS . ET . GLORIA .
 DISPAR . FORTUNA .
 ECQUAM . VIRTUTI . RAPHAEL . TULIT .
 HANNIBAL . INIQUAM .
 DECESSIT . DIE . XV . JULII . AN . 1619 . AET . XXXIX .
 CAROLUS . MARATTUS . SUMMI . PICTORIS .
 NOMEN . ET . STUDIA . COLENS . P . AN . 1674 .

Below :

ARTE . MEA . VIVIT . NATURA . ET . VIVIT . IN . ARTE .
 MEUS . DECUS . ET . CAETERA . MORTIS . ERANT .


In one of the niches you see a fine antique statue of a Vestal Virgin, which has been baptised afresh, under the name of St. Ann. She holds up her drapery with one hand, and rests the other on the shoulder of a young girl with a scroll in her hand. The drapery of the principal statue is cast in a bold and graceful style, and the general idea of this picture seems to have been adopted and copied by painters as the model and pattern for Madonnas and Matri Doloris to crucifixions, and for St. Anns in compositions where it was necessary for both the Virgin and her mother to be introduced.

Whatever delight the visitor may take in *viewing* the various objects I have attempted to describe, I yet feel conscious that their bare recital must have been as tedious for the reader to peruse as it has been tiresome to the writer to enumerate. Let us, then, quit the mouldy atmosphere and mouldering ruins of former ages, and breathe a newer, if not a more refreshing, air.

Walking on the Monte Pincio one day, I perceived thin and variously composed strata of volcanic dust, developed by

the partial cutting away of the hill for the path which ranges on its height: and on examining it in different places, I found it to be entirely formed of a mound of the same volcanic material. It is of a bluish colour, speckled with white spots perfectly calcined, and possesses a strong attraction for humidity. Some that I got several months ago is even now more damp than when taken from the hill, though repeatedly dried by the sun as carried about in my knapsack. This property of the soil of Rome is, in my opinion, the chief source of the malaria, so fatal in its effects here at certain seasons of the year. Its line of distribution marks the limit of its operation, and this circumstance will explain how one side of a street should be notoriously unhealthy, and the other free of any noxious influence. The most heedless observer must frequently have witnessed how speedily the roads in the neighbourhood of Rome dry after even great torrents of rain. He mistakes much if he thinks this proceeds from evaporation: for the heat of the sun, even in the hottest summer months, could dissipate but little in so short a space of time: it is absorbed by the thirsty nature of the soil; and he may convince himself of the fact, by remarking how permanently moist this is all the year round a few inches under the surface. Heat and moisture, we all know, vivify and disengage the fomes of disease: no wonder, then, that these, acting on the debris of animal and vegetable matter in a state of decomposition, buried for ages, and daily gaining fresh accumulations, should generate pestilential effluvia, and by contaminating the atmosphere of Rome during summer, produce fevers of so fatal a type.

This pernicious condition of the soil is not confined to Rome (six out of seven of the hills on which it stands I ascertained to be volcanic), but extends as far as the deliquescent earth (its peculiar matrix) itself does; and hence the unhealthiness of the whole of the Campagna. Circumstances certainly modify its degree of intensity; but I think facts will bear me out in circumscribing the sphere of the operation of malaria to the demarcation made by the line of its extent.



The Pontine Marshes, again, owe any peculiar unhealthiness they possess to another kind of formation, of which I shall speak hereafter.

The Tarpeian Rock is composed of volcanic dust consolidated, forming a variegated lithoidal tufa, enclosing mealy leucites, scales of black and green augite, and, in some parts, small portions of felspar; and although abundantly absorbent of moisture, it is less deliquescent and friable than that of the Monte Pincio. The peculiar character of this volcanic formation, it may be remarked, affords an infallible index of the original depth of the foundations of ancient Rome, and therefore presents an exact guide to the antiquary in pursuing excavations in search of antique remains.


Facing the northern extremity of the Pincian Hill, on the left of the new road near the Porta del Popolo, I was struck accidentally one day with the singular appearance of the ground; and on approaching it, I was surprised to find it formed of a pile of petrified matter, eighteen or twenty feet in height by about forty in length, entirely composed, at the lower part, of the petrified trunks of very large trees, lying obliquely forward or outward; above which the whole rock consists of petrified branches and tyolithic leaves, intermixed in various places with volcanic sand and gravel. I made a selection of specimens from each, several of which are very beautiful.*

Some of the branches that were in contact with the volcanic matter have a torrefied appearance—the ligneous fibre is entirely consumed, but its texture is perfectly preserved. My surprise and joy at such a discovery, to which, I believe, I may justly lay claim, was not lessened by finding this petrified

* A notice of this discovery, which has escaped observation for so many ages (for the catastrophe that caused it must have happened prior to the foundation of Rome itself), appeared in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* for Jan. 1832, conducted by my respected and distinguished tutor, Professor Jameson. In making the ancient Via Flaminia level, they had cut away the flank of the hill; and it is this section of it that forms great part of the exposition now to be seen. Previous to this, the road had in all probability led over its shoulder, as the high ground in some places must have approached close to the banks of the Tiber.

forest to extend up the Via Flaminia towards the Ponte Mollo—forming, in fact, the entire escarpment to the right of the road, now full forty feet in thickness. Before getting to the bridge it branches off still more to the right; and about a mile above it there is an interruption of this subterranean forest, where you perceive, under the petrifications, the original aqueous formation of the country, consisting of cemented gravel, sand, and clay, before it was covered over by the volcanic dust and the forest we have been describing. A quarter of a mile higher up the Tiber, you come to a mineral spring, having a subacid taste. It seems once to have been frequented for its medicinal qualities. The petrified forest now crosses the Tiber, and you perceive detached parts of it ascending in the direction of the stream. The question naturally arises in the mind, what could have occasioned so singular a catastrophe? Is this the work of an earthquake, when this part of the country was the scene of the volcanic convulsions which so many contiguous appearances confirm? The gigantic nature and extent of the phenomenon admit the probability of the conjecture: the admixture of volcanic dust among the trunks and branches of the forest, strengthens the supposition: the overthrown position of the whole mass shews that the event was simultaneous; and the scorched impressions on the petrifications point out the agency of fire. The petrific matter is calcareous, but of a peculiar appearance, different from any I ever saw: it is of a light brown colour, and very pulverulent. The upper parts of the petrifications partake of the friable nature of the petrificient; but as it gets deeper, it becomes more and more indurated by the increase of the superincumbent pressure. The abrupt manner in which this extensive bed of petrified wood terminates, is not one of its least singularities; and altogether it is, perhaps, one of the most anomalous circumstances of the kind yet discovered.

The volcanic soil seems to be bounded in the immediate vicinity of Rome by the Tiber. Some of it may be seen under the foundations of the bastion on which the Villa Cavallieri stands, near the church of Saint Onofrio; but the whole of Monte Gianicolo, and the hills behind it, are of



aqueous formation. This consists, first, of loose, small, pebbly gravel mixed with sand; under this lies the same materials cemented together, forming conglomerate; thirdly, pure sand, abounding in mica* of a silvery whiteness and splendour; and lastly, lias, enclosing marine organic remains. This last is used in making a coarse sort of pottery, tiles, &c., and, when mixed with pounded volcanic tufa and sand, in making bricks.

In my excursions round the suburbs, chance led me to the Monte Mareo. Here it was that the French took up their position when they summoned Rome to surrender. The upper part of this hill is wholly composed of a congeries of marine organic remains; of large ostracites firmly cemented together, on forcibly separating which, you sometimes expose delicate dendritic impressions—they are of the *ostrea hippopus* species. Here, also, you find aggregations of *dentalia*, *mactræ*, and *pectines*. Similar marine remains are found in the lias before mentioned, together with *tellinæ lepanthes*, and remains of plants of the *fuci* species, as observed by M. Von Buch. I may here take occasion to remark, that this geologist has mistaken the nature of the stone to be seen along the wall between the Porta Santo Spirito and that of Santo Pancrazio: he describes it as a peculiar sandstone; whereas more careful observation would have shewn it to be a matter compounded of greenish gray volcanic dust indurated. I confess that I also mistook it for a sandstone the first time I saw it, which was on the rise about half a mile before arriving at the Ponte Molle.

The CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, outside the walls, before it was burned down, was an object of the stranger's curiosity. A silly belief is prevalent among the lower class of the Romans, that it was set on fire by the English, in envy of its emulating our own church of the same name.

* It was from the sparkling sand on it, that this part of the Janiculum obtained its name of Mons Aureus; of which Montorio, its modern appellation, is a corruption.

In the church of VIA ALFIA there are some objects that are interesting. Going out by the Porta San Sebastiano, you "stumble" on the chapel called "DOMINE, QUO VADIS?" This chapel is named from the following circumstance: St. Peter, being obliged one time to flee from Rome for fear of his life, met our Saviour on his way to Calvary and inquired, "Domine, quo vadis?"—"To which place art thou going?" To which Jesus replied, "To Calvary, where thou shalt be crucified!" after which he disappeared, leaving the spot of his feet upon a stone which is still the object of devotion and veneration in the church of San Sebastiano.

When, therefore, you arrive at the church of the martyr Sebastian, where these subterraneous grottos exist, you are entering the CATACOMBS. It was in these that the Christians secretly assembled to perform exercises of devotion, and when discovered, and the soldiers massacred them, when tired of the slaughter, they rolled the bodies out of the mouth of the cavern, and shut the door of the cave, when they were too weary to slay. Some of the skeletons of the sepulchre of the living was discovered, and the skulls and feet and bones that were collected by the Christians as precious treasures. Under the altar of the church of St. Sebastiano and here, also, is a well of water, the waters of which have concealed for more than two thousand and fifty years the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul. It was on account of this circumstance that the Pope accorded to the church the same privileges as those of St. Peter's. There is an excellent statue of the MARTYRDOM OF St. SEBASTIAN in this church, and likewise some good paintings by Agostino Caracci.

Proceeding onward, you come to the CIRCUS OF CARACALLA, and the TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA, the daughter of Cassius. The latter is of a circular form, supported on a square basement, and the walls are twelve ordinary paces thick—these are constructed of lava and volcanic mortar, and it stands on a foundation of petrosilicious lava, containing crystallised leucites. Festoons of fruit and leaves, linked

together by ox-skulls, surround the cornice, under which you read :—

CAECILAE .

Q . CRETICI . F .

METELLAE . CRASSI .

Volcanic mortar was very commonly used by the ancient Romans in their buildings, and consists of pounded volcanic cinders mixed with lime. The former ingredient seems also to have been used in brickmaking : it is for the most part of a reddish colour ; and I suspect that in those bricks that are so particularly fine, the materials were first carefully sifted.

The stranger ought not to leave Rome before visiting the VILLA BORGHESE, which is outside of the walls beyond the Monte Pincio. Columns, pilasters, vases, and statues, in marble, bronze, and porphyry, enrich its splendid interior. This Villa formerly possessed the celebrated FIGHTING GLADIATOR, which is now in the Louvre in Paris. It was given as a present by the truly princely Borghese to Bonaparte. Two groups in statuary, still here, are particularly striking : CURTIUS LEAPING INTO THE GULF, in the Forum ; and APOLLO PURSUING DAPHNE. In the first, you perceive the fright of the horse, unwilling to leap, though urged on by his rider. Curtius, on the contrary, delivers himself up to certain death, with the unhesitating eagerness of a martyr. The contrast is admirable between the unwilling obedience of the horse, which reluctantly yields, and the exalted sentiment of the patriot, which triumphs in its devotedness.

In the other, Daphne's hair is being metamorphosed into leaves, her delicate feet into roots, her fair bosom seeks shelter under a covering of bark, and young branches shoot forth in the place of her arms. Apollo is close behind, with arms outstretched to seize her. You think you hear his prayer—"Daphne! fly not along that flinty path! Ah, fly slower, cruel that thou art, and I will pursue thee less quickly!"

Rome, in the time of Romulus, was confined, as all know, to the Palatine and Capitoline hills : it had three gates only, the Trigonia, Pandana, and Carmenta ; but as Rome ad-

vanced in power and greatness, it at last so increased in size, that its circuit became a space of fifty miles. Thirteen now form the extent of its circumference, which includes spacious gardens and vineyards: and there are other quarters entirely deserted, covered only with the ruins of its former grandeur. On viewing these, how forcibly the lines of the poet recur to memory:

————— “Colossal Rome!
How is thy helmet cleft, thy banner low—
Ashes and dust are all thy glory now!
Woe, woe thy wack, a host of monks and slaves
Tell of thy sack of honourable graves!”

Corinthian capitals, which formerly stood proud and high in air, you now tread under feet: and the sculptured acanthus leaf is now familiarly embraced by the meanest vegetable article.

The Pope, as unlimited head of both church and state, is the most despotic of all despots, since his will is sanctioned and obeyed through fear of both the devil and the hangman. Some of his edicts are perfectly astounding for their very severity's sake. I remember seeing one that was issued against the banditti of the mountains, in which punishment was denounced not merely against the principal, but it ramified into the third degree of his consanguinity—people who possibly, might be perfectly blameless and innocent. The mode of inflicting death is sometimes not less cruel and revolting. While I was in Rome, a man was executed by *supplicium* in the Piazza del Popolo, the mode of execution. The criminal had murdered a man by striking his head with a hammer, and he suffered the same manner—the executioner striking him on the head with a hammer. Bentham's proposal of the mode of execution, according to the nature of the crime, is here more than ever applicable—it is in actual operation.

The papal chair is vacant, and money coined by the Pope, so he is considered a sort of pasquinade. The Pope is then struck—they place a cap of sovereignty on St. Peter. To the existing state of

things, I have reason to believe, every sensible Roman feels any thing but attachment: the people openly regret the fate of Bonaparte, who, enemy as he was to every other country in Europe, must be allowed to have been Italy's very best friend; and a Roman was never more flattered than by telling him you thought *Il Picolo* (the name they gave the young Napoleon) would one day be again their king.

With regard to the private character of the Romans, I cannot, as far as my own experience and observation go, speak too highly. They are a polished and very friendly people, though seemingly somewhat reserved on first acquaintance, from being more grave and sedate than the French; sensible of their present degraded state, and secretly anxious for a change; above many of the contemptible practices which debase the character of some other nations that enjoy more liberal institutions; and if their virtues are of a less prominent and exalted cast, so also are their vices less mean and universal. The greater the restraints of despotism, the more it seems to diminish the general extent of crime, whilst it aggravates its degree of atrocity. Hence a Roman, when an abandoned character, stops short at the commission of no crime, how flagitious soever; and among the most prevalent, the disregard of human life is conspicuous. I was credibly informed by one of themselves, that, on an average, there are about five assassinations committed weekly in Rome; but as no public notice is given of the facts, a stranger may live long enough in this city without hearing of them, unless by accident. Jealousy is the most frequent cause for such sanguinary vengeance, and very often proceeding, I was informed, from illicit intrigues.

The air of Rome is heavy and unwholesome, especially for invalids requiring a strict regimen and great care; and perhaps it would be advisable, on more accounts than one, to have regard to the ordonnances which the stranger will read in the church of Minerva.

With regard to the fitness of the climate as a residence for the pulmonary invalid, I cannot agree in those unqua-

lified commendations which some have bestowed upon it. The air, as I have said, is heavy and moist, and certainly there are some whose lungs such a temperament of atmosphere may suit; but this I think is certain, that if it prove not beneficial, the trial cannot be made with impunity; and no physician, if honest in his opinion, can say, *à priori*, whether it will prove so or not. In spring, again, and even in summer, a cold wind blows at times from the Apennines, which suddenly chills the air. This is an observation of Pliny's. My conviction is, that many a consumptive patient, who might have leisurely walked to the grave elsewhere, gallops to his goal at Rome: his languor increases under the depressing influence of so moist and relaxing an atmosphere; his nocturnal perspirations become more profuse and colliquative, his expectoration more exhaustingly copious; a quickened circulation fans the inflammatory combustion, and a keener hectic feeds on the vital principle until it is consumed, when death, closing the scene, bears away the last sigh, fraught with regret for having ever left home.

Beginning to experience, in my own person, the influence of such an atmosphere, or thinking so at least, I felt, or thought I felt, a sense of languor stealing over my general feelings, with symptoms of a stagnant liver. To dissipate bile or ennui, I was now therefore anxious to leave Rome for Naples, deferring my visit to Tivoli until my return; so, on the third of April, I again threw my knapsack on my shoulders, and quitted Rome by the Porta San Giovanni. Once more I turned to contemplate Rome's ruined temples and fallen grandeur; and, as I marched onward, I felt the like reluctance in leaving "the city of the soul," as we may suppose an ancient *miles* to have done as he marched forth to join the camp of the legions on the frozen banks of the Upper Danube. How different, again, from this, must have been the emotion of the wearied, wayworn pilgrim, as he left behind him the shrines of the holy apostles, the saints, and martyrs of his faith, towards whose sacred tombs he had bent his way from the remote regions of the West! My own feelings, it is true, were of a different cast—less sanctified,

more heretically imbued—contemplative, and somewhat philosophically disposed, yet obtuse, dull, and heavy withal. The day was hot and sultry; and before I got to Castel-Gondolfo, I felt so irresistibly drowsy, that I was forced to turn a little aside from the road, and fell asleep on the grass. This sensation is said to be more particularly felt on crossing the Pontine Marshes; but as travellers usually post to Naples, I am inclined to think that this impression is made by passing through the heavy air of the volcanic country between Rome and Cisterna, which the uninteresting flatness of the Marshes that succeed tends only the more to encourage.

Before attaining the height on which Albano stands, I turned off to the left by Castel-Gondolfo, to visit the beautiful LAKE OF ALBANO, as it is called by English travellers, but more properly named by the people in its neighbourhood after the town situated on its borders. This lake fills the bottom of the crater of an extinct volcano, the brim of which rises between 300 and 400 feet above the level of the water. It forms a circular sheet, about half a mile in diameter, to which you descend by a winding path. In the descent I observed large masses of black mica embedded in volcanic clay; indeed, mica seems to characterise the erupted matter of this spot, for I found it forming the soil on beginning to ascend the high ground which leads to Albano. The margin of the lake is strewn with sand of a very peculiar character, formed of comminuted mica, whose black shining particles sparkle on the beach. Turning to the right, by the side of the lake, you pass the ruins of the BATHS OF DIANA, and a little farther on you come to the EMISSARIO. This last is thought to have been begun by Appius Claudius, to drain off the water; yet, as the authority for this conjecture is very uncertain, perhaps I may be permitted to suggest that it may have been undertaken to supply water to the aqueducts: but whatever may have been the end proposed, it seems never to have been completed. On viewing this peaceful lake, standing as you know you do, in the crater of what was once a volcano, strange feelings and reflections steal on the mind: to behold little punts plying on its tranquil bosom, or lying

idle on its shores ; to see gardens on its borders, and flowers in fragrant bloom ; fruitful vines growing on its banks, and birds carolling their softest notes—how strongly the contrast flashes on the mind between scenes so peaceful and sweet, and the clamorous convulsive throes of a living parturient volcano !

I now returned to the town ; but finding nothing in the church to detain my attention, and being hungry, I entered a wretched osteria near the Piazza. A bottle of wine and some hard-boiled eggs were all I could get. Chatting with the padrone, as I sat eating my eggs, of the lake and of the ruins by its side, he accidentally mentioned some that he had discovered in a vineyard of his which was situated on the inner edge of the crater. It was about half a mile from the town, to the left of the circular basin, and thither we went together. The ruins already excavated consist of the basements of several apartments, one of which is ornamented with the most beautiful mosaic pavement I had ever seen.* In another part of the vineyard I found the remains of a tomb, with three niches for sepulchral urns ; but could learn nothing of mine host of what had become of them. The richness of the pavement shews that this must have been the villa of some Roman of consequence : Pompey, we know, had a villa here ; can these be the ruins of it ? Is that the very vault which contained his ashes ! We know that the urn which held them was brought by his last wife, Cornelia, into Italy, and deposited in a tomb at his Alban villa. The mind, in the desire, is inclined, to believe it. Bidding addio to my friend Galli, the name of the padrone, I got to ALBANO by a delightful road which led through an avenue of ilexes. At each extremity of Albano there is a ruin : the one you see before entering the town is said to be the *TOMB OF ASCANIUS*, the other, that of the *HORATI* and *CURIATI*.

A short mile from Albano brings you to LARICIA. Columella calls this town “ the Mother of Onions.” In the church you see an altar-piece by Borgognone ; it is an *ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN*. From thence to GENSANO, though

* None I afterwards saw at Pompeii could compare with it.

only two miles, the road is hilly, and the soil entirely volcanic. The whole territory of this neighbourhood was dedicated to Diana; and hence the ancient name of Gensano was *Cinthis-anum*. From Gensano the eye commands a view of the scene of the last six books of the *Æneid*. Here I slept the night in a private house. Behind the town of Gensano lies the LAKE OF NEMI, so called from the ancient *nemus* or grove of the Tauric Diana, and which a village built on its opposite bank still retains. The lake of Nemi marks out the site of another extinct volcano, and is the ancient "*Speculum Dianæ*;" but is neither so large nor so beautiful as that of Castel-Gondolfo. In the time of the Emperor Claudius it was used as a *naumachia*, and its shelving banks furnished a seat for the assembled multitudes to view the exhibition of the naval fights.

This lake, like every other similarly situated, was formed at the extinction of the volcano, and long before the immediate neighbourhood could possibly be habitable: the tradition, therefore, that the ruins of ancient Alba Longa are still to be seen at its bottom when the water is calm and clear, must be regarded as a vulgar error.

On the thither edge of the crater, beyond Nemi, you see Monte Cavo, a mountain of a conical figure, evidently formed by showers of dust and ashes; and its height gives some criterion by which we can judge of that of the volcano from whence they were ejected before it became exhausted of its combustibles, and falling in on all sides, suffocated itself in its own ruins.

It is eight miles hence to Veletri, an ancient town of the Volci, and the birth-place of Augustus. You continue to descend for the greater part of the way, until you approach the town, and at different parts of the route you have occasional prospects of the sea, distant about fifteen miles.

VELETRI is usually described as standing on extinct volcanoes, but the high ground on which it is situated is, in fact, a mount formed by a shower of ashes thrown out from some of the volcanoes to the westward. The consolidated dust found in this neighbourhood is beautifully variegated in

colour, and has much less of mica mixed with it than that about Albano. Behind Veletri there is a lofty range of mountains, which I could not visit. Stopping to rest and refresh myself, I was again beset by insuperable drowsiness. The room of the inn at which I put up was plastered with a composition of lime and volcanic matter, too attractive of damp to be papered, and therefore painted in fresco. I could not resist falling asleep, and awoke quite chilled; so, rubbing off the somniferous malaria from my brow, I now descended into the plain, leaving the volcanic soil about a mile and a half before getting to CISTERNA. Half a mile on the hither side of TOR-TREPONTI the Pontine Marshes begin; and you have the circumstance announced by heralds in character, and music in keeping, with the nature of the scenery; for large ugly lizards crawl about in multitudes, and frogs croak around you on all sides. Here I slept, and had little reason to be satisfied with either my fare or the charge; the people seeming resolved to indemnify themselves for the sacrifice they make of their comforts for the accommodation of others. I had eels served up for supper—and I thought of their diet; for though my appetite *craved* for food, I had no notion of its *croaking* after it; a fowl so lean that it might have passed for a lizard metamorphosed; and water to drink that *smelt* of corruption; for the fact was, that I could *taste* of nothing they offered me, however obligatory it became to pay for it. The church stands close by the inn, on the front of which you still can read, “*Opt. Deo Max.*,” but it is now abandoned for sacred uses, and has literally become a den of thieves. A few antique remains, dug up on the Appian Way when lately repaired, lay strewed in front of the porch, on which there are inscriptions: on one:

IMP. NERVA. CAESAR. AVG.
PONTIFEX. MAXIMUS. TRIBUNITIAE.
POIESTATIS. COS. TII. PATER.
PATRIAE. FACIENDAM. CURAVIT. XIV.

Another:

N. FLAVIO. VALLERIO. CONS. ANTO-
NINO. PIO. FELICI. INVICTO. AVG.
DIVI. CONS. FI. PH. FILIO.

Next morning I started by daylight, knowing that I had a long day's march to perform ere I could get to Terracina. I saw nothing at FOR-APPIA to establish its former "local habitation," save its present name and a solitary mile-stone, on which, if I forget not, I read the name of the Emperor Nerva.

The volume of water which escapes from under the limestone mountains of the Apennines is truly astonishing. The principal drains run on each side of the road, and more resemble wide canals than drains in the ordinary acceptation of the word. They are so well levelled that the stream of water cannot stagnate, but runs freely away. With the object of ascertaining the nature of the soil of these celebrated marshes, I made excursions to the right and left of the road, where the water allowed me; and the result of my observations surprised me a good deal. The soil in most places is exceedingly superficial, often not deeper than two or three inches; and below this there is a foundation of solid stone. This last is a calcareous deposition from the waters flowing from under the mountains, and is precisely similar to the travertine found and formed in the neighbourhood of Tivoli. This sediment encases, and, in time, petrifies, the reeds and other tubular vegetables that grow in the soil, thus forming congeries of interrupted conduits for the lodgement of water. It is to this peculiarity of formation that the miasmata of the Pontine Marshes, in great part, owe their origin; but while there is no denying its pernicious influence to a certain extent, the degree of alarm this excites appears to me one of those common errors perpetuated by idle repetition, unconfirmed by personal investigation, and unreasonably exaggerated by the fears of the pusillanimous. In my way I passed above forty labourers at work, widening one of the drains; and, as far as I could judge by appearances, they all seemed robust and healthy, working with vigour under a scorching sun, and half up to their knees in water. Habit, it is true, is Nature's lieutenant, and we see elsewhere indigenæ thrive in a climate which is almost certainly fatal to a stranger not inured to it. Late in the evening I arrived at Terracina, where a com-

fortable bed and supper wore off the fatigue of the preceding day's march.

TERRACINA.

Terracina is situated, as the reader, I dare-say, already knows, at the extremity of the Pontine Marshes, and above the road, the principal inn being in the suburbs. It is a miserable town enough, and remarkable only for its **CATHEDRAL**. Under the vestibule you see an antique font—for so I take it to be; from the lion's head there is upon it—through the mouth of which water evidently had spouted; though it is commonly described in guide-books as a sarcophagus: it is of red granite, and on the pedestal you read:—

VASO . IN . CUI . DA . GENTILI .
 FURONO . TORMENTATI . E . SCANNATI .
 MOLTI . CRISTIANI .
 INNANZI . L' IDOLO . DI . APOLLO .
 CONSTAT . ISTOR . DI . TERRAC .
 POI . COLLOCATI . DA . FIDELI .
 IN . QUEST' . ATRIO .
 AD . USO . DI . FONTE . PAR . LAVARSI .
 E . MANI . E . VOLTO . PRIMO . D'ENTRARE . IN . CHIESA .
 S . PAOLIN . . EPIST . XII . . A . SEVERO .

The pavement of the interior is of beautiful mosaic, composed of verd antique and porphyry. The pulpit is curiously inlaid, as well as a spiral column by its side, serving as a candelabrum. The baldacchino is supported by four handsome fluted pillars of the composite order; and there is an antique pontifical chair in the tribune. The ancient town—*scopulosi verticis Anxur*—stood more on the height above, but had taken the name of Terracina even in Theodoric's time, as appears from a slab with an inscription upon it, too long to copy, to be seen near the Duomo. On the very summit stand the ruins of THEODORIC'S PALACE, as it is thought; but the style of architecture appears to me to be too good for those early Gothic days. The stranger is amply repaid for the little toil he undergoes in getting to the top, by the mag-

nificent view which it commands. At your feet you see the outline of the ancient port of Antium, repaired by Antoninus Pius; it is now occupied by gardens, but its original form and entrance are distinctly perceptible. To the right lies Monte Circello, famous in song as the spot where the mermaid Circe decoyed the companions of Ulysses, and turned them into swine; and nearer still, Capo d'Antium: in front, the volcanic isle of Ponza, anciently Pontia, little noticed under the republic, but ennobled under the Cæsars, by the exile and death of several illustrious victims of imperial tyranny; and to the south-east, the splendid bay of Naples, partly concealing its bosom from the outstretched gaze of curiosity by the veil of the Volcan mountains that intervene in the distance.

As you leave Terracina you pass a singular projection of rock, called *Pisca Marina*, a hundred and twenty feet high, with a house clinging to its side about one-third of the way up, and from its situation more like a swallow's nest than a human habitation. The road now winds at the foot of the mountains, and about three miles from Terracina you come to the *Lake of Fondi*, noted for the largeness of the eels it contains. Here the limestone rock becomes so regularly stratified, and so disposed, as to appear like the seats of an ancient theatre. At TORRE DE' CONFINI the passports and baggage are examined. A square building marks the limits of the ecclesiastical and Neapolitan states, on which you read:—

HOSPES . HIC . SUNT . FINES . REGNI . NEAP .
 SI . AMICUS . ADVENIS .
 PACCATA . OMNIA . ADVENIES .
 ET . MALIS . MORIBUS . PULSIS . BONAS . LEGES .

FONDI.

The miles now lengthen considerably; yet I got to Fondi sufficiently early, where I halted for the night. This town is little known to travellers in general; for, being notorious as the abode of desperate characters, on account of its con-

venient proximity to the confines of two states—thereby affording facilities of escape—people are glad to pass it and Itri (the next town) as fast as post-horses can carry them. However this may be, I, for my part, met with nothing but extraordinary civility. Fondi is a small, dirty, and wretched town, but situated in a plain exceedingly rich and fertile, though obnoxious to malignant fevers of a remittent type during the warm months, from its vicinity to the lake and the marshy ground between it and the sea. It is an enclosed town, and you see part of the ancient CYCLOPIAN WALLS to the right as you enter it. Passing the gate, observe a stone to the left, on which you see engraved :—

IO . EJUS . ARBITER .
ANTI PATRI .

Fondi prides itself as having been the favourite residence of Thomas Aquinas; but the CONVENT in which he lived is in a very dilapidated state, since its occupation by the French soldiers. The school in which St. Thomas taught is now a stable: next to this is the saint's chapel, which formerly contained his body. They likewise shew St. Thomas's bed-chamber, and the orange-tree he planted: the tree is apparently very old, and so it ought to be, if it can say, like the black bear in Piccadilly, "*I am the original*"—for St. Thomas died in the year 1274. I ate of its fruit, through the kind politeness of my host, who had accompanied me. Near the orange-tree is the well of which he drank, which is held in such high veneration and estimation, that its waters are only given to the sick *in extremis* as a specific.

The body of St. Thomas was sold by one Count Gaetano to the cathedral of Toulouse, in France, where it is still preserved. Struck with remorse at the sacrilegious deed, and anxious to atone for his conduct, the Count, after the manner of Judas and the potter's field, built the four churches which are in Fondi with the price of his profanation. In the CHURCH OF THE ANNUNZIATA, now shut up, there is a rude and ancient fresco, painted to commemorate the sacking of the town by Barbarossa, the pirate. The DUOMO contains a painting of

the ANNUNCIATION, by Christoforo Saccho, and the TOMB of Count Gaetano. Over the porch of the church of Santa Maria, the same count is represented, in rude sculpture, kneeling before the blessed Virgin, praying for mediation and forgiveness. Within, are two paintings on panel of considerable merit, representing her DEATH and ASSUMPTION.

A short mile out of Fondi, there is a singular SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE, which begins at a platform occupying the flank of the high ground, where the ruins of a monastery stand. The foundations of the platform are built in *pietra secca*, of very large stones, and evidently contemporaneous with the vaulted passage. This singular *grotto*, as it is called, extends, they say, for three miles under ground, having spiraculi, or openings, at certain distances to admit fresh air. Immediately below the platform, and close to the road, you see a considerable part of a wall which enclosed the VILLA of Cicero's friend, Varro. The wall is built of small diamond-shaped stones, which had bronze letters let and fixed into it, that were, not long since, melted down for the sake of the metal; but the places they occupied are still conspicuous, and being repaired with a material different from the wall itself, you can readily make out

V. VARRONIANA.

The spring which had supplied the villa with water still runs, and waters the garden into which the grounds are now converted.

My host, who had obligingly accompanied me throughout, now took me to a garden that belonged to his wife's brother, also bearing indications of its having been the site of a Roman villa: he gave the appropriation to Vitruvius Vacco,—why, I now forget. It is delightfully situated under the neighbouring hills, and also supplied with a spring of limpid water. A curious circumstance attached to this place is, that the proprietor dug up a statue, and has re-interred it,—apprehensive, perhaps, lest it should be taken from him. I saw a portion of it, which he uncovered, but too small to allow me to judge of its worth or merit. I believe the man would have parted

with it; but a full-size statue was somewhat too large a mineralogical specimen to pack conveniently in my knapsack.

When Barbarossa surprised the town, he attempted to seize and run off with a princess of the house of Gonzaga, then at Fondi. She, being advised of his intentions, escaped in her chemise, aided by a gentleman; when, ashamed afterwards of having been seen in such a state, the ungrateful fair had her liberator poniarded. The palace where this event took place stands close to the gate nearest to Naples; and they still shew the window by which the lady effected her escape. In addition to the other gratifications afforded me by my obliging host, I ought to mention that he spoke very pure Italian, and furnished me with excellent wine: of the edibles, the less, perhaps, said the better.

Three miles from Fondi, you come to a small fort erected on the ruins of some ancient edifice, shewn by walls of diamond-shaped stones: they are of limestone cut in this fashion. It is here that the subterraneous passage is said to terminate. I again came in contact with it on the left of the road, at some distance from Fondi, exposed in its track by a part of the vault having fallen in. Although it is impossible to conjecture, from the few co-existing circumstances that remain, for what object this passage had been constructed, communication between the two extremities must have been one of the purposes. The road now begins to ascend the hills—the *Formicini Colles*, ramifications of Mount Cæcubus—and continues to do so until within a mile of ITRI. Here I merely waited to breakfast, and observed the carobba-tree growing in the neighbourhood. Pursuing my way, I turned off the main route to visit Gaieta, by a road leading to the right, close to CICERO'S CENOTAPH, and within a mile of Mola.

The shores of ancient Formiæ have long been celebrated for their delightful situation and cooling breezes; and a line of Martial's

(O temperatæ dulce Formiæ littus)

is instinctively suggested by the refreshed senses. The road winds round a segment of the bay, ending at Gaieta, where I was little aware of the ludicrous incidents that awaited me.

On arriving at the gate, I was much disappointed at hearing from the sentry that I could not enter the town without a special permission. The sergeant of the guard was called, who examined my passport, and could not decide: the officer on duty was next sent for, who seemed no less at a nonplus. I mentioned who and what I was, and my object—an Englishman—a traveller, who was desirous of seeing the town; still it would not do. At last a soldier was called to escort me to the governor's—I with my knapsack on my back, he with his musket on his shoulder—we marched along as if I were a deserter; and with the gloss long since worn off both my shoes and blouse, I could not help thinking what a very indifferent figure I should cut in the eyes of a gentleman. However, I was mistaken; no one could have behaved more politely: I had instant permission to take up my quarters where I liked, and leave given me to visit even the fortifications. GAIETA is a strongly fortified garrison-town, and is considered the key to the kingdom—the circumstance which will explain the little obstacles I had to encounter before I was allowed to pitch my tent for the night. The harbour is well described by Homer; and whoever ranges over it will find all the features painted by the poet—the towering rocks, the prominent shores, the narrow entrance, and the hollow port.

A conspicuous object, close to Gaieta, is the MAUSOLEUM of Munatius Plancus (Horace's friend, and the founder of Lyons), now turned into a battlemented tower, and called ROLANDO'S TOWER, after Rolando Furioso. It is a large circular building, like that of Hadrian's—like it, stripped of its marble casing, situated on a bold eminence on the narrow neck that unites it to the main-land. Below this there is a smaller eminence, called MONTH DELL' ETERNITA, under which the sea flows through an excavation. An impious fable prevails here, of this aperture having been formed by one of the sighs of the expiring Redeemer, which, passing through the hill, left the perforation.

The DUOMO of Gaieta contains a handsome ANTIQUE VASE, now used as a baptismal font: formerly it was orna-

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about, long enough :

the bas-reliefs of JONAS

seen in descending the steps

south on the spot where

as, when they raised their heads

in a noble commemorative

in Rome, by the pencil of

of a variety. St. Anthony

“Beloved fishes,” and

and blessings his auditory

“Beloved fishes,” and

—he congratulates them.

happened, they were no-

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their gratitude in words.

some sign of thankfulness.

raised their heads out of the

ly: when, as usual, many

are good, and the sea

nature seems to pro-

climate is so kindly

here.

Having visited all that was worth seeing in the town, which Æneas is said to have called after his nurse, I was desirous of crossing the bay in a boat to Mola, but was disappointed, and so I walked round by the sea-shore.

Cicero's villa is placed by antiquaries in MOLA, at a few paces beyond the principal inn; but were its site a more disputed point than it is, I should be inclined to fix it about a mile on the Gaieta side of Mola, and close to the beach where the remains of an ancient wall, nearly 200 feet in length, hem in an orchard from the sea. This spot would better accord with what we learn from history concerning Cicero's death, and with the situation of the cenotaph erected, as it is thought, near to the spot where he was murdered. This supposition also, if it could be established, would better identify the cenotaph as that of Cicero, of which several learned antiquaries have entertained doubts: indeed, its distance from Cicero's supposed residence at Mola does not conform well with the circumstances attendant on his death, as related by different historians. Cicero, we are told, flying from the vengeance of Pompey, was overtaken by the assassins sent to murder him, just as he had got to his country-house by Gaieta; and when apprised of their arrival, he had time to escape to the sea-shore, carried in a litter, before Herennius came up and accomplished his bloody mission, by cutting off his head. Now, Cicero's supposed residence at Mola is situated close by the sea, and, had the event happened here, there was no need of the lapse of time conveyed in this account, for Cicero to have immediately embarked and escaped; for that was evidently his object in making for the beach.

From Mola the road coasts along not far from the sea to the ruins of the ancient city of MINTURNÆ, celebrated for the story of Marius and the soldier sent by Sylla to kill him. Here are still considerable remains of an AQUEDUCT, and sufficient remains of a THEATRE to designate it with certainty, besides a large circular vestige of some edifice, which seemingly had been surrounded by a portico. Yet, when we think of the extent of this once-flourishing city, and how few

and indistinct are the traces of it which now remain, we are tempted to repeat the exclamation,

“*Pulvis es, cum magni corporis ossa jacent !*” *

I intended sleeping at the post-house; but on applying for accommodation, they pointedly denied me. A detachment of German soldiers happened to be on their return from Sicily, and occupied every bed. I requested leave to sleep on some straw, in a corner—any where, in short—provided I had shelter, for there was no house nearer than Sant Agata, and it was too late to walk so far: but I was again un hospitably refused. Not knowing where I was to lay my head for the night, I walked on to a station of Carabinieri, where a wooden bridge crosses the ancient Liris, now the Garigliano; here I was referred back to the ruins of the theatre, where, in one of the arcades, a man and his wife had made themselves a habitation—but wretchedness had not hardened their hearts, for they received me kindly. I had some tolerable wine and a beef-steak for supper, and, after ranging over all that rests of the wreck of ancient Minturnæ, whose uprooted foundations, characterless and grated to dusty nothing, are now crossed by the ploughshare of the peasant, with scarce a stone to shew where the city once stood, I retired to rest, or rather roost. To get to my bed-chamber I had to mount by a common stable-ladder, and found a little litter was all I had to lie upon: my host and his wife pigged together in a similar manner, with only a latch on the door, and a thin deal partition betwixt us. Next morning I rose, as usual, at daylight, and found myself but little refreshed by my night's lodging: my bones and head ached, with symptoms of a torpid liver (which I had not contrived to get rid of) much aggravated. However, it was necessary to start.

The road between Garigliano and Sant Agata offers nothing for remark, save that it improves much in appear-

* The plain on which the ruins of Minturnæ stand was the battle-field on which the Saracens were defeated, and driven out of this part of Italy, by Adalbert, marquis of Tuscany, in the pontificate of John X.

ance as you approach the latter. The mountain to the right of Sant Agata is the ancient Mount Massicus, once so famous for its wines; and the geologist, on observing the soil, will perceive that he has again entered a volcanic country. At Sant Agata I turned off to the left, to visit the ancient town of Suessa, which stands on an eminence a short distance off.

SUESSA.

Suessa, the ancient Sinuessa, was one of the cities of the Volci, which was taken and annexed to the Roman state under Tarquin the Proud. Here there are the remains of a spacious THEATRE to be seen, to the formation of which the natural situation and figure of the ground had largely contributed. Immediately behind the theatre there is a SQUARE ARCADE and several HOT BATHS, in great preservation; and in another part of the town there are others under ground, which are shewn by torchlight. This city was much celebrated in ancient times for its natural thermæ, which were in high repute for the cure of insanity, and rendering women prolific.*

The height on which Suessa is situated is formed of volcanic dust, mixed with pieces of lava of various size; and the country in the immediate neighbourhood exhibits the aspect of a preceding period of volcanic action. Suessa also possesses some modern antiques. In the main and leading street you see, let into the wall of a house, a rude piece of sculpture, of a priest holding a book in his hand; and, by the date upon it, it must be as old as "MCOI." Near to this there are two inscriptions: one,

IMP. CESARI.
CAROLO. V. AUG.
SVLEYMANO.
TURCORUM. REGE.
PANONIA. PULSO.
SVESSANI.

* Ovid. Met. 15. v. 715; Mela, ii. c. 4; Strabo, v.; Mart. 6. Ep. 42—11. Ep. 8.

Another commemorates a victory gained by his son Philip over the Tunisians.

As you descend from Cascano, a mile and a half from Sant Agata, you get a view of the different layers of volcanic dust which composed the whole of this part of the country, before these were amalgamated by the hand of the husbandman ; for such had once been the soil of the centre of Campania Felix, when first ejected from the volcanoes of Agnano and Avernus, in their state of activity—but *hujus hactenus*.

The next post-house is at SPARANISI, where I anticipated comforts in store to make amends for my privations the night preceding: but Hope has told more than one “flattering tale,” and too often flatters only to deceive. Having spent so much of the day at Suessa, it was becoming dark by the time I got within three long Neapolitan miles of the post-house. By the road-side there was a wretched hovel, made of the unhewn branches of trees, where they sold *aqua vitæ*; and here I inquired the distance to Sparanisi, when a woman within advised me, with some earnestness, not to proceed further so late at night, lest I should fall in with bad characters. Her manner somewhat excited my attention; but when I learned that there was no osteria in the village which stood on the height above, I considered there was no alternative but to proceed. Guess my astonishment on being offered hospitality for the night in her hut, alone with her and her husband, away from every house except on the distant height, with nothing but a little straw to lie upon, and that spread on the ground! What a commodious opportunity to get murdered on the sly, thought I, were a man tired of this weary world! However, not feeling disposed so, I deemed it better to run any uncertain risk there might be for one more possible; and with this estimate of the chances, I bade my obliging acquaintance “good night.” But a man may sometimes receive good counsel too slightly; and, what is worse, because more uncharitable, put unkind constructions on well-meant intentions. I was weary: it was dark; and as I trudged pensively along, all of a sudden I heard voices, and the next moment I found

myself in the midst of three ruffians, who stood over the body of a man lying on the ground, on his back, rifling his person, as it seemed to me; and, as I passed close by, almost treading upon it, I observed that the body was lifeless, to all appearance, half-undressed, with blood about the mouth and nose. Coming on them so unexpectedly, the men seemed startled; they simultaneously made way for me to pass, and we exchanged no salutation. I had not got out of sight when one of them called out to me in a strong and rough tone of voice, to stop, "*Ferma!*" to which I replied, in a tone not more kindly, "*Que volete?*" but did any thing but stop: in fact, I took to my heels, and, although already more than sufficiently fatigued, I ran as fast as I could. Again I heard the word "*Ferma!*" but this only made me run the faster: I now heard footsteps in pursuit of me, or else my apprehensions deceived me; but luckily the night was quite dark; and when I got to Sparanisi I was ready to drop down with exhaustion.

I had walked (and ran) eighteen Neapolitan, which are equal to twenty-seven Roman, miles, with a heavy knapsack on my back; I had passed a restless night the night preceding; and, moreover, I was now really unwell. On arriving at the inn, I threw myself into a chair, unable to speak for some minutes, when observing the house full of another detachment of German soldiers, I mentioned to them what I had seen; but no one seemed inclined to go in pursuit of the assassins,—for such I had every reason to believe them to be. I was told, that only a few days before, the bodies of three of their comrades had been brought in naked from the mountains, murdered for their clothes. But my troubles were not yet ended; for, on asking the landlady to shew me to a bed-room, I was again told that I could not be accommodated, and must leave the house: indeed the landlady seemed determined to drive me out; but, as I felt no sort of relish to face again the dangers I had just escaped, I was not to be affronted so easily as on more ordinary occasions.

The Neapolitans detest the Germans; and as the soldiers did not pay for their billets, the woman seemed bent on wreaking

A country of the greatest fertility conducts to Capua ; but though exuberantly fruitful, volcanic soil has none of that refreshing sweetness which delights the senses : on the contrary, there arises from it a stidling halitus—a taint it gets from the order it has undergone—which oppresses the head ; and you sigh in vain for the fragrant and unsullied breath of a pure nature, which animates every flower with a smile.

Capua gives you a foretaste of the annoying importunity and noisy bustle of Naples. You are pestered at every step with "Che tempo!" "Napoli?" "Andiamo?" by a host of volunteers, to escape from which I went into the CHURCH OF S. ANTONIO, leaving my knapsack at the porch.

The church contains three paintings by Solimene: the first is over the grand altar, and represents the event from which the church derives its name: the next is a VISITATION; and the third, THE FEAST OF THE PASCAL LAMB. In the

last a lamp is suspended over the heads of the group seated at table, and the light proceeding from it is extremely well managed, and produces a fine effect; otherwise these three paintings are badly composed—a fault, by the way, common to most of this artist's paintings. The frescos on the ceiling are more pleasing; and among those most so are an *ADORATION OF THE MAGI*, a *VISITATION*, *CIRCUMCISION*, and a *FLIGHT INTO EGYPT*. Before quitting this church, observe a *ST. SEBASTIAN*: it is a very indifferent painting, but there is merit as well as novelty in the representation of the subject—they are shooting at the victim. A good artist could have made a great deal of such an idea, by mixing up emotions among the group, which would have thrown increased interest into the subject, and, by varying the feelings, given a point to each.

Two miles from modern, stands the little that remains of *ancient, CAPUA*. There are some considerable vestiges of an *AMPHITHEATRE*, and the remains of several *TEMPLES*, an arch or two of an *AQUEDUCT*, and several broken columns strewed about. “*Urbs Capys hoc campo?*” you cannot help asking in the words of the poet, “*ambitiosa hic æmula Romæ?*” and yet this is all that rests of Rome's gay rival!

The soil here is still exceedingly fertile, and the “*dives Capua*” is as highly cultivated and productive now as in the days of Virgil. The wreck of this ancient city, the “*omnium olim felicissima avitas*” of Polybius, is close to the little town of Santa Maria, whence there is a way into the high road to Naples. Midway, *AVERSA* stands on the ruins of ancient Atella, celebrated among the Romans for its *bon-mots*—the *Fabulæ Atellanæ*.*

AVERSA.

Aversa was built by Robert Guiscard, Duke of Normandy, and is principally remarkable for a large asylum for

* These *Fabulæ* were presented between the acts of other comedies, by way of *exodium* or interlude; indeed, Suetonius uses the expression, “*Exodium Atellanicum*.”

the insane which is here. Dr. Latrillo is the resident physician. Fever I understood to be one of the most common causes of the disease, and hereditary disposition a rare one. Out of 1725 patients admitted within the last ten years, twenty only were ascribable to hereditary transmission. Love had been the cause of about one-twelfth of the whole number—a much larger proportion than the computation made in Paris; but love, as Esquirol says, has long since ceased to break hearts or turn heads in France. The mortality among the unhappy inmates at Aversa is excessive, amounting to no less than a fourth of the whole, many of whom have been carried off by typhus fever—another proof of the incorrectness of the idea, that insane people can successfully resist the influence of causes which produce diseases ordinarily in the sane.

I got to Naples, almost suffocated with the dust of the Campagna Stellata, on the 10th of April.

NAPLES.

Italy is usually called the garden of the world, and Naples the garden of Italy. Fruit-trees groan under the burden of their own productiveness, and flowers breathe their epithalamic fragrance twice a-year: every thing here seems to be generated in superabundance; and if population be deemed the thermometer of a nation's prosperity, then Naples ought to be the most flourishing city in Europe.

From the many attractive objects that are within view of and surround Naples, on a stranger's arrival his first movements are excursive and unsettled. He gets to the shore of the bay, opposite Vesuvius, and watches the smoke that curls up its scorified flanks, to hover, like a departed spirit, over the abyss it has left: he ascends to the castle of St. Elmo, and sends his eye out to sea to make the circuit of the bay: he descends to the Villa Reale to inhale the sea-breeze; and if of a taste similar to my own, he will again unconsciously find himself in front of Vesuvius—the “star in the east” of Naples.

Naples was first named Parthenope, after the siren who drowned herself here in despair, when she found her song had lost its power of enchantment over Ulysses and his companions. This city was originally a Greek colony, and one of its poets has prettily said that it fell from heaven. It was here that the doctrine of Pythagoras flourished, and where Hercules established the Olympic games, in honour of whom Herculaneum took its name, and the Via Herculana, which leads to Pozzuoli.

Nothing can exceed the interior magnificence of the churches at Naples, in which you see nothing but jasper, porphyry, and mosaic. It is my intention to conduct the traveller over some of the most remarkable of these, before proceeding to view the several interesting objects of art and nature in the neighbourhood.

THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. JANUARIUS.—This church stands on the substructions of an ancient temple of Apollo: it is of Gothic architecture, and was built after the plan of Nicola Pisano, by Charles of Anjou, first of the name, whose monument you see over the grand porch. Under the grand altar reposes the body of St. Januarius, the patron saint of Naples; and above it, a statue of the saint in bronze, with that of Cardinal Caraffa by his side; and over these you see an ASSUMPTION, by the pencil of Perugino. The whole of the interior is paved with marble, and the ceiling of the nave is adorned with frescos by Santafigide. The pontifical throne is also of marble, and was erected in 1342, under the pontificate of Clement VI. But the most magnificent object in this church is the CHAPEL of St. Januarius, called *il Tesoro*. The two fine statues of St. PETER and St. PAUL, on each side of the entrance, are by Giuliano Finelli: forty-two columns of brocatello support its interior, and nineteen statues in bronze adorn its walls, one alone of which cost 4000 crowns. The splendid cupola was painted by Lanfranco; and the painting of ST. JANUARIUS COMING OUT OF THE FURNACE is by Spagnoletto. Among its many precious relics, the most invaluable of all is the blood of St. Janua-

rius. The phial containing it was found in a convent of nuns, but had been so long neglected that it was unknown to whom it had belonged, when the abbess prayed to the blessed Virgin that the congealed blood might liquefy on the day of the fête of the saint in whose holy veins it had circulated. Her pious prayer was heard; the gory clots melted into a limpid life-stream on the festival of St. Januarius; and, to perpetuate the memory of the fact, this miracle is annually repeated in the church of St. Clare, on the 4th of May.

The paintings in this church are few. In a large chapel to the right of the grand altar there is one by Domenichino: to the left, see a HOLY FAMILY, by Vaccari; and in the same transept, some paintings by Solimene. Here also you find the Tomb of INNOCENT IV., and the still more remarkable one of the unfortunate ANDREW II., king of Naples, whose fate is recorded in the following epitaph:—

ANDREA CAROLI I. SEPTII. PANNONIA. REGIS. F.
 NEAPOLITANOR. REGI.
 JOANNE. UNORIS. DOLO. ET. LAQUEO. NECATO.
 UEST. MINUTULL. PIFIATE. HIC. RECONDITO.
 NE. REGIS. CORPUS. INSEPULTUM. SEPULTUMVE. FACINUS.
 POSTERIS. REMANERET.
 FRANCISCUS. FERARDI. F. CAPICUS.
 SE. UICERUM. TITULUM. NOMENQ.
 P.
 MORTUO. ANNO. XIX.
 MCCCXL.
 XIV. KAL. OCTOB.

Andrew was betrothed, at the age of seventeen, to his queen, Giovanna, and fell her victim at nineteen, in the midst of his court, on the evening of his coronation, through the atrocious perfidy of his young spouse, whose crime was counselled by love, hazarded by youth, excused by beauty, legitimised by policy, and justified, through the power of gold, by a pope; but which was pardoned neither by nature nor conscience. Louis II., king of Hungary, with a black banner in his hand, rushed from the bottom of Germany to avenge his brother's death, and for forty years pursued, menaced, or watched over, by turns, the culpable head of

this cruel queen, until, bleached by misfortunes and remorse, she fell, with her crown still stained with the blood of the first of her four husbands, under the iron sword of vengeance. The unhappy Andrew was assassinated at Aversa, and thrown out of a window : his old nurse sought for and discovered his body. Assisted by a priest, she conveyed it during the night to the cathedral of St. Januarius, where it was secretly buried by the generous ecclesiastic, who afterwards erected, at his own expense, this monument to his memory, the original epitaph on which we have just read.

Near the principal porch you see a beautiful BAPTISMAL FONT, ornamented with the attributes of Bacchus.

Out of the left aisle, the entrance to the ancient CHURCH OF ST. RESTITUTA opens. It was originally a pagan temple, but was converted into the cathedral church so early as the times of the apostle St. Peter, and St. Aspreno, the first bishop of Naples. The ceiling was painted by Solimene, and the heads over the arches are by Luca Giordano. Here likewise observe a mosaic representation of the BLESSED VIRGIN, remarkable as being not only the first image which was worshipped in Naples, but in all Italy, and therefore the very first that formally introduced idolatry as part and parcel of Roman Catholic Christianity. An object here not less ignorantly revered is a CRUCIFIX in relief, because sculptured by a man who was born blind. This church is flagged with tomb-stones, several among which are as old as the fourteenth century.

CHURCH OF SAN DOMENICO MAGGIORE. — This church possesses the wooden crucifix which miraculously spoke to Thomas Aquinas, saying, “ *Bene de me scripsisti, Thoma ; quam ergo mercedem accipies ?* ” to which the angelic doctor modestly replied, “ *Non aliam nisi teipsum, Domine.* ” Over the crucifix you see a DESCENT FROM THE CROSS, by Zingaro.

The sacristy contains the tombs of several of the kings of Naples of the house of Arragon. Here also is the Tomb of

FERRANDO DAVALI, Marquess of Pescara, so celebrated for his brave and generous actions, on which you read the following epitaph, by the pen of Ariosto :

*Qui jacet hoc gelido sub marmore? Maximus ille
Piscator, bellig'ria, p'cis bonos.
Numquid et hic pisces cepit? Non. Ergo quid? Urbes,
Magnanimos reges, oppida, regna, duces;
Dic quibus hæc cepit Piscator retibus? Alto
Consilio, intrepido corde, abierique manu.
Qui tenton rapuere ducem? Duo numina, MARS, MORIS.
Ut raperent quænam compulit? Invidia.
At auctore nihil; vivit nam fama superstes,
Quæ Mortem et Mortem vincit, et Invidium.*

The paintings in this church are few. In the Penelli chapel there is a **TITIAN**; and in the sacristy a **FLAGELLATION** by Caravaggio, and a **GLORY** by Solimene.

Among the relics, they preserve the arm of Thomas Aquinas; also the chair from which he taught theology; and they shew his cell in the dormitory, now converted into a chapel.

CHURCH OF STA. MARIA MAGGIORE.—This church, originally a temple of Diana, was built by Saint Pomponius in 533, at the express instance of the blessed Virgin, on the occasion of the city being freed from the presence of the devil, who had haunted Naples in the shape of a pig; in commemoration of which event, a figure of this unclean animal is still to be seen below the clock. But highly interesting and edifying as this circumstance, no doubt, is, the church of Santa Maria Maggiore may, perhaps, be considered by some not less meriting regard for the epitaphs in the chapel of St. John the Evangelist, composed by Pontani on some of his family, in which a vein of sweetest pathos, classic elegance, and delightful affection, breathes in every line, expressed in a style of particularly pure Latinity; three of which I coied for the gratification of those readers whose travels do not extend beyond the boundaries of an arm-chair.

PONTANI'S EPITAPH ON ONE OF HIS SONS.

*Lucili, tibi lux nomen dedit, et dedit ipsa
 Mater Stella tibi, stellaque lusque simul.
 Eripuit nox atra, nigra eripere tenebra.
 Visisti vis quos litera prima notat
 Hosne dies? Breve tamne tibi lux fulsit, et auræ
 Maternum in nimbis sic tenuere jubar?
 Infelix fatum, puer heu male felix, heu, quod
 Nec puer es, nec lux, nec nisi inane quid es!
 Floreat ad pueri tumulum ver halet, et urnæ,
 Lucili, et cineri spiret inustus odor.*
*Dies L. non implesti, filiole! breve natura specimen, aternus parentum maror
 ac desiderium.*

ON HIS WIFE.

*Illa thori bene fida comes, custosque pudici,
 Cuique et acus placuit, cui placere coli:
 Quæque focum, custosque lares servavit, et aræ
 Et thura et lachrymas et pia sarta dedit.
 In prolem studiosa parens, et amabilis uni
 Quæ studuit caro casta placuit viro.
 Hic pontæ Ariadna rosæ violæque nitescant,
 Quo posita Syrio spiret odore locus.
 Urna crocum Domine fundat, distillet anomum
 Ad tumulum, et cineri sparta cilissa fluat.*
*Johannes Jovianus Pontanus Hadrianæ Saxonæ uxori opt. ac bene merentius. P.
 quæ vixit Ann. XLVI. Mens. VI. Obiit Kal. Mart.
 An. M.CCCC.LXXXX.*

ON HIMSELF.

*Vivis domum hanc mihi paravi, in qua quiescerem mortuus. Noli obsecro
 injuriam mortuo facere, vivens quem facerim nemini. Sum et enim Johannes
 Jovianus Pontanus, quem amaverunt bonæ Musæ, suspexerunt viri probi, honesta-
 verunt Reges, Domini. Scis jam qui sum, aut potius fuerim. Ego vero te,
 hospes, noscere in tenebris nequeo, sed te ipsum ut noscas rogo. Vale.*

The churches of ST. PAUL and ST. FILIPPI NERI contain many fine paintings, for which, lest I should be too tedious, I must refer to the Appendix. In that of the SANTI APOSTOLI the stranger will find a fine architectural painting of the POOL OF SALOME, by Bibiena. The ceiling of the nave is splendidly painted by Lanfranc: the FOUR EVANGELISTS in the angles under the dome are by the same masterly pencil, and those

above the arches are by Solimene. Two beautiful GROUPS OF CHILDREN, by the playful chisel of Fiamingo, ornament the chapels in the transept: in that to the right there are four EMBLEMS OF VIRTUES, by the pencil of Solimene; the two paintings on the side-walls are by Giordano. The four paintings in the choir, representing the ANNUNCIATION and the NATIVITY, the BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN and her PRESENTATION AT THE TEMPLE, are by Solimene.

This church stands on the site of an ancient temple of Mercury, erected by Constantine the Great before his conversion.

Near the church of Trinita Maggiore, where, among other paintings in fresco, the stranger will see a fine representation of HELIODORUS DRIVEN OUT OF THE TEMPLE, by Solimene, stands the CAPPELLA OF THE FAMILY SANGRO. This deserted little chapel encloses several singular specimens of sculpture. One represents a MAN striving to free himself from the toils of a net, emblematical of the thralldom of VICE; another is the statue of a FEMALE of the family Sangro in the character of MODESTY. She is entirely covered with a veil, and yet every contour of her fine form is so distinct, that the veil, instead of encumbering the figure, only serves the more to display the artist's excellence of skill. Arachne never wove a web more delicate or diaphanous. Beneath, there is a NOLI ME TANGERE in bas-relief. The third is a DEAD CHRIST, lying on a mattress, and wrapt in a winding-sheet; yet this is so fine, that you can trace through the tissue every agonized lineament and form. This last was begun by Corradini, and finished by Giuseppe da San Martino. Over the high altar there is a PIETA in marble, by Francisco Celebrano. This chapel also contains the tombs of some of the family; and up stairs they shew an anatomical preparation of the arteries and veins of the human body, minutely executed; but it is dirty.

Let the stranger now ascend to the CASTLE OF ST. ELMO, where, from the terrace of the hospital, he commands one of the finest views about Naples. Immediately below him, and a little to the right, the eye alights on the palace and grounds

of the late Duchess of Floridiano, where temples, and fountains, and imitations of ancient ruins restored, grace the varied contours of the site; lower still, lies the Villa Reale and its promenades; in the distance, the ocean girding Capri, the infamous seraglio of Tiberius; to the right, the classic neighbourhood of Baiæ; and on the left, the fuming Vesuvius. On the hill of St. Elmo stands the splendid CHURCH OF SAN MARTINO, in beautifying which more than 500,000 ducats were originally expended on the paintings, sculptures, and silver plate, that enrich it. In the choir, the visitor will see the four celebrated *Cene*, as they are called. The first is by Massimo, and represents the PREPARATION FOR THE SUPPER; the second depicts the SUPPER, painted by a pupil of the Veronese school; the third is Spagnoletto's celebrated COMMUNION, in which it is difficult to say whether its fine composition, its clear and harmonious colouring, or high finish, is most excellent; the last is by Caraccioli, and represents our SAVIOUR APPEARING TO HIS DISCIPLES AFTER HIS RESURRECTION. Here, also, is an unfinished NATIVITY by Guido, the artist having died before he had completed it. This single painting cost 5000 ducats, and more than double that sum has been offered for it since.

On the wall fronting the grand altar you see a very fine PIETA, by Massimo; MOSES AND ELIAS, two remarkably expressive frescos, by Spagnoletto; and two fine statues of ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST and ST. JEROME, by Vaccaro. Spagnoletto's TWELVE PROPHETS, over the arches of the chapels, seem to emulate the statuary of Vaccaro, for they appear rather placed there than painted, the illusion is so perfect. The figure of ISAIAH is particularly fine, for as he reads a book you may believe you see his lips move: but they are all much faded and injured by time. For the fine paintings in the chapels I must refer to the catalogue. I may only observe, in passing, that the one representing the BAPTISM OF CHRIST IN THE JORDAN, by Carlo Maratta, did not please me so much as the same subject painted by this artist which we see in the Corsini Palace at Rome; in this, our Saviour kneels, and the figure is not so imposing. The council-

room contains a **FLAGELLATION**, by the Chevalier d'Arpino, and **CHRIST DISPUTING IN THE TEMPLE**, by a pupil of Solimene. You now enter the sacristy, where, over the entrance to the Tesoro, you find a beautiful representation of our **SAVIOUR DESCENDING THE STEPS FROM PILATE'S HOUSE**, on his condemnation, to be crucified. The figures, which are by the pencil of Massimo, are exceedingly good; but its most striking and peculiar merit is in the fine architectural perspective, which was painted by Bibiena. Over the opposite door there are a **CRUCIFIXION**, by d'Arpino, and **PETER'S DENIAL**, by Caravaggio. In the last, Peter is accused by a female, while the undutiful apostle attempts to put on the hardihood of a practised offender; and yet you can perceive the wavering of trepidation pervading his unsteady features, as if the faltering tale shook its tremour over his countenance, conscious of the unworthy falsehood he was telling: his lips quiver in their purpose of utterance; his eye wants the firmness of truth, and every muscle of speech vibrates between its attachments, unable to obey the effort made to keep it from varying. Sir Joshua Reynolds was of opinion that it was impossible to express complex feelings in painting; but, with becoming deference to such high authority, I think this picture exemplifies the contrary; and that a want of unison in the expression of the different features is distinctly and perceptibly marked, analogous in its effect to the contradictions in a tale that is false.

The panels of the sacristy are of inlaid wood-work, executed by a German monk, representing fine perspective effect. From the sacristy you enter the Tesoro, which contains a famous **PIETA**, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Spagnoletto. Never was this affecting subject more sublimely treated. The group consists of the dead Christ supported on the knees of his mother, whose grief is so deep and pathetic as to defy any attempt at description; St. John, amiable, youthful, and sad; the Magdalen, who clings to the Saviour's feet, and bathes them with her tears; while Joseph of Arimathea, standing in the background, affords the eye refuge from the afflicting scene, by the intensity of his feelings being softened by distance. There

is another fine and highly finished representation of the same subject, by the same artist, in the church of the Annunziata, near the Capua gate. It is in the transept, to the right of the grand altar.

The apartment of the Prior of the Chartreuse of San Martino contains the famous CRUCIFIXION by Michael Angelo, to *stand* for which a peasant, as the story goes, was actually crucified. The other apartments have been converted into a hospital for invalids; and the traveller will be struck with the number of blind that are among them. Here I first saw that it was no longer a figure of speech for “the blind to lead the blind,” but a melancholy fact. Blindness is a common disease in many other parts of the world, and more particularly on the shores and islands of the Mediterranean. With regard to the Egyptian ophthalmia, both Assalini and Baron Larrey attribute its endemic prevalence not to any peculiarity in the soil of this country, but to the cold damp nights which succeed an intensely hot and dry day, producing sudden suppression of the cutaneous perspiration. Without denying the due share of influence which such may operate also in Italy, I entertain a different opinion of the origin of its more general cause, and am inclined to ascribe it chiefly to the acrid nature of the exhalations which proceed from the volcanic constituents of the soil. From Suessa to Naples this is uninterruptedly composed of volcanic débris, whence various irritating matters and gaseous fumes are constantly being given out, and float about dissolved in a moist and heated atmosphere. Such, coming in contact with the eyes, first irritates, and then inflames them; and hence, in my opinion, arises the prevalence of ophthalmia, and its common consequence—blindness, in places where these exhalations exist.

The soil universally is impregnated with sal ammoniac, which, when taken up and dissolved in an atmosphere saturated with humidity, must act as a constant irritant to eyes liable to inflame: and sulphureous and other acid fumes are continually issuing from the thousand “*sævi spiracula Ditis*” all around Naples.

SIROCCO.—Yesterday and to-day Naples has been beset by the sirocco. Few words have a more indefinite meaning, or have lately been more frequently abused and misapplied than that of *sirocco*, since every breath of air oppressive or offensive to a travelling Smellfungus's feelings must assuredly be a sirocco; and so we read of siroccos every where, even at Florence. Since Brydone's day the sirocco has, by the consent of every subsequent traveller, been described as a suffocating blast coming from the deserts of Arabia. But if we are to credit travellers who have experienced the samiel of the desert, the sirocco and the samiel only resemble one another in some of their effects; but nowise in the identity of their nature. The samiel is described as a blast of wind first seen approaching from some point of the horizon, and, as it passes over the prone traveller, it envelopes him "in a fine *impalpable dust*, which not only penetrates into every fold of his garments, but into the inmost recesses of boxes and other baggage." It is this impalpable dust which produces suffocation; and animals even, as well as men, cover their nostrils in the earth, that they may not respire it, so sensible are they of its fatal approach.

Among the places the sirocco infests, Naples, Messina, and Palermo, are those principally, and, until the word became misapplied, almost exclusively, spoken of by travellers who have treated of the subject. Agrigentum, and the whole south side of Sicily, which are directly opposite to the point whence the sirocco is said to come, are not noticed by any writer as being particularly exposed to its stifling influence, or, indeed, as being obnoxious to it at all. Is this not very singular? let me ask. Is it not, in fact, subversive of the very idea of its origin? Again, no part of the coast of Greece has ever been reputed as liable to the effects of the sirocco; and yet no rational cause can be assigned for this exemption, if it be true that it comes from the opposite coast; and, after various inquiries made of naval officers who have been stationed in the Mediterranean, and who have navigated this sea at all seasons and in all directions, I have not been able to find one who had ever experienced its effects while

traversing for years the very track of its supposed course. How is it possible, let me again ask, that this could have happened, did the sirocco cross the Mediterranean from Africa?

Its denomination of a *wind*, in the first place, is misapplied; for it must be well known to every one who has felt its baneful impression, that when this state of atmosphere exists there is no wind at all. The day it prevails is overcast, sultry, and calm; look around, and you see nothing but a lurid haze, as offensive to the eye as its breath is poisonous to every other sense.

But after having endeavoured, by the foregoing observations, to set aside the unfounded and mistaken notion entertained of the nature and source of the sirocco, how otherwise, the traveller has a right to inquire, is the phenomenon to be explained? The following is the view I am inclined to take of it.

From the fuming mouths and crevices of Vesuvius, and the pseudo-volcanic vicinity of the Pisciarelli, Solfatara, and Baia (*vaporifera Baia*), from Stromboli and Etna, there is constantly issuing mephitic vapours and gases, which, from their heated and rarefied state, naturally ascend, and, mixing with the purer circumambient air, get diluted and dispersed by every casual wind. But let us suppose not an unusual occurrence to take place, namely, that this mephitic atmosphere shall suffer a sudden diminution of its elasticity through a change of temperature taking place high up in the air, while the aqueous vapour it holds dissolved becomes in consequence more condensed; and that at the same time there shall be no wind to disperse the gaseous exhalations as they continue to arise from below; the natural effect must be, for these dense vapours to descend, and for those which are being evolved to fall again, as soon as they have cooled down to an equilibrium of temperature with the surrounding atmosphere. The necessary consequence of all which must be, for this concentrated mass of mephitic vapour to lodge, by reason of its greater specific gravity, on the surface of the earth, and thus envelope within its range and influence every being that breathes.

Added to this state of contamination are the fresh exhalations that continue to be emitted, thus saturating the more strongly with mephitism the already infected air; and in cities where narrow winding streets and high buildings entangle these mephites, and impede their dispersion, the suffocating adulteration must of necessity be more powerfully felt. Now, the effects on the human frame which the sirocco produces are precisely those known to be caused by mephitic gases when inhaled: and when we consider the proximity of Naples to Vesuvius, and of Messina and Palermo to Stromboli and Etna, we can no longer wonder at their being sites particularly exposed to experience the sirocco, or at the immunity of other places in the same parallel, which, if it really proceed from the African coast, would encumber the other difficulties attached to the hypothesis of a wind which is no wind, with an additional paradox. In a word, the sirocco, properly so called, is nothing else, in my opinion, than volcanic mephites deposited from a humid and unstrung atmosphere, which, when inhaled into the lungs in a condensed and concentrated state, produces those effects in a *poisonous* manner, which the samiel of the desert produces solely in a mechanical.

A phenomenon familiar to all who have resided a winter in London, and precisely similar in its philosophical rationale, often occurs about November. I allude to the dense and dark fogs of London. About this time of the year the atmosphere is liable to sudden diminutions of elasticity, which, when they happen, precipitate the smoke proceeding from innumerable coal fires along with the humidity, in a way precisely analogous, as I conceive, to what takes place at Naples, Messina, &c. when the sirocco prevails; and many delicate invalids, especially the asthmatic, suffer in a way very similar to that produced by the sirocco. Coal-smoke, we know, consists principally of mephitic and sulphureous fumes.

The exhalations given out all round Naples are extremely irritating to the lungs, aggravating every pulmonic disease; and I am afraid the Italian saying, “ See Naples and *die*,”

has often been too literally verified by many an English victim, led to a premature death by the pernicious and self-interested counsel of itinerant medical practitioners, the modern *Πεποδευρας*. According to Dr. Ruggiero, deaths from consumption form a fifth part of the bills of mortality in Naples. This impurity of the atmosphere is even sensible to the nostrils; for the air never has that sweet refreshing aroma which makes an English spring so grateful and fragrant.

Oppressed by feelings the cause and source of which I had taken pains deliberately to analyse, I sought relief in a visit to the *STUDJ*, to view the fine galleries of statuary and painting, by way of getting rid of them. I shall first succinctly notice some of the latter, referring to the Appendix for a more comprehensive enumeration.

The *FIRST APARTMENT* contains nothing very remarkable. In the second, observe a *MAGDALEN*, by Titian, delightfully painted; but still she weeps as if her grief were of the Ephesian kind. This picture seems to be the portrait, in fact, of some beautiful woman, with a tear or two sprinkled on each cheek, merely to give it an appropriation. Another fine painting, by the same great master, is the *FINDING OF MOSES*, which abounds in character, and is marked by prominent relief and micrometrical perspective.

In the *THIRD APARTMENT* you find Domenichino's *GUARDIAN ANGEL*: an angel of ineffable sweetness of expression, depicting *to the eye* the beauty of holiness, protects with his shield an infant boy from the evil fiend; while the child, with clasped hands and an expression of devout confidence in the all-sufficiency of the succour, looks towards the throne of Omnipotence, to which the angel is directing his regards.

Over a *MAGDALEN*, by Guercino, observe an *INFANT ASLEEP*, surrounded with the emblems of our Saviour's passion, by Guido.

THE CABINET.—This little cabinet is appropriated to paintings of mythological subjects, some of which are treated in a manner not the most favourable to delicacy. Among these are Titian's celebrated *DANAE*; the *R-CCHANTE DELLA*

SCHIANA of Caracci; CUPID KISSING HIS MOTHER, by Bronzino; and another of the same, copied in crayons by Michael Angelo; DIANA AND PAN, seated in a wood, with their limbs entwined in a manner not very becoming the immaculate virgin of the heathen mythology; and HERCULES BETWEEN VIRTUE AND PLEASURE, by Hannibal Caracci. The three figures are represented seated in a rich landscape-scene: Virtue and Pleasure, pointing in opposite directions, are each endeavouring to persuade him towards their respective paths. The expression of indecision is admirable, and affords another example of complex feeling represented by painting.

Among several other fine paintings in the FOURTH APARTMENT, I was more particularly struck with one representing ABRAHAM ENTERTAINING THE THREE ANGELS, and two CHOIRS OF ANGELS PLAYING ON STRINGED INSTRUMENTS, by Corregio. On tables in the centre of this room observe MODELS in cork of Pastum, Herculaneum, and Pompeii.

FIFTH APARTMENT.—Here are some gems of art, by the soft and tender pencil of Corregio, one of which is exceedingly beautiful—the MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE. The group consists of three figures, the Madonna, the Infant, and the youthful Kate; and the solemn ceremony of marriage is being performed as if it were a fête of sportive childhood. There is another *bijou* here of the same playful character— a boy CUPID, seated in a landscape-scene, with his wings expanded like a butterfly's, gay as his gadding prototype, and equally fickle and shortlived. This characteristic portrait of Love is by the pastoral pencil of Schidone.

In the SIXTH APARTMENT notice two charming LANDSCAPES, by Claude Lorraine: GYPSIES TELLING A CREDULOUS CLOWN HIS FORTUNE, and two SHARPERS EASING A BOOBY OF HIS MONEY, by Caravaggio. The same subjects, by the same artist, are to be seen in the Pitti palace at Florence; but these at Naples are more carefully finished. Remark, likewise, PETER DENYING CHRIST, by Della Notte: but the expression of St. Peter is objectionable; he tells the unworthy falsehood with too sincere a countenance.

The SEVENTH APARTMENT contains several exquisite paintings by Raphael, to which I must merely allude: they are in his last and richest, or Bartholomean manner: whilst the EIGHTH and last is adorned, among others, with a glorious ST. JOHN, and a VIRGIN AND CHILD, by Da Vinci; several PORTRAITS by Raphael; a finished sketch in oil of the LAST JUDGMENT, by the hand of Michael Angelo himself; a superb RESURRECTION, by Il Sodoma; and SILENUS INEBRIATED, by Spagnoletto.

In the centre of this room some cloth, fish-hooks, and musical instruments, from Otaheite, are placed. Among the last is a flute, on which the Otaheitans play with their *nose*—a sort of symphonic stertor; intended, no doubt, to amuse them when asleep.

GALLERY OF THE STATUES.—In the midst of so numerous and select a collection of statues, it puzzles fastidiousness to give a preference; I shall therefore only gratify those among them who seem determined to speak for themselves, if I do not.

No. 120 is a charming statue of a YOUTHFUL BACCHUS, such as a poet would conceive him as the adoring lover of Ariadne, ere sensual excess had made him the god of wine and revelry.

No. 98 indicates a beautiful group of VENUS REPROVING CUPID. The queen and mother of Love is accusing the little reprobate of some misdeed, and he replies with the sauciness and effrontery of an incorrigible offender.

The visitor will likewise find here a superb and most charming statue of FLORA of colossal size, the celebrated FARNESIE HERCULES, and the no less celebrated group of the TORO. By the sides of the pedestals of some of the statues there were several beautiful frescos from Pompeii, which had been lately removed from the king's palace at Portici. The subjects of some evince an elegant playfulness of taste, each expressing but a thought, as the odes of Anacreon do a sentiment—such as an infant Cupid seated in a car drawn by butterflies; a little car drawn by two bees,

with a butterfly sitting as coachman, holding the reins with his feet ; another, drawn by a parrot, and guided by a grasshopper ; a fourth, laden with a ewer interlaced with roses, is drawn by two little mermaids, for the first toilette of Venus, as we are to imagine, ere she issued from amidst the spicæ of the shell that bears her name. Other frescos, again, represented subjects no less beautifully conceived—as, a man dancing on the tight rope ; Diana conducted by Cupid to Endymion's bower ; a danzatrice, clothed, not covered, with a veil of the most transparent texture, displaying all the grace and voluptuous suppleness the female figure, &c.

THE ROYAL PALACE, which can only be viewed by permission, contains several excellent paintings, in a suite of apartments leading out of the private theatre belonging to the palace ; for which see the Appendix.

CHURCH OF SANTA CHIARA.—The royal church of St. CLARE is remarkable both for its antiquity and magnificence. It was founded by Robert, king of Naples, and Sancha of Arragon, his queen. Behind the grand altar you see the Tomb of the royal founder, with a single line for its motto :

CERNITE . ROBERTUM . REGEM . VIRTUTE . REFERTUM .

To the right of it is the SEPULCHRE of his son Charles, the illustrious Duke of Calabria, who died A.D. 1328.

It is in this church that the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius is performed ; an annual farce enacted on the 4th of May. I saw it when here ; but was somewhat astonished to observe, that, however much it was a matter of pastime for foreigners to witness, it appeared to excite little or no interest among the resident inhabitants. On entering the church, a group of chairs, set to the right of the grand altar, indicated the place politely set apart for strangers, opposite to which were the relatives descendants of the saint. On the grand altar stood the SKULL OF ST. JANUARIUS, encased in a mask of solid gold, before which was placed the vial containing the clotted

blood. And now the farce commences: the masked skull keeps staring at the vial without moving a muscle—the vial stands like a Stoic unmoved at the scene; and as a feeling of the ridiculous begins to scintillate on the cheek of the stranger, the ragged relatives of the saint set up a supplicating howl in a sort of measured discordance, which, though it be impossible to distinguish each separate vociferation, sounds very much like what I have often heard elsewhere—“Och! and why did you die, and lave all the praties behind you!”—the head, notwithstanding all these noisy supplications, and sometimes abuse, looking the while as grave and serious as the wonder-working sconce of Friar Bacon. At length the sanguine clot begins to liquefy; tears of blood trickle down the sides of the vial, tears of joy tumble from every eyelid; and the completion of the miracle is announced by a shout of grateful exultation from the descendants of the saint, that rends the holy vaults of St. Clare.*

Marvellously inexplicable as this feat may at first sight appear, yet, as it is not beyond the boundary of miraculous power to perform—as indeed we have just witnessed—neither, perhaps, is it beyond the compass of ordinary ingenuity to explain; and the following receipt may do as a *pisaller*, till Margaret Dods of the Cleikum Inn, shall, in the next edition of her cookery-book, favour us with a better:—

“Take a vial filled with some sanguine-coloured fluid, and congeal it artificially, place it on an altar, or other fit tablet, and be sure to place before it a relic—no matter what—St. Crispin’s awl will do; keep it well frozen until the proper moment of the *dénouement* arrives, when, supplying the place of the frigorific mixture below by an Argand’s lamp, the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, or of any other saint, will be accomplished *secundum artem*—that is, by a miracle.”

* A miracle of a somewhat similar description used to be enacted in ancient times, and is alluded to by Horace in the 5th satire of his first book:—

——— “*flamma sine, thura liquescere limine sacro
Persuadere cupit.*”

The HIGH ALTAR of this church is adorned with a painting by Francisco Mura, and those which ornament the dome are by Sebastian Conca.

CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI A CARBONARA. — This church is noted for possessing among its relics the BLOOD OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST: it, too, smokes and liquefies on the eve of the saint's festival; but it seems every thing must needs smoke and liquefy in the vicinity of Vesuvius. Near the grand altar you see the CHAPEL and TOMB of the unfortunate Caracciolo. When describing the cathedral, I pointed out the tomb of the unhappy Andrea, the husband of Joan the First; here I have to speak of Joan the Second, and of her lover, whose history and fate bear a striking similarity to that of our Essex. Caracciolo, yet young, had the misfortune to please a queen already in years; and indemnifying himself other ways for the ennui he suffered by such a *liaison*, he trusted too much to the last passion of a woman, and whilst he was insulting a queen, he believed himself only quarrelling with a mistress. Like Essex, Caracciolo reddened the scaffold with his blood, shed by her order. Joan, like Elizabeth, died shortly after, consumed by love and regret, before the adored and bloody head of her lover, which night and day was before her eyes.

In this church you likewise see the fine Gothic TOMB OF KING LADISLAUS.

Many other of the churches in Naples contain something appertaining to the miraculous. In that of CORRADINO there is a WOODEN CRUCIFIX, which, when Naples was besieged by King Alphonso, would infallibly have been broken by the fall of an enormous stone, had it not wisely avoided the blow by turning its head aside. In that of SANTA MARIA DELLA GRAZIA, there is another of wood, which escaped scathless amidst the flames of Vesuvius, and was found without a singe among the red-hot cinders. ST. AGNELLO possesses a third, which miraculously spoke, and, by its testimony, condemned a man to pay a debt which he had previously denied. Indeed, there would be no end of citing the various crucifixes

and images that have talked and moved about; and no scholar, at least, need be sceptical on this point, when he recollects how common similar occurrences were before crucifixes were ever thought of at all. All may remember reading of the prodigies which appeared at Rome in the time of the Triumvirate, when the statues of many of the gods sweated blood, and when a bull spoke: and then, again, in Caligula's time, when the statue of Jupiter burst out into such hearty peels of laughter, that those sent to dismount it from its pedestal and transport it from Olympia to Rome, fled affrighted, and left it standing where it was.

Two other churches remain to be noticed; that of the CROCELLE AL CHIATAMONE; the other, STA. MARIA DEL PRATO. The first is interesting to the English traveller as containing the ashes of the classical Eustace, whose monument is, nevertheless, as great a disgrace to the arts, as unworthy of the elegant taste of the man whose name and memory it was intended to honour. An ungraceful female figure is represented weeping over a tomb, supported on each side by a stunted fluted column, below which you read:—

H. S. E.

JOANNES . CHETWODE . EUSTACE .

SACERDOS . ANGLIACUS .

FIDEI . CATHOLICAE . ILLIBATAE .

CULTOR . INTERPRES . VINDE .

VIR . CONSTANS . SIMPLEX . DOCTUS . INNOCENS .

NEMINI . NON . AFFABILIS .

NEMINI . NON . BENEVOLENS .

ITALIAE . SIBI . DELECTISSIMAE .

[Here figures of a chalice and wafer intervene.]

HOSPES . ITERUM . INVESTIGATOR .

FEBRE . CORREPTUS . NEAPOLI .

PATRIAE . FLEBILIS . SUIS . FLEBILIOR .

AD . DEUM . REDENTOREM .

SPE . PAVIDA . ACCESSURUS .

OBIIT . KALEND. AUG.

ANNO . SACRO . M.D.CCCXV .

AETAT. SUAE . LIIII .

R . I . P .

The CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEL PRATO, again, contains the beautiful MAUSOLEUM of the poet SANNAZARO. The stranger will find it on the road as he proceeds towards the promontory of Posilipo. Over a sarcophagus, you see a bust of this celebrated writer of piscatory eclogues, with his name underneath, "Actius Sincerus." Below the sarcophagus there is a fine bas-relief representing CALLIOPE SINGING TO HER LYRE, while Neptune listens: on one side, Pan sits with his pipe; and on the other, you see a satyr bound to a tree.

The epitaph appropriating the tomb runs thus:

DA . SACRO . CINERE . FLORES.
HIC . ILLE . MARONI .
SINCERUS . MUSA . PROXIMUS .
UT . TUMULO .
VIX . AN. LXXII . OBIT . M.D.LXX.

Two fine statues of APOLLO and MINERVA are placed on each side of the sarcophagus; but lest such personages should be thought to profane the sanctuary of a church, the names of DAVID and JUDITH have been given to them.

On a plinth at the bottom you read the initials of the sculptor:—

F. IO. ANG. FLO. OR. S.FA.

Not far from the church of Santa Maria you come to the TOMB OF VIRGIL. It is immediately over the entrance to the grotto of Posilipo, to which you descend from the garden of St. Severin by several ranges of steps. It is a plain vault, with ten niches in the interior for sepulchral urns, constructed of the same pseudo-volcanic material which forms the promontory on whose base it stands. From a loggia, in another part of the garden, the cicerone of the tomb shews a fine point of view.

Descending from the garden, you come to the celebrated tunnel known by the name of the GROTTO OF POSILIPO. It is 361 toises in length, and is thought to be one of the stupendous works of Lucullus. There is a passage in Seneca which makes it probable that in his time this subterraneous passage was only practicable for foot-passengers. It was

Alphonso the First who widened it to its present dimensions, so that now two carriages may readily pass abreast.

The road through the grotto is that to Pozzuoli and Baiæ, where, half-way to the former, a by-way strikes off to the right from the valley of Bagnuoli, leading to the LAKE OF AGNANO. This is an immense circular basin, describing the outlines of an ancient volcano, which had existed long prior to the remotest periods of tradition. Its fires even now are not extinguished, as the SUDITORIO DI SAN GERMANO, the well-known GROTTA DEL CANE, and the PISCIARELLI, still evince. The first is an excavation in the side of the hill, and divided into compartments, the innermost naturally being the hottest. It is in these that patients submit to a natural vapour-bath: they undress in the outer, and, putting on a flannel covering, they enter the inner compartment, where benches are cut out of the soil to repose upon; but whether these *stufe* possess superior advantages to what can be obtained without going so far from home, seems very questionable: I know of no physical reason for the preference. The effects of the Grotta del Cane, again, are too well known to need repetition: it is sensibly warmer than the atmosphere. I witnessed the usual experiment on the dog, but they do not now throw the animal into the neighbouring lake, in order to recover it; indeed, if they did, the dog must inevitably be drowned; for at first coming out of the cave he is wholly senseless and motionless: recovering by degrees, he breathes convulsively; and when he is able to stand on his legs, he reels about like one drunk. I tried to fire off a pistol with a flint, but failed; but one with a percussion lock and cap went off instantly. It is a curious phenomenon to see the stream of white smoke, which flows out of the cavern when the door is opened, descending towards the water. The gas is quite visible, from the quantity of steam it holds dissolved; and the line of demarcation, separating it from the purer air above, is distinctly apparent, with its surface fluctuating to and fro, like waves of water.

Following the road which leads to the left, you traverse a flat space of ground forming a valley in the crater; and what was once a cauldron of boiling lava is now a luxuriant garden,

planted with fruit-trees and vines, which climb from branch to branch, and stretch in festoons from tree to tree; in the midst of which the traveller will find an osteria, some not bad wine, and a guide for the Pisciarelli. The way leads through a vermicular path, wormed out of the rock by a pseudo-volcanic action, which still goes on, when you arrive at a spring of hot water, which bubbles up from below. The soil all around is hot, and you sometimes are not aware of the circumstance until a painful burning sensation pierces the feet. In escharotic cavities, you perceive considerable quantities of sal ammoniac and alum mixed together, and through tubular apertures around steaming vapours ascend, coating their mouths with minute crystals of sulphur. The rock here is limestone, beautifully variegated in colour by the sulphureous exhalations that have passed through it. I may observe, by the way, that the coincidence of the presence of limestone with the production of native sulphur, has struck me as singular on more occasions than one, although our present knowledge of chemistry does not warrant a surmise that is apt to suggest itself from a connexion so constant as almost to seem inseparable. The grand natural manufactory of the latter, of which we are presently to speak, is seated in the midst of limestone in a state of slow combustion. After having my feet toasted at the Pisciarelli on as hot a day as I had yet felt at Naples, I clambered up the steep rocks that separate the Pisciarelli from the Solfatara. On reaching the summit, you have a commanding view of the scenery around,—of Pozzuoli and Baie, and its gulf, in regarding which you ask of every ruined monument, as it successively catches your eye, where are those gay fleets that once covered the bay with sails of purple, waving pennants, and masts garlanded with flowers, as the *élite* of Rome's *noblesse* forsook the peaceful bosom of the gulf to crowd the theatres with their presence? Where are Hortensius' house, his fish-ponds, his eels and lampreys, for which, if a favourite died, this great orator and otherwise great man would weep for several days? You look around in vain for the country-seats of Marius, of Pompey, of Cæsar; and, save a few bricks which the mortar still keeps

together, of Cicero's Academy, and the ruins of the Temples of Venus, of Diana, and Mercury, you see, as it were, but the crumbs of a banquet!

From this spot, which is covered with vines, I descended to the SOLFATARA. This is a large circular pit, situated high up on the side of the hill facing the sea, and over the town of Pozzuoli, and is usually described as the crater of a volcano. This is quite an error, assumed, as it has been, from its form. Volcanic combustion, as we shall see better by and by, always tends to act in a circle, and it does so necessarily, even when least significant in its operation. Combustion, any how excited, commencing at a point, becomes a centre, and inasmuch as the circumjacent material is homogeneous, the sphere of its action will be by so much the more regular. Of this nature is the Solfatara, and its origin and present state is the same as the less conspicuous, but precisely similar actions, which we observed at the Pisciarelli. I conceive that, when the volcano of Agnano had exhausted itself, and when its sides had become too thin to sustain their own weight, the walls fell in as the final catastrophe, and extinguished the main combustion. Notwithstanding this event, the combustion on the outskirts still continued, and has continued through ages, from the capability of the surrounding matter to support its own fires, up to the present day. Of this description the Solfatara is a remnant, as well as the other sources of heat still exhibited at the Suditorio, Grotta, and Pisciarelli, on other parts of the margin of the fallen crater.

The Solfatara was the Temple of Vulcan of the ancients, underneath which the poets feigned the Titans lay buried, and that the fumes which proceed from it were occasioned by their writhings. A late Neapolitan writer has broached a still more extraordinary idea, in seriously undertaking to prove it to be one of the mouths of hell! The common people in the neighbourhood believe it to be the place of purgatory; and they will tell you, that on Sundays certain dark-coloured birds, of an unknown species, are to be seen issuing out of it, which they believe are the liberated souls of sinners now purified. When within the pseudo-crater of the Solfatara,

on stamping on the ground with your foot, a hollow sound proceeds from below, and in some places you hear a noise like boiling water. Lilliputian volcanoes may be made by obstructing the exit of the steam proceeding from apertures in the scorified soil, by covering them up with the naturally slaked limestone around, when a volcanic eruption in miniature will take place. These fuming orifices produce sulphur, alum, and sal ammoniac, in abundance. The sulphur is held dissolved by sulphuretted hydrogen, which, issuing at a temperature above 160° of Fahrenheit, on coming in contact with the air, deposits the sulphur on the tufous matter around the crevice by which it escapes.

On descending from the Solfatara towards Pozzuoli, there is an osteria to the left, in the garden belonging to which were discovered, some time ago, two large and beautiful *SARCOPHAGI*,—one containing the bones of a male adult, the other those apparently of a young female: they are shewn to visitors. As you approach Pozzuoli, you find the ruins of an *AMPHITHEATRE* in an orchard to the right: the arcades still remain, and the arena is planted with vines, corn, and fruit-trees. The material of which it is built is a volcanic cinder. When perfect, its length was 172 feet, and breadth 82, and was said to have been able to accommodate 45,000 spectators. It was in the arena of this amphitheatre, according to the legend, that St. Januarius was exposed to the wild beasts, when he escaped as scathless as did Daniel of old on a similar occasion, the animals falling prostrate before him. In one of the arcades of the amphitheatre there is a chapel consecrated to commemorate the miracle.

I proceeded onward to *POZZUOLI*. This is the ancient *Puteoli* of the Romans, and was originally built by the Greeks in the time of Tarquin the Proud, about the end of the sixty-second olympiad. It was named *Dicæarchia* by its founders; but when colonised by the Romans, after the defeat of Hannibal at Capua, being found scantily supplied with water, the Romans dug a number of wells in its neighbourhood, and hence called it *Puteoli*—a derivative it still retains in the modern name of Pozzuoli.

Pozzuoli is a poor town, occupied chiefly by fishermen and ciceroni, who guide strangers to the places of interest in the vicinity. There are still considerable remains of the *Moles Puteolana* yet standing. This, as the traveller may know, was intended for a bridge to cross from Puteoli to Baiæ, begun by Caligula, but never finished. The distance it was meant to traverse is between three and four miles: many of the piers are yet above water, and others have sunk under its level: they are built of the Pozzuolana stone of the neighbourhood, well known for its peculiar quality of hardening under water; so that whilst the buildings that were erected on land of the same material have crumbled to dust by exposure to the atmosphere, these piles have become more indurated by submersion.

Pozzuoli was also called Colonia Augusta. Augustus had a temple here, which is now a church, and dedicated to Saint Proculo. It is said to contain the body of St. Patrobas, one of the seventy-two disciples spoken of by St. Paul in the 16th chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, and it claims the still greater distinction of being the first church which received the light of the gospel; for it was in this pagan temple that St. Paul conversed of his apostolic mission, during the seven days he remained here with the brethren, in his voyage from Syracuse to Rome; for which see the 28th chapter of the Acts.

From this place it is usual to take a guide, who conducts the traveller, shewing him the remains of the TEMPLE OF JUPITER SERAPIS, of CICERO'S VILLA, where he wrote his *Questiones Academicæ*,* MONTE NUOVO, the LUCRINE LAKE, LAKE AVERNUS, and the many other interesting antique ruins on the promontory of Misena, for which I must refer to the Appendix.

Monte Nuovo rose out of the earth after the terrible earthquakes that prevailed here in 1538, which changed the entire face of the neighbouring country, and caused even the sea

* So called from his villa being built after the manner of the Academy at Athens.

to retire two hundred paces within its bounds, while Lake Lucrine was reduced to little better than a pool. The traveller, on ascending to the top of Monte Nuovo, will find a cavity in the form of a crater: this cup formerly contained water; and at its base he will observe black cinders, different from any volcanic matter in the vicinity; both of which circumstances I shall have occasion to allude to hereafter. Lake Avernus is a beautiful object, and its whilome "*fauces graveolentes*" are now as fragrant as the breath of morning. The day I visited it was sombre, toning down sensation to a key favourable to the enjoyment of romantic impressions. The steep side of the crater threw its shadow into the water; the temple by its margin added the picturesque to the scene; and the Grotto of the Sibyl called up recollections and associations of early boyhood, throwing the mind into the haunts of fancy, where the imagination depicted, in its own guise, the scene that was now before me. The temple is said to be that of Apollo. The Grotto of the Sibyl, again, has been thought by some to have been a subterranean passage from Lake Avernus to Cumæ: but even on this supposition it is difficult to surmise its purpose. The proper Sibyl's Cave is at Cumæ, on the declivity of a hill which faces the east: its front is of marble, and its interior is the same now as described by ancient writers. The profane superstition of modern times has dared to assert, that it was by this subterraneous passage our Saviour returned from hell, accompanied by the patriarchs. Cumæ itself afforded a retreat and a tomb to Tarquin the Proud, last king of ancient Rome: but it was in ruin even in the time of Juvenal—"vacua Cumæ."

It was now time to retrace my steps back to Naples; but as I cast a parting glance on Baia and the scenery around, I could not help reflecting on the strange vicissitudes to which every thing sublunary is subject. Baia, once the resort of all that was distinguished for rank, or fame, or fortune, in Rome, what is it now?—still, and forgotten, and deserted as those volcanoes, the story of whose former existence would be listened to with incredulity by the few wretched beings who now build their huts in their craters!

The gay, luxurious Baiæ is now levelled with volcanic dust and ashes; its shores are dreary and deserted; all its noble structures sunk into the earth, or swallowed up by the sea; and this haven of health is now changed into a laboratory of pestilential exhalations! How different, I thought, from the time when those temples were entire—when they sacrificed to Mercury—when the festivals and mysteries of Venus were celebrated—when all those *thermæ* and *suditoria*, those places of health and delight, were incessantly frequented! Day was spent amidst scenes of gorgeous pageantry, and evening opened her lap of fresh pleasures; and while the distinguished and the gay resorted to the theatres, love and beauty sought the shades of retirement. Then, in such a place, amidst such scenes, at evening's hour—the most corrupting hour of all, when all was abandoned to voluptuousness,—then I can conceive it was indeed a reproach for Cicero to have a country-house at Baiæ!

Not satisfied with the excursive glance I had had of the volcanic wreck all around Naples, I rose this morning before day-light, in order to get to the top of the hill on which the Camandoline convent stands. The moon was yet up, and shed a glimmering light through a veil of hazy clouds that encompassed it, but the morning was otherwise fine. The city was sunk into stillest slumber, and the breeze from the sea blew so gentle, that it seemed as the melodious breathings of Nature asleep. I had threaded my way through the Grotto of Posilipo, and got somewhat on the ascent, when the sun was preparing to rise from his watery bed, and separate the sea from the sky; the heavens appeared to rise with him, and the waves began to fall back on the horizon, like the petal of an awakening convolvulus. Rays of gold shot out on all sides,—now sparkling among the waves that bathe the feet of Capri, and Procida, and Ischia—now driving a-field the mists of the new-born morn as a shepherd does his flock, when reaching the march-stone which limits the domain of heaven and ocean, “he pillows his chin upon an orient wave,” shedding his brightest rays on Pozzuoli, on Baiæ, and the gulf that intervenes, on the Elysian fields, and on the

ruins of the seven cities which once flourished, like as many may-flowers, on its shores. Often turning back to note the matin-hymn of awakening Nature — for the development of her glories is of itself a mute adoration of their Creator — I gained the top of the mountain, when my train of observation took a different pursuit.

I have before made the remark, that volcanic action, in the state of combustion, has a constant tendency to operate in a circle;* and from this point of view the justness of the observation is manifested. Cast your regards around, and circles and segments of circles are the only forms which present themselves within the eye's scope. The outermost which you observe is formed by Nisida, the promontory of Posilipo, the hill on which I stood, Monte Barbaro, and terminates in Cape Misenum. Within this is another circle or basin, of a still more defined form — I mean the range of hills which encloses the lake of Agnano, between which and the outer circle there is a valley a quarter of a mile in breadth, encompassing the lake like the moat of a fortification. You perceive the same form of action preserved, and proceeding, in the Solfatara. Lake Avernus presents another centre of former volcanic operations; and segments of the same kind may be traced between the promontories of Misenum and Minerva, and that of Posilipo, the castle of St. Elmo, and the hill (Chiatamone) which formerly joined the palace of Lucullus with the dry land. From the castle of St. Elmo you see the same circular form of action, extending to the Capo di Monte. When, it may be asked, did these gigantic convulsions happen — convulsions that must have rendered the country to a great distance around uninhabitable, of which no tradition remains to hand down the recollection, and from whose effects no data can be deduced of the age in which they occurred? To say, "when chaos was a boy," is all that surmise can advance towards solving the question.

Vesuvius has yet to tell its own tale, for at present it constitutes its own centre. Indeed, the matter of combustion

* This fact may be seen illustrated and confirmed by the "*Carte Physique de la Campanie*," par S. Breislake.

in all the places we have named, seems to have nearly exhausted itself, and the subterranean fire has migrated to a fresh position (Vesuvius), where its pabulum still exists in abundance.

The current of the foregoing observations had led me on to Pozzuoli; and returning by the direct road to Naples, the traveller will observe a high hill to the left (MONTE SPINA), about half a mile on the way, composed of a material differing from any he has yet seen. It seemed to me to be a petrosilicious lithoid lava, thickly disseminated with large crystals of glassy felspar, manifesting little or no scorification in its appearance. This huge mass of rock stands isolated, and appears to have been thrown up from a great depth by some subterraneous commotion, of which no tradition is extant; and by the unscorified and crystalline texture it presents, it must have cooled under enormous pressure.* They quarry it for building the rampart on the bordering beach, for which, by reason of its great hardness, it seems particularly well adapted.

Nisida and Ischia are both volcanic islands: Capri, I was told, for I did not visit it, is of limestone, similar to that of the neighbouring Apennines.

POMPEII.

My next excursion was to Pompeii; but this is a place which must be seen, for no description can convey any accurate notion of it.† In my way I descended to view the excavations of Herculaneum, and here again I must refer the traveller to his personal observation. Chance, which, with the genius of science, has the privilege of drawing aside the veil of nature, discovered the site of this subterraneous city,

* The perfect crystalline structure of this volcanic rock may fairly be adduced as an analogous argument for the igneous origin of granite; so also may the trachyte porphyry of the Euganean range, hereafter to be spoken of.

† See the catalogue for a verbal enumeration of its more remarkable ruins.

of which history only preserved the record of the catastrophe that entombed it.*

The event which destroyed Pompeii is well known. Dion and Pliny have recorded it. In the eruption of Vesuvius, which happened in the reign of Titus, on a sudden a blast of wind arose, loosened a part of the ashes which covered the summit of the mountain, and, carried away in whirlwinds, buried Pompeii in suffocating dust. It has been a question with antiquaries, whether this eruption was the first of Vesuvius: and the query, by general assent, seems now to be settled in the negative, from the single circumstance of the streets of Pompeii being found paved with lava. But this is a circumstance, I must confess, which has no such conclusive weight with me, since it was quite easy for its inhabitants to procure as much as they might require from the hill in the neighbourhood of Pozzuoli, of which we have already spoken; and if eruptions had preceded the one in question, it is altogether unaccountable, considering the intelligence of the age, how the writers of that period should have lost all memorial of, or neglected to record, such momentous and striking events.

The feelings excited by a visit to Pompeii are strange and undefinable—pleasing, yet sad; where, as you walk, in epitaphic mood, from temple to temple and from house to house, you expect at every corner of a street to be met by the manes of some property, and reproved for trespassing on their privacy.

As I intended to sleep at the Hermitage on Vesuvius the same night, I tore myself away from this singular cemetery, where that became the tomb which had been the abode of its inhabitant; and, as was not unusual with me on similar occasions, I found, too late, that I had tarried too long. It was getting very dark as I began to ascend the mountain, and I shortly repented me of not having remained at Portici until the morning. After I had got a good way up, I found

* The theatre of Herculaneum is the only part yet excavated. The palace at Portici deserves a visit from the stranger; but as the king was residing there while I remained at Naples, this prevented my seeing it.

that a man had been following me ; and when he overtook me, he was pressing in his offers to be my guide : but thinking he might purposely mislead me from the path into danger, I declined his services. He was not, however, to be repulsed by a civil denial ; and now his urgency and pertinacity rousing my suspicion, I was obliged to threaten him with something more impressive than words, if he did not instantly go about his business. I was alone ; the place was solitary ; and as it was now quite dark, I thought it better to confide to any portion of instinct there might be latent within me, than trust to one who might be encouraged by place, time, and circumstance, to watch his opportunity to smite me. I still continued onward, and shortly found myself bewildered in a stream of lava. I wandered about, not knowing where, for full two hours, and became so tired, that I had made up my mind to pass the night in the first Cyclopean cavern I should find ; when, somehow or other, I had waded out of the stream, after many a bruise and tumble, and found myself unexpectedly in front of the HERMITAGE. Listening at the door, to ascertain if I was right, I heard the hermit and his acolyte at their midnight devotions ; so, knocking long and loud, it was with difficulty I obtained admission. The good old man, however, soon made me as comfortable as he could, by placing some bread, wine, and salami before me, and afterwards kindly busied himself in arranging me a bed on a cane sofa which stood in the room. My difficulties being over, I set about enjoying myself : the salami I thought delicious, and the *lacrimæ* brought tears of joy into my eyes. Hard as my couch promised to be, I saw cause to felicitate myself on the difference betwixt this and roosting among lava, with nothing but cold cinders for supper ; and in this humour I opened the album of the place in search of pastime.

There are various ways of judging of men and manners, and sometimes an album gives one a wrinkle. Ordinary, commonbensical people, in inscribing their names for the edification of posterity, for the most part content themselves with simply handing down their autograph to coming ages,

that future Lavaters may decipher their characters by the diagnostics therein developed ; whilst others, again, are more obligingly copious in their sketches of themselves ; of which latter description I selected the following, and those the most nationally characteristic :—

“ 11th 9ber 1825.

“ Mr. Cheeks on his ass with his two bow-wows.”

“ Thomas Ol—r has ass ended Mount Vesuvius for the fourth time.

“ Jan'y 2, 1826.”

“ Mr. and Mrs. Ol—h—m had the plesure of passing this hermitage the 12th Oct. 1825, and made a plesant breechfast on the platform.”

Above Mr. Cheeks you read :—

“ Itaque etiam nos inter coronata et cornuta capita splendamus in *sacculum sacculorum*.

“ H. A. MENGELICH, Lusamus.”

Then followed a French one, where, in recording the visit of the party, “ toutes les divinités de la concorde et de la paix furent invoquées, et qui furent très favorable.”

And, lastly, came—

“ Dr. Charles W. Ch—nc—y, Boston, U. S. Visited Vesuvius—went entirely round the crater—trod on burning sulphur—*put the mountain in commotion*—and returned to this place without difficulty or danger, Sept. 27, 1825.”

After this, said I, as I shut the book, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, hide your diminished heads!

By daylight next morning I started for the cone, with the determination to find a way for myself to its summit, from a persuasion that the one used by the guides had long ago been gleaned of every volcanic specimen worth picking up: “ *Viam aut inveniam aut faciam*,” said I, repeating my own motto, as I gave directions to my steps to lead me up the steep.

Successive eruptions have divided the mountain into two parts, Monte Somma and Vesuvius proper—the former retaining its altitude entire by being now separated from the immediate sphere of the volcanic action. After viewing the scorified and precipitous face of the Somma, I crossed a stream of lava which separates them, and began to ascend the cone. This the traveller will find a laborious undertaking, from the steepness of the acclivity, and the loose footing which the ashes afford, so that he slides back on an average almost as much as he ascends, thus more than doubling the height and distance to be surmounted before he attains the edge of the crater. Sitting down to rest myself, and pack away the specimens I had already collected, a singular phenomenon presented itself at my feet. Below me there was an irregular mound of erupted matter, which began to throw out volumes of dense steam, that crept up the side of the cone in the direction I sat, and I shortly found myself enveloped in a cloud of vapour so copious and dense, that I could not see but indistinctly the distance of a yard or two. I remained in this situation for about ten minutes, until it had passed over my head, before the objects below reappeared. This cloud had no perceptible smell, but seemed to consist wholly of the steam of water. I watched it curl to the crater's edge, when, quitting this, it hovered over the truncated apex of the cone in the manner of a baldacchino. I followed it as fast as I could, and stood under its canopy when contemplating the cavity of the crater. And here I must leave the traveller to his own reflections, whilst his imagination dives down to the abyss of molten matter whence issue those exhalations, or, casting his eye towards Pompeii and Herculaneum, he may muse on catastrophes bygone, or of those which are still likely to recur.

The first recorded eruption of Vesuvius happened in the 79th year of the Christian era, in the reign of Titus; for an account of which I refer the reader to the ancient writers who have described it. I have already mentioned the reasons for inducing me to adhere to the opinion that this was the first eruption of the mountain. Subsequent writers have

been equally particular in their accounts of several eruptions which have taken place since. In all of these the eruption has been described as preceded by dreadful hollow noises, and earthquakes, lasting for a longer or shorter time; the wells in the neighbourhood are observed to sink and become dry, and even the sea retires from the coast. These precursory phenomena are followed by an abundant issue of white fumes, forming clouds, which Sir William Hamilton, in speaking of the eruption that occurred in 1779, compares to bales of cotton. These were piled over the mouth of the crater, exceeding by four times the height of the mountain. When the eruption begins, stones are first ejected: those lying at the bottom of the crater, and forming the vault of the furnace, are necessarily the first thrown out; the lava next follows; and, lastly, an eruption of ashes, so great as frequently to darken the air, usually puts an end to the terrific scene. Other eruptions, again, are chiefly aqueous and muddy. Humboldt describes certain volcanoes in the Andes as ejecting nothing else; and, what is still more singular, that fish are often found thrown out with the mud, evincing the subterranean source whence the water is derived.* In one eruption of Cotopaxi the quantity of water ejected was so prodigious that it swept away all before it to a distance of eighty miles. The eruption of Vesuvius which buried Herculaneum was accompanied by a profuse eructation of water, that cemented the volcanic dust into mud, which time and pressure have indurated into tufa and pozzuolana; and again in 1630, Portici and Torre del Greco were destroyed by a torrent of boiling water and lava.

It is a fact worthy of remark, that all volcanoes which continue for any length of time in action are to be found in the vicinity of a plentiful supply of water. Most of them are situated on islands, or near the sea-shore; and those that are

* These fish are a species of *Pimelodes*, named *Cyclopus* by Humboldt from their *habitat*; but they do not differ from those found in the streams of the country. The fact gives us a stupendous idea of the suction going on in the interior of the volcanic abyss, when we reflect upon the height at which they are disgorged.

inland, as the volcanoes of the Andes, are found to communicate with vast caverns of water and underground rivers. Indeed, those in Peru and Quito are remarkable for throwing out scarce any thing save mud and water. This mud is called *moya*; and, when in South America, I saw some of it so combustible as to be used for fuel by the inhabitants.

Water acted upon by fire is, in my opinion, the moving power in all volcanic eruptions—an opinion which I shall endeavour to sustain in the sequel by facts both existent and analogous.

One curious circumstance is, that, as far as I have seen or been able to ascertain, volcanoes almost invariably exist in mountains consisting of limestone and in limestone ranges.* Vesuvius is a limestone mountain, the same as the neighbouring Apennines; Ætna has a similar basis; and the volcanic range in the Andes consists of the same rock.† Now, limestone districts have also this peculiarity, that they abound with water, and are often the seats of hot springs. Derbyshire, in our own country, exemplifies the first fact; the Pontine Marshes afford another abundant illustration; we have seen it in copious and fuming streams at San Filippi and at Aix, and in cold torrents from under the limestone of Vacluse. The same fact is to be observed in the limestone range of the Jura, on the shores of the lake of Neufchatel, where rivers are to be seen of only a few hundred yards in length, bursting into life from under a mountain, and, more short-lived even than the ephemeron, becoming extinct almost as soon as born; running their rapid and short course of existence to be swallowed up and lost in the general waters of the lake. Humboldt mentions, in his “Political History of

* The only exception to this general fact, that I am aware of, is to be found in the chain of mountains on which the Puys in Auvergne are situated; but this apparently anomalous circumstance will be attempted to be explained when noticing the basaltic hills about Bolca.

† I was shewn, when in New Holland, by my respected and distinguished friend Mr. M’Leay, the colonial secretary, specimens from the pseudo-volcano by the Hunter river. The rock was *limestone*, incrustated with crystals of sulphur, sal ammonia, and alum.

New Spain," that there exists, between the villages of Chamacasapa, Platanillo, and Tehuilotepic, in the bosom of calcareous mountains, a series of caverns and natural galleries, from which water issues in profusion, and that subterraneous rivers, similar to those in Derbyshire, traverse those galleries, communicating one with another. At Poole's Hole, near Buxton, there is a vast cavern in the limestone rock, with a stream of water running through it. Of a similar nature is the stupendous cavern at Castleton, which is crossed by four subterraneous streams. In several parts of the Malpays, also, great masses of water are heard to run in the direction from east to west—the direction of the volcanic range of the Anahuac.* Another striking coincidence is, that in all extinct volcanoes water is found. The lake of Bolsena exemplifies this circumstance on a colossal scale; the little cup on Radicofani, high as it stands above contiguous levels, is nevertheless filled with water; the beautiful lakes of Albano and Nemi attest the same unvarying phenomenon, as well as those of Agnano and Avernus, not excepting the volcanic goblet on Monte Nuovo. Can the limestone in slaking,† when strongly urged by heat, and rendered thirsty by torrefaction, direct the current of water towards the centre of igneous action, and thus add to the combustion instead of quenching it? We are told that the volcano in the island of Tanna first took fire after great rains, and ceased only when the water that had fallen seemed to be exhausted.

* Volcanic action, under ground, seems to proceed in a straight line—that of the telluric electric meridian. There is a parallel or narrow zone of this description, of great elevation, between $18^{\circ} 59'$ and $19^{\circ} 12'$ N., in which all the summits of the Anahuac rising above the region of perpetual snow are situated. These regions are either volcanoes which still continue to burn, or mountains which, from their form, as well as from the nature of their rocks, Humboldt thinks, have, in all probability, been the seat and result of volcanic action. The range of volcanic islands from the Azores, including Porto Santo, Madeira, the Canaries, and Cape de Verd, to Ascension, exemplify the same fact: so do the Puy in Auvergne.

† It is mentioned of one eruption of Ætna, that it covered a space of fifty leagues in circumference, and twelve feet in thickness, with *calcareous* sand.

This supposition would account for the sinking and drying up of wells in the vicinity of volcanoes, and for the white clouds of steam which proceed more or less at all times from them. In the "Bulletin de la Société de Géographie" for November 1829, an account is given of a volcanic eruption proceeding from a mountain in Java; and from the phenomena preceding it, it was evident that it had communicated with a neighbouring river three months before the eruption took place; when hot mud, which was thrown to a distance of ten leagues, was the first matter ejected. And, lastly, I may add, that there cannot be a doubt of the communication which Mount Ætna has with the sea. This fact was established by what occurred in the great eruption of 1751, when a stream of boiling *salt* water continued to flow for a quarter of an hour from the volcano, in quantity so vast as to get the descriptive name of *Nilo d'acqua*.

When this planet was first launched into space, no notion appears more feasible than that it was in the beginning a molten mass surrounded by matter less resistant of heat in a gaseous form, each component of which having attractions and repulsions imposed upon it the same as exist at present, but separated and controlled by the power of heat, yet held together as a whole by the fundamental law of attraction. All matters easily evaporable took up positions round the central mass, according to their respective gravities; and among these, the waters now forming the ocean must have been held in suspension. While the upper matters cooled and condensed, still the elastic vapour immediately over the molten surface was capable of sustaining the superincumbent pressure, a fact which is easily imitated in miniature, by dropping water on melted glass; but, in proportion as the heat diminished in intensity, the natural gravity of the water would keep constantly tending to overcome the repulsive force which upheld it. As the fused mass cooled by radiation, its exterior surface would gain consistence, would emanate

less heat, and lessening by degrees the elasticity which floated the supernatant ocean, the waters would at length assume their proper place, and flow on the surface of the consolidated crust.

From the heterogeneous nature of the matter forming the molten mass, chemical phenomena of all kinds would in turn take place, and these the more numerous as the mass cooled. Natural affinities, severed by the tumult, would now begin to act : and arrangements of gravity, at first incongruously intermixed by the explosions of combustibles, would settle down into order : and the globe, in time, would become habitable for the lower classes of animal existence.

The entire globe, under the preceding view, must have formed originally but one immense volcano ; and those that at present exist, or have existed, are but the feeble scintillations of its dying embers. But while the more colossal phenomena, which we have imagined to have existed, were subsiding, others of enormous magnitude would, for a long time, continue to operate, though diminishing in violence and frequency as Time advanced in years : states of eruptive turbulence would more partially, and, at more distant intervals, recur to disturb the natural arrangement which had taken place, and thus account for many of those irregular appearances which the surface of the earth presents. Commotions from below would raise up ranges of mountains from the plain, or elevate them from the bottom of the ocean :* thus blending the igneous and aqueous formations together, and, by changing from time to time the bed of the ocean, would leave its formations dry, while it sought a new level. If the upheaving of the submarine strata was extensive, and the degree of force equal and simultaneous throughout, these strata, in many instances, would retain their horizontal position, or decline very slightly from it. In the opposite case, the disruption might place strata of aqueous formation, which were formerly level, almost on their edges :

* Dr. Hook conceived that *all* land had been raised from the bottom of the sea by the power and agency of subterraneous fire—an idea, in my opinion, unnecessarily extensive.

shells and other marine remains would thus be placed where it would otherwise be difficult to account for their elevated positions, and matters of pyrogenous origin be found piercing materials of a very different formation from themselves. Deposits indisputably of aqueous origin, which are so often met with so many thousand feet above the present level of the sea, are, by the foregoing supposition, very readily accounted for; and the surplus oceans, which, according to some geologists, have so often deluged the world, be got rid of by an hypothesis less obnoxious to objections than that which seeks out some vast cellar somewhere under ground, to bottle off some thousand millions of cubic miles of water, until a fresh deluge be wanted for the support of their drenching system of cosmogony. We have had the world drowned once, and that is quite enough to satisfy my hydrophobic taste.

I think there is abundant proof that fire and vast caverns still exist at a great depth below the surface of the earth, else how can we account for those earthquakes which are at times felt simultaneously, extending to such distances? On the cessation of the eruption of Vesuvius which occurred towards the end of December 1831, an earthquake took place at the same instant, which extended along the whole chain of the Apennines. In another, which happened in December 1760, earthquakes were felt for fifteen miles all around Vesuvius, accompanied with unusual and terrific roarings of the sea bordering its base. That this volcano has a subterranean communication with the Solfatara, was proved by flames bursting from the latter in the eruption of Vesuvius in 1822. What else than a submarine volcano of prodigious force and magnitude could have raised up a range of volcanic islands stretching nearly in a straight line from Staffa by the Azores to St. Helena? The island of Madeira, as well as I could observe when there, presents no vestige of ever having had a living volcano upon it, and yet it consists mainly of basaltic lava, and had, consequently, been fused at an enormous depth below the bed of the ocean, which itself is of great depth all around the island, and close in

shore. The island of Teneriffe, viewed as a whole, is of a similar nature; for I conceive that the volcano known by the name of the Peak has thrown out but very little lava, comparatively speaking, considering the extent of the island; and the same remark I believe to be applicable to the whole suite of this volcanic range.

Several new islands have appeared within the record of testimony. Seneca tells us that in his time the island of Theresia arose all at once out of the sea; and Pliny informs us of thirteen islands which emerged from the bottom of the Mediterranean. Sir William Hamilton believes that the island of Ischia issued from the same watery bed; Monte Nuovo* still exists, to testify a similar event on the neighbouring land: we all may remember the emerging, and after-submersion, of the island Sabrina among the Azores; and another (Graham Island) rushed into existence only the other day. Submarine earthquakes have been repeatedly noticed. In that which was experienced on board the *Volage*, in the bay of Callao (30th March, 1828), it is mentioned that a hissing noise was heard in the water, as if a red-hot iron had been plunged into it. An immense quantity of bubbles arose to the surface, and the sea was covered with the bodies of

* Humboldt tells us, in his "Statistical Analysis of the Intendancy of Valladolid, in the kingdom of New Spain," that the volcano of Jorulla was raised 1695 feet in one night from the surrounding plain; and Strabo relates, that in the plains in the neighbourhood of Methone, by the shores of the gulf of Hermione, a volcanic explosion produced a mountain of scorix, to which he gives the prodigious height of seven stadia, which, computed by the Olympic stadium, would amount to 4096 feet English.

In June 1765, the town of Rocco di Monte Piano, in the kingdom of Naples, was swallowed up by the earth opening under it, and protruding a great rock in its stead on the very spot where the town formerly stood, marking, in monumental guise, its grave. This catastrophe took place so measuredly, that five or six hundred of the inhabitants, who had fled at the first, returned with the hope of saving their more valuable effects, and were all lost.

From many of the small cones which encompass the sides of the volcano of Jorulla, there issues a dense steam, the temperature of which was found to be 202° of Fahrenheit, accompanied by a subterraneous noise, like that of a fluid in ebullition.

dead fish floating about. Before these phenomena took place the sea had been perfectly calm : during their continuance it was so agitated, that the ship was observed to roll more than a foot on each side under water ; and the chain-cable, on being weighed, was found to have undergone a sort of fusion for some part of its length.

It is a well-known fact, that shells are found as we rise to the foot of great chains of mountains, and up their sides, even to the height of many thousand feet. On Mont Perdu, the highest of the Pyrenees, whole strata of sea-shells are found ; Ulloa states, that he found marine shells on a mountain in Peru more than 14,000 feet above the level of the sea ; and Saussure met with them on the Selenche and the Mole—mountains whose elevation exceeds 7,000 feet. But a fact, which is invariable, merits particular consideration, and that is, that the strata at these elevations, instead of being horizontal, as in the plains, are of various degrees of inclination, and sometimes even vertical. Can probability produce a concomitant circumstance more corroborative of the supposition that these strata were placed vertically by force acting from below, and that the shells found imbedded in them were formed when these strata were horizontal, at the bottom of the ocean, and at an infinite depth below their present position ? That the entire island of Sicily has been raised from the bottom of the sea at some remote period, is rendered probable by the circumstance of a bed of sea-shells being found by Dolomieu on *Ætna* 2,400 feet from its base ; and from *Ætna* being a volcano, the supposition is not improbable, that the commotion which uplifted the island from the bottom of the ocean ignited the mountain at the same time.

Chaptal thinks that volcanoes owe their origin to the ignition of pyritous coal ; and, according to D'Aubuisson, Werner, from studying the contiguity of coal and basalt in the mountains of Saxony, entertained a similar opinion. Now I am inclined to think, from what I have before stated, that volcanoes derive their origin from the combustion of lime, and owe their phenomena to the generation of steam ; in fact, that *a volcano is a natural steam-engine*, and the cavity

formed in the mountain constitutes its boiler. When the steam that is generated can find ready vent, so as to escape by sufficient apertures, then no commotion takes place ; but should these by any accident be closed up—an event always liable to happen from the falling in, and consequent displacement, of the matter subject to the internal combustion,—or should the steam be generated in increased and increasing quantity, and the apertures of escape, the safety-valves, not enlarged proportionately, and by the augmentation of the heat get more elasticity, and hence greater force, then the phenomena of a volcano commence,—earthquakes are felt, clouds of steam are seen to issue from crevices in the mountain, or from the crater, if already formed ; at the same time, the fire within, increasing in intensity, augments the generation of the confined steam, until the mountain, being no longer capable of bearing the internal pressure, gives way at the spot which offers the least resistance, and an explosion, or eruption, as it is more usually termed, ensues. Nothing explains the projectile force of a volcano so well as the idea of steam pent up and acted upon by the heat of a vast cauldron of molten lava. Spallanzani ascertained, when at the summit of Stromboli, looking down the crater, that the ascent of the liquid lava, its explosions, and jets, were all occasioned by the production and disengagement of elastic fluids. The projectile force with which volcanoes act is sometimes almost incredibly prodigious. It has been computed, that to throw up lava to the edge of the crater of the Pic of Teneriffe, merely from a depth on a level with the ocean, would require a power equivalent to one thousand times the pressure of the atmosphere. Could any physical power else than that of steam throw a column of lava ten thousand feet above the crater of Vesuvius ? a fact certified by Sir William Hamilton ; and this stupendous height is exclusive of the abyss whence it was projected. Another circumstance not to be forgotten is, that earthquakes invariably cease as soon as the eruption commences. The pent-up and highly elastic vapour has now found an issue, and no longer rages like a confined demon in the caverns of the earth. It sometimes happens that the

steam forces a vent through a more extended surface, and then we have whole towns overturned, and movements of the earth's surface which have been compared to the waves of the sea. Such events are not uncommon, especially in Chili and Peru. Tacitus, in his second book, makes mention of a terrible earthquake that happened in Asia in the reign of Tiberius, by which twelve famous cities were totally ruined. It occurred in the night, and so suddenly, that the inhabitants had no time to save themselves. The earth opened, and the cities were swallowed up, high mountains sunk into the earth, and plains were raised up into mountains, during which terrible catastrophes it lightened tremendously, and flames of fire issued from the earth.

During the period of the intensest heat of an eruption, the water in immediate contact with the lava seems to get decomposed, as appears from the height the flame of the hydrogen will ascend. The flame from Vesuvius in 1779 rose to a height equal to three times that of the mountain itself, that is, about eleven thousand feet. But I am afraid the general reader is already tired of the subject; and so we will have done with it.

Only one word more. It appears to me that when a volcano has nearly exhausted itself, the matter latterly ejected is almost entirely pulverulent; and of this nature I consider that which forms the ancient promontories and mounds in the vicinity of the extinct volcanoes of Agnano and Avernus, and that it was the pulverulent matter latterly ejected, proceeding from the last throes of the volcanoes of Castel-Grandolfo and Nemi, which produced six out of the seven hills on which Rome stands. We noticed the difference in the cinders forming Monte Nuovo from the other volcanic débris around, shewing its anterior origin, which, before it was uplifted from its sunken bed, had been covered with the ordinary tufous matter last ejected; and the same observation suggested the idea of the mountain of lava (Monte Spina) having been elevated at some forgotten period in a similar manner.

A volcano in its decrepitude, when it has worn out its fires, and has blown its sides so thin and lank that they can no

longer support their own weight, falls in upon itself; and now assisted by the water within, thus extinguishes the lambent and exhausted combustion, leaving to some distant generation to write its "Ci-gît," as one day will happen to the still athletic Vesuvius.

Cogitating thus, I began to descend the cone, with the ashes slipping from under me at every step; and as I kept tumbling down on my back, I thought of my own "Ci-gît," and of the little volcanoes of human passion which wear out this puny frame of ours—for our feelings are as vapours, and our bodies but dust and ashes.

Would that I were of a romantic cast of mind! It is a disposition that furnishes more than ought else dreams to gild over the bare wretchedness of reality; for the happiest scenes of life are but the romance of a day. Such a happy turn of mind, more certainly than the philosopher's stone, converts dross into gold out of all sorts of matter, bends every event to its own natural proclivity, and dresses in Fancy's gayest rainbow the dullest scenes of life: by its ready power of assimilation, it turns them all to its own gratification, and may be numbered among the best caterers that contribute to aid the fiction of human felicity. Fenelon remarked justly when he said, that man is the happiest who believes himself so; and no occupation, or scheme, or pursuit, is too extravagant which, in the alchymical hand of romance, may not be converted into a prolific source of enjoyment. Would that I were romantic; for there are a thousand projects I could devise! I would pass one year of my life, for example, seating myself daily on the sea-shore, and numbering the grains of sand. Ghost of Cocker! what service might I not render to science, if, from such a nucleus, I could compute the precise number of atoms of which this globe is composed! Were I romantic, I'd pluck the rainbow from the skies, and joining it with that belonging to our antipodes, make a grindstone of it to polish opals upon, or weave it into a fillet for thy fair brow, dearest C----! Were I romantic, I would have a balloon made, set every rope-maker to work to spin me some 120,000 miles of cord, put two Fellows of the Royal Society

in it,—with a good breeze they'd get half-way to the moon by luncheon-time, there to float about like condors at the perihelion of their flight, until observed by some prying stargazer of earth's satellite. Hereupon two lunar academicians are despatched to hold a palaver; but when the four sages meet, not a word on either side can be made out: a mutual exchange takes place, a Lunatic Acad. for a Royal Fellow; the veering-line is hauled in, and, through the interpretation of a Bedlamite, we might thus come to learn the whole history and mystery of the moon! Were I romantic, I would have a deep well dug to confine the reflection of the evening star; for, with the help of a gimlet, I could have a peep down when I liked, and it would put me in mind of the soft-beaming eye of her I love! Were I romantic, I would that on every leaflet and flower, on rock and cave, on every precipice, over every waterfall, around each gay-tinted cloud, among the stripes of the rainbow, in the centre of the thunderbolt, were written, "O! NATURE!"—what a grand motto for contemplation! Were I romantic, I would desire a friend, when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, to have engraved on my humble tomb, "Here lies he who was: passenger, bestow one tear to moisten the grass-clad grave of the Rambler, now at his travels' end—for tears are the alms of the heart!" Such are a few of the projects which the romantic could suggest to advance science, to make discoveries, to indulge his own sensibilities, to adore his God,—and all this, too, without injuring his fellow-man, while he improves his own benevolent feelings in their harmless pursuit.

I had now visited, in the course of the five weeks I had remained here, the many interesting objects which Naples presents in such abundance and variety to the curiosity of the stranger, and I was impatient to be gone. My health had begun to suffer from the unwholesomeness of a volcanic atmosphere: I felt ill, latterly, at Rome, from a torpor of the liver coming on, which I expected to have walked off; but fatigue, and the run I had for it at Sparanisi, aggravated my ailments, and they ended in a confirmed jaundice two

days after my arrival at Naples. I contrived to get rid of the outward and visible signs of my complaint in about ten days, but still felt very unwell. Having, therefore, completed my rambles in and about Naples, I again endorsed myself with my knapsack to return to Rome. Were it not for the pestiferous soil of Naples, how much do its localities excuse the enthusiasm their natural beauties call forth. What fresh mornings! what brilliant noons! what calm and silent evenings! what lovely amorous nights! what sparkling stars! what blue waves! what deep azure skies!—all so favourable to love and so fatal to innocence; presenting scenery and inspiring sensations that detach the soul from all that is austere, and sink in the giddy whirlpool of forgetfulness those sobrieties that sustain Virtue on her throne; for how else could emperors and conquerors revel here in disgraceful pleasures, whilst the rest of the world was drowned in blood and tears by their cruelties and devastations?

Of the beggars of Naples, I may observe that their impudence is quite astounding. None here are ashamed to beg: they walk in and out of the cafés like so many domestic animals; and if they see you are determined not to listen to their importunities, they will tap you on the elbow to compel your attention, as if they were demanding a right. Charity is a debt, it is true, but nobody likes to be so dunned into it.

I got back to Terracina on the third evening from leaving Naples, and, crossing the Pontine Marshes on the following day, I slept at Tor-Treponde. On my way I fell in with a barge which was being towed up one of the drains by several men, against the stream, and being invited to embark, I had an opportunity of seeing the poverty and utter wretchedness of these unfortunate men. They were anxiously inquisitive to know something of the state of affairs in Europe, and seemed ardently to wish for a war that should emancipate them from their miseries. We stopped mid-way to rest while they dined: their meal consisted only of a piece of brown bread, which they soaked in the dirty water alongside, and their only beverage was drawn from the same foul source.

It was curious to see the way in which these men quenched their thirst, it resembled so much the lapping of a dog, both in manner and noise. With the first two fingers of their right hand dipped into the water they threw it thus to their mouth, and caught it with their lips with great dexterity. I tried to imitate them, for I was excessively thirsty; but my awkwardness only made them laugh, for I splashed the water all over my face; on which I heard one of them remark, with something like disdain, that "the signor had only been accustomed to drink out of a *bicchiere*." Though living so poorly, and working so hard, yet these men appeared perfectly healthy: they had been up all the preceding night, conveying billet-wood to Terracina, and were now on their return for more. The steersman very truly remarked that it was the life of a dog. He had formerly served in the imperial army of France, and certainly had reason to regret his altered condition.

Reflecting on the circumstance, I cannot see any reason to doubt the account handed down of the former populousness of the district of the Pontine Marshes in the time of the Volsci, or of the twenty-three towns spread over it, which they inhabited. The marshes, I conceive, had not existed at that day; but when the water which now deluges this extensive plain began to issue from under the mountains in the background, this, by converting the country into a marsh, and, consequently, rendering it incapable of supporting population, would drive away its inhabitants, and bury the towns in its sinks. That suchlike events have happened before and have afterwards ceased, is rendered probable by observing the country between Tivoli and Rome. At a few inches under the scanty soil you come to nothing but extensive beds of travertine, a petrifying deposit of calcareous matter from water which had at one time inundated a great part of the flat at the foot of the neighbouring hills. The same kind of deposit forms a considerable part of the foundation of the Pontine Marshes; a fact which the traveller may easily ascertain, by walking into those parts where the water has forsaken the spot, or has been drained off.

The porous nature of travertine exerts strong capillary attractions, and will always keep that country moist whose basis is composed of such a material. I walked considerably out of the road early in the morning, to examine a solitary house in ruins to my left, and was surprised at the profuse quantity of dew which had fallen on the grass through which I had to walk.

My last visit to Vesuvius, on the day before I quitted Naples, had so shook the constitution of my shoes, that I was obliged to leave them by the road-side, and don my slippers as my only resource, as I ascended the hill to Veletri. On arriving at Albano I struck off to the right, and by a road that wound round one side of the lake, I got to Frascati. It was a fête day, and the town was filled with people from the country. A horse-race was one of the sports of the day; and had the genius of caricature presided as steward of the course, the scene could not have been more ludicrous. The horses in Italy, as the reader may know, run without riders, being goaded on by weights suspended by loose ropes against their sides; and they were such wretched hacks, that I am sure an English knacker would not have owned them for their hides. The race took place in the piazza, along an avenue made by the gazing and delighted country-people, whilst the *noblesse* of the neighbourhood, the magistrates, and high dignitaries of the church, condescended to grace this farcical scene with their presence. The prize was a saddle. After it was ended, the winner was brought forth to receive the homage of the crowd, decked all over with ribands, and led by his master, preceded by a band of music; and nobles, and priests, and soldiers, followed in the train of this triumphal procession. In the evening the town was enlivened by fire-works, and dances and merriments of all sorts.

In the midst of so many delighted faces around me, I could not but envy the feelings of those whose "ignorance is bliss," as I, perhaps, was the only spectator present who could not participate to the full in the simplicity of the enjoyment:

but where all appeared so genuinely *arist*, who would have looked for jockeyship in such a scene?—and yet I thought I perceived it; for whilst the knackers strove for the goal at an equal pace, a dog that had been trained, as I imagined, for the purpose, was let loose from among the crowd, which, snatching at the heels of a particular horse, so hastened his speed as to make him the winner! Previous to this race I had paid a visit to the supposed site of CICERO'S TUSCULAN VILLA, where a mosaic pavement is its only remains, at a place called GROTTA FERRATA, lying under Frascati. Here, also, the traveller will see a fresco painting by Domenichino, in a chapel in the abbey. Next morning I walked on to COLONNA to breakfast, a distance of seven miles, through a drizzling rain, and a country entirely formed of volcanic debris abounding in black mica. Colonna is a miserable town, built on a little hill of reddish-coloured cinders, which, though perfectly scorified, present an appearance as if they had once been liquefied. It rained so hard, that I did not proceed to Palestrina, as was my intention; but took the road, as I thought, to Tivoli;—and here it was, I may remark, that I had a practical joke played upon me, for the first time in my travels; for the person of whom I inquired my route directed me in a way directly contrary. I had proceeded a considerable distance before I found out my mistake, when, striking at random across the country, through vineyards and open fields, without a path to guide me, I descended a precipice by the help of the roots of trees, and tumbled, late in the day, accidentally upon VICOVARO. This is the ancient Villa Varroni, the former residence of Cicero's friend, whose voluminous writings are lost to posterity. The town is now full of emptiness, voluminous in nothing but dirt and wretchedness; and the only remark I made worthy a note, was the singular appearance of the volcanic soil, it being beautifully variegated in colour.

Notwithstanding that the rain continued to fall in torrents, I determined to get to Tivoli that night if possible. I was fatigued, and wanted something to eat, but could get nothing except cold hard-boiled eggs; and of these, per force, I made

my meal,—scanty enough, it was true ; but I comforted myself with the reflection, that had I had a brain-fever, or some other atrocious inflammation, I should then have been obliged to fare as sparingly ; and of the two evils, I certainly had the least to complain of. In this satisfied state of mind I again took the road, in the hope of faring better by bed-time ; but “ *l'espérance est le songe d'un homme éveillé.* ” The night grew thicker and thicker, and the rain fell equally dense ; and I wandered onward more by guess than from any certainty I had that I was going right : in short, I got quite bewildered ; and, after wading for nearly an hour, over the knees in water, up a stony and rugged pathway, which the rain descending from the heights had converted into a precipitous and continuous stream, I gave up all expectation of reaching Tivoli that night. I was stupified, too, by the rain, and the fatigue I had undergone. What the hour was I could not well guess ; but it must have been near midnight. So, perceiving a sort of cave in the mountain, (for by this time I calculated that I had attained the level of Tivoli,) I had nothing else to choose but to accept the shelter it offered me. I gathered together some dry grass and leaves that lay strewed about its interior, to make me a couch ; and binding a handkerchief round my temples, by way of *tutamen*, if not *decus*, I laid my head down on my friendly knapsack, putting my trust for the safety of the night in Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. My prayer was short as the Persian's :—“ In thee have I trusted : let me never be confounded : ” and in the firmness of this reliance, I soon slept the sleep of Endymion. Next morning I awoke some time after daylight, blessing the man who first invented sleep : my limbs were stiff and benumbed with cold ; so, shaking myself up, to find if I was “ all over right,” as the horse-dealers express it, I strapped my night's pillow on my back, and, on getting out of the cave, I saw Tivoli under my feet, a short distance off to the westward ! A passing regret shot across my heart, as I thought how comfortably I might have passed the night had I been in better luck ; but “ where is the use of sighing ” in a world which so abounds in occasions for doing nothing else !

The rain had now ceased, and the morning sun beamed as bright as if it had never shed a tear. On casting my eyes around, the objects before me presented one of those glorious prospects that entrance the feelings: at my feet lay the Campagna, over my head spread a refulgent expanse of sky: eastward the sun had begun his career toward the land of his setting, to sleep in the bosom of the Andes: on the verge of the horizon were Rome, the rugged Apennines, and the sea, where distance unites earth and heaven in prospects so fugitive and evanescent, that, viewing them twice, you perceive them changed. I watched the blue vapour that veiled the mountains' side as it left its dewy bed; awoke by the sunbeams, it curled up the steep, and dissipated into air, like a dream forgotten. I regarded the nitescent snow that glistened on the summit of the more elevated Apennines; and in the midst of all stood pines, and poplars, and cypresses, among tombs and aqueducts in ruins. Ruminating on reflections in harmony with the surrounding scene, my mind got tuned for a treat; so I took the road to Tivoli, forgetful of the miserable plight I was in: but it seemed my wretched attire was more obvious to others than to myself; for, as I approached the town, an old woman seeing me walking in slippers lashed to my feet with cord, asked me, with a feeling of concern, why I went so badly shod; and, without waiting for a reply, added, "*Sta par penitenza?*" The idea tickled me, and I answered, "*Signora, si.*" "*Ah! poveretto!*" cried the old woman, in a tone of voice which, when translated, said, "*Who among the children of men is not a sinner?*"

TIVOLI.

While every other part of Italy may, with equal claims, exact homage as classic ground, every footstep about Tivoli is doubly consecrated; and I felt, in visiting those sacred haunts, as if I ought to have left my slippers as well as shoes at Velettri; for here it was that Cicero rehearsed to the sound of the falling waters, and Horace repeated his odes, while the birds on the surrounding sprays filled in the

chorus : these green hills were trodden by Catullus and his Lesbia : these same fields were tilled by the hand of the elder Cato : in these groves Seneca meditated ; and in the gardens of the Villa Estense, in later times, it was that Tasso composed a great part of his *Gerusalemme Liberata*.

Tivoli is the ancient Tibur, and its picturesque beauties have for ages made it the resort of the pilgrims of nature. The grand cascade is at the back of the town, to view which you descend by a diagonal path cut out of the travertine, formed by the waters of the Agnello. This white and turbid stream flows gently over its bed, bathing the town in its course, shaded by branching elms, stealing onward calm and majestic, like a swan. Of a sudden it bursts into turbulence, dashing itself against the rocks into foam ; when, falling back on itself in impetuous seethings, it leaps over the rock in desperation, and is precipitated into the abyss below.

As you descend by the path I have mentioned, the guide directs your eye to the different objects of interest as they present themselves. Cast your regards upward, and you see the simple and chaste TEMPLE OF VESTA, and, by its side, the circular FANE OF THE SIBYL, its beautiful, fluted, Corinthian columns, and its richly festooned entablature. Draw your eye forward, and the view of the CADUTA dazzles the giddy sight in its fall : throw it downward, and you perceive the fuming mist into which it is dissipated, whose spray, as it condenses, falls in a continual shower, and will wet a spectator at the distance of six hundred paces. Let your eye sink still lower down, and you now see the “ præceps Anio” gathering together its scattered waters, like a boa recoiling, to plunge under the GROTTO OF THE SYREN. At the foot of the pathway you come to a cavern, hollowed out of the rock by the chisel of nature, whose vault is formed of two enormous arches ornamented with moss, and creepers hanging in festoons—this is the GROTTO OF NEPTUNE, in the continued noise of which night hath no silence. Here you again have a view of the falling floss, as it dashes headlong through the grotto in three precipitous streams ; and as you stand amidst the thick drizzle that envelopes you, you perceive a richly-

tinted rainbow, which follows you about as you shift your position, as if it were the shadow of your own eye's iris. Listening in dumb delirium to the thunders of rebounding waves, and to the continuous reverberation of the falling of so many waters, while all else around is silent, you insensibly get wetted to the skin ; and the chill working itself up to a shudder, at last awakens you from your day-dream, and obliges you to quit this elfin cave, and regain the height. As you ascend, observe on the wall of rock to your left the various forms the travertine assumes, and how nature, in the midst of so much sublime tumult, can find leisure even to be fantastic.

From the *Caduta Grande* you wind round by a delightful road, shaded by poplars, and plantains, with mulberry and fig-trees intermingled, to arrive in front of the *Cascatelle*. On each side of your path are flowers of fragrant sweetness, blooming on a carpet of nature's richest verdure. Concerts of birds of sweetest song ravish with their notes the delighted ear, and flocks feeding on the hills coat their summits with fleecy white. Reverting the eye, the temples of Vesta and the Sibyl, overhanging the foaming gulf of the cascade, burst again into view, where ivy and other leafy plants dispute with the Corinthian acanthus which of them shall crown the fallen columns strewed around. You pass the ruined villa of Horace and his garden, now that of an idle set of monks, and at length come in full view of the CASCATELLE ; to form which you see a torrent rushing impetuously forward, that separates into five streams, and bounds over the edge of the hill with the gay alacrity of a hunter in full cry. Here the water rushes over in sheets—there it trickles down in fillets of silver ; and every timid tiny shrub on the margin of its course is kept in a constant tremor by the gushing stream. The successive leaps made by the different cascades in their fall are no longer terrific ; but what they lose in sublimity they gain in beauty : nothing can be finer than the surrounding accompaniments. Look upward, and a pure azure sky is in keeping with your peaceful sensations : listen to the murmurings, as if of congratulation, caused by the various

streams as they meet to mingle again their waters on a carpet of emerald, and the pulses of the heart respond to the quietude of the Elysian scene.

From this enchanting spot the traveller may now pay a visit to the VILLA ADRIANA. This was a space including about ten miles in circumference, at the foot of the mountains in which the Emperor Hadrian imitated all the most celebrated monuments of Grecian architecture: here stood the Lyceum; there, the Academy; in the plain, the Portico; on the brow of the hill, the Temple of Thessalia; in the valley, the Elysian Fields; in the midst of a wood, the Pœcile of Athens; besides baths, and libraries, and naumachia, and theatres: but the place must be seen to shape any conception of what it might have been; for little remains to guide even probability in a guess, and leaves description at fault, for want of substance to portray; so, determining to indulge in fancies of my own creation, I lay down on the grass, with the marsh in sight which had formerly been the garden of Lucullus. On a sudden the sentinels stationed in my orbits deserted their post, to steal a march to a canteen in one of the innermost ventricles of the brain, when my mind, thus left in the dark as to what was passing in the external world, unconsciously lost itself in the labyrinths of fancy, and I began to imagine myself, by some inward gastric association of feeling, at a feast given by this refined voluptuary of anti-quity. Lucullus, methought, was entertaining his guests with a lamentation on the rigour of fate, in the following pathetic strain:—"Let us be thankful to the gods," said Lucullus, apparently in continuation—for I do not remember being present at grace-time, but had popped in somehow accidentally—"Let us be thankful to the gods," said he, "for the good things they have given us. The profusion and kind partiality of fortune ought not to shut our eyes to the wretchedness of those whom fate hath treated less bountifully; for when I consider, my friends, that there are so many miserable beings who have nothing to eat but black bread—(*Caius, pass the turbot this way*)—who have no other beverage than water to quench their thirst—(*Lucius, pour me out a goblet*

of *Falernian*)—who suffer from the cold, from sickness and penury, and who groan under some wretched hovel, stretched upon a miserable pallet—(*Davus, pour perfumes on our heads, and strew our couches with roses*)—when I think of all these things, oh ! my friends——”. At this moment Caius entered, and announced that the sports of the *naumachia* had commenced in the Villa Adriana : and this untoward interruption cut short—bad luck to it!—the lament, just as we all had begun to shew that sorrow was indeed dry. We now hastened from the table, and the bustle the company made in rising awoke me to a sense that I had only been, what, by the way, I am very apt to do, day-dreaming. On opening my eyes, I perceived the sun fast sinking into the west ; and I was now fain to return to the inn, to try if I could not “ cloy the hungry maw of appetite ” with something more substantial than “ the bare imagination of a feast.”

Before leaving the heights of Tivoli, let the traveller cast his eye in the direction of those hills which had formed, when in operation, the centre of the volcanic action around Albano and Nemi. Here he will again see exemplified the circular form in which it has so invariable a tendency to act. A *champaign* space intervenes between these and the limestone formation of the Apennines, composed entirely of granular and lithoidal tufa, till within a mile and a half of Tivoli, when it meets the travertine, the fantastic appearance of which in some places closely resembles the gyri of roots of trees in a state of petrification. This singular deposit extends its bed six miles in breadth across the ancient Via Tiburtina ; and the grass and reeds which you find converted into stone, furnish beautiful specimens for the cabinet of the naturalist. He may pick them in abundance even from the stone fences by the road-side. It seems probable that the Agnello had once flowed directly down the hill from Tivoli, before it took the more circuitous route of the cascades, and perhaps also in streams more copious than at present ; but, even on this supposition, the Anio alone never could have furnished calcareous sediment sufficient to produce so extended a bed. The water must have issued from a more abundant and wide-

spread source, now exhausted ; a supposition which, if correct, renders it not improbable but that the Pontine marshes themselves may one day become dry.

About five miles from Tivoli, on the direct road to Rome, you cross a little bridge stretching over the æstuary of an adjoining SOLFATARA, a name usually given in Italy to springs of water of a sulphureous nature. You are apprised of your approach to it, for more than a mile, by a strong hydro-sulphureous smell, especially if the wind blows in your teeth. The lake whence it flows lies about a mile and a half to the right of the road, close to a house in ruins, having something of a feudal appearance in structure. Its shape is circular, about a hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and it boils up in several places with great vehemence ; while in other places detached air-bells arise, resembling the leaping of a trout as it snatches at a fly. I approached its quaggy margin, where the water bubbled up so as to cause a continual frothy seething, to taste it, and to feel if it was warm ; but though its taste was very strongly hydro-sulphureous and a little acid, its temperature was that of ordinary spring water. I may caution the traveller, in making the same examination, to be careful ; for the footing is both hollow and slippery, and therefore hazardous. Notice the travertine around it, and the sulphuro-calcareous crusts which are thrown up, and adhere to its edges ; and the unaccountable conjunction of lime and sulphur, to which I have had occasion, more than once, to draw the traveller's attention ; but to account for which, I dare not venture a surmise.

There is another sulphureous lake hard by, which pours its superabundant water, by a natural canal, into the one I have just described.

Further on, you come upon the volcanic soil which stretches to Rome ; and in your way thither, you pass a tomb in ruins, by the side of which stands a TRIUMPHAL MONUMENT, erected to Plautius. Triumph and a tomb ! There is, then, no longer need to ask, " Grave ! *where* is thy victory ? " — the spot is here commemorated by a monument.

I re-entered Rome by the gate of San Lorenzo.

ROME.—The first reflection that obtruded itself on my mind, on finding myself again within the walls of the ancient mistress of the world, was, Where is all the gay crowd of strangers that flocked to view the splendid ceremonies at the Vatican when I was last here?—fled like butterflies to flowers of pleasure blossoming elsewhere! Rome is at all times sombre; and when she essays a smile, it is as the gleam of a falling star through the dark shade of night. Modern Rome is, in fact, the sepulchre of all its former grandeur: a rank odour of sanctity supplies fetor to the natural corruption around; and as you walk amongst the universal dilapidation, its ruins seem but the *hic jacets* of its glories, over which the loungers ponder with the melancholy feeling of epitaphic contemplation. No gay bustle now disturbed the dust of the mighty dead, and the multitude of priests I met at every turn, seemed as if provided only to repeat requiems for the days that were gone.

It is a disputed point, whether Rome was equally noxious to health in ancient as it is found to be in modern times. I think a review of its peculiar topography can settle this matter, independent of history. Livy tells us of the nineteen plagues* that occurred between 287 and 460 A.C., for which Salinator,† with a prophylactic view, instituted the *Ludi Juventutis*. Cato mentions several places which were rendered uninhabitable from the malaria. Tacitus, in his 16th book, likewise relates how a pestiferous air, in Nero's time, laid waste the Campagna, desolating its towns and villages, and thence extending into and devastating Rome itself: it attacked all classes of the people indiscriminately. The houses were filled with the dead, the streets with funerals; and it was lamentable to hear the wailings and cries of a universally bereaved people mourning the loss of husbands and wives, of mothers and children.

I think a wrong idea is entertained of the former high state of cultivation of the Campagna di Roma, since the soil

* Vide an interesting work on the malazia by Dr. McCulloch.

† Cicero in Bruto.

generally seems never to have been disturbed by the plough, —a fact distinctly demonstrated by the unequivocal volcanic character it still bears ; whereas, over the entire of the Campagna Felix, which we know to have been subjected to tillage for ages, the several ingredients composing the soil are so amalgamated as no longer to possess their original character, now only cognisable by its dry, pulverulent, and cineritious appearance, and by what remains yet untouched about its outskirts. When last in Rome I took occasion to explain my views of the strong attractive nature of its soil for humidity, of the tenacity with which it retains it, and of the morbid effluvia engendered by the united action of heat and moisture on the remains of animal and vegetable corruption embedded in a soil so favourable to putrefactive decomposition. With such facts before our eyes, there is no necessity, nay, it is absurd, in my opinion, to look so far as the Pontine marshes, a distance of forty miles, with the Alban hills intervening as a barrier, for malarias, which, be it remembered, must have unvarying winds, at a certain season of the year, to blow them thither undiluted, otherwise they will not account for the periodic autumnal unhealthiness of Rome. At this time of the year the weather is sultry ; the miasmata have attained their intensest virulence, and most abound ; the constitution of the inhabitants is, at the same time, predisposed by the relaxation produced by the continuance of the heat ; and hence arises the prevalence of those remittent fevers that prove annually so fatal in this place. It is these accumulated exhalations, indeed, that constitute what has been denominated, so improperly, the *sirocco* of Rome, which, when condensed and precipitated by their own gravity, or by a change of atmospherical elasticity, diffuse themselves throughout the narrow streets and low situations of the city, and thus engender fevers of the most dangerous type. It is computed that above 10,000 pounds weight of bark are yearly consumed in Rome and its vicinity. The population of Rome is estimated at 148,000, and the deaths exceed the births in the proportion of 6114 to 4299. Phthisis, I may add, is far more common, an uncommon disease among the inhabitants.

With such an undeniable and frightful fact before him, I take that medical man to be either unpardonably ignorant or cruelly unprincipled, who can recommend such a place indiscriminately as a fit residence for the consumptive.

During my short stay, the splendid procession of the Corpus Christi took place; but I shall not attempt to describe the empty pageantry of a scene instituted to commemorate a blasphemy, for puppet-shows have lost their power to please me; and so, as was usual in similar predicaments, now that I had nothing new to interest me, I and my knapsack were on the trot early one morning outside of the Porta del Popolo. I took the road that turns off to the right immediately on crossing the Milvian bridge, on my route to Civita Castellana, by the foot of Mount Soracte, with the object of examining of what this mountain consisted; for insulated as it stands in the plain, I was curious to ascertain whether it was a volcanic eruption or not. Three miles and a half from Rome, where the road winds by the banks of the Tiber, the traveller comes to hills consisting of volcanic clay inclosing leucites torrifried to powder, and black, spongy scorïæ, having insulated *transparent* tabular crystals of calcareous spar, interspersed through the mass.*

I brought specimens of these away with me, as, indeed, I did of every variety of volcanic and other formation I met with in my tour. The opposite bank of the Tiber is evidently formed of the same materials, and it accompanies the traveller as far as GROTTA ROSA. At PRIMA PORTA, the road leaves the river-side, and here I remarked alternations of granular volcanic dust and small cinders in strata of great regularity: some of this granular matter much resembled pisolite; it was white, and gave the idea of a shower of volcanic hail having fallen. On the road you pass the ruins of several ancient tombs, and about half-way between Prima Porta and Castel Nuovo you see one entire, now called the CENTO CELLI. The country between Prima Porta and Castel Nuova is of the

* I remember seeing also, in the *Ecole des Mines* at Paris, specimens of amygdaloid lava from Val di Noto, enclosing crystals of carbonate of lime not at all calcined.

roughest and most irregular aspect—now hill, now hollow—as if it had been subjected to great convulsions at some remote period, which nothing could so well account for as the colossal operation of earthquakes. As you approach REGNANA, when about twenty-four miles from Rome, the face of the country alters greatly for the better: hill and dale succeed each other in gentle undulations, and cultivation and fertility entice from the earth the fruits of her bosom in abundance. This little town is seated at the foot of Mount Soracte, or, as it is now by corruption denominated, *Mount St. Oreste*. By the way, I may mention that Roman Catholicism, in its abhorrence of paganism, not only transubstantiated Soracte into St. Oreste, but confirmed the pious metamorphosis by a miracle; a boy pointed one vestige of it out to me. The saint of Soracte, it seems, mounted his horse one day to pay a visit to the Holy City, and the animal, under the load of so much sanctity, left the imprint of his hoof in the adamantine lava on three different places in his way: the one I was so blessed as to see with my own eyes, as the expression goes, was on a curb-stone by the way-side, which made a part of the ancient *Via Flaminia*, yet in high preservation at this spot, about a mile before getting to Regnano. But Mount Soracte has long been famous for prodigies. This mountain was celebrated in ancient times, not only because of a certain herb which grew here, whose virtue was so potent, that if any one but rubbed the soles of his feet with its juice, he might walk through a fiery furnace with impunity, but also on account of the water of an extraordinary fountain, which, according to Pliny and Varro, flowed at sun-rise, and not only killed birds which drank of it, but likewise animals of the most venomous description.

Two miles past Regnano, I turned off from the road to examine the nature of the rock forming MOUNT SORACTE, and found it to consist of limestone, the same as that of the neighbouring Apennines. A village is situated on its flank, and takes its *Christian* name—St. Oreste. Volcanic dust encompasses its base, and ascends as high up as gravity will allow pulverulent matter to adhere. Before leaving Soracte,

I may mention that the suburbs of ancient Rome extended as far as this mountain even in the days of Marcus Aurelius.

I slept at CASTEL NUOVO, and breakfasted next morning at CIVITA CASTELLANA. This town stands on a mound of indurated volcanic dust, with deep ravines about it, which serve as fosses to the citadel. Save this there is nothing else to detain the traveller's notice.

Between Civita Castellana and Otricoli the landscape improves every step you take after passing MAL-BORGHEGTO. Before arriving at the latter, you fall in with tufa, bearing a resemblance to that composing the promontory of Posilipo; leaving which, you quit the volcanic district occupied by the ancient Sabines, and come into a hilly country, consisting of limestone breccia.

OSTRICOLI stands on a hill, and commands a superb view. At its foot, the Tiber winds its serpentine course through a plain of richest pasturage, in the midst of which are still perceived the ruins of ancient OSTRICULUM,—*Hæc tum nomine erant, nunc sicut sine nomine campi.*

Hence to Narni is two posts. In the road thither you pass a village very picturesquely situated at your feet, and of this character is the approach to Narni, where, from a height along which it runs, you see the Nar rushing on in the ravine below. NARNI stands on a rocky, barren mountain, of difficult access towards the north, at the foot of which lies a fertile valley watered by the Nar. Livy tells us, that this town was formerly called *Nequinum*, and the inhabitants *Nequinates*,—as much as to say, “idle rascals;” a designation which the Roman soldiers quartered here disliking, changed it to Narnia, after the neighbouring stream. A foot-path behind the town leads down to the ruins of a bridge which was erected across the Nar by Augustus: it is built *en pierre sèche*, and is best seen from a ricketty modern bridge, so awkwardly and enigmatically placed, that it does not appear to cross the stream, and when you reach the opposite bank, you are surprised to find yourself on the other side of the river. A plain of astonishing fertility extends hence to Terni, where the meadows yield their dense crops to the

scythe four times a-year, and where turnips are said sometimes to grow to the enormous weight of thirty pounds. TERNI is situated on the side of an eminence to the right of a charming valley between two branches of the Nera, whence it derived its ancient name of *Interamna*. Terni boasts of great antiquity, having been built in the time of Numa Pompilius, seven hundred years before the Christian era; and claims additional distinction from being the birth-place of Cornelius Tacitus. Its remains of antiquity are few. In the garden of the bishop there are vestiges of a theatre to be seen; an ancient aqueduct, which formerly served to water the meadows, still performs the same fertilising office, and the CHURCH OF S. SALVATORE embodies the ruins of the TEMPLE OF THE SUN. When the traveller visits it, let him observe a painting of a MADONNA, which he will find in the Rotondo.

Four miles and a half from Terni lies the charming glen of PAPIGNA, into which falls the magnificent CASCADE best known in England as that of TERNI. It is formed, as most readers know, by the Velino, which precipitates itself into the Nera over a fall three hundred feet perpendicular. The noise of the waters is heard at a great distance. The stream is seen to hasten its pace as it approaches the edge of the precipice, each wavelet rushing before another with suicidal impatience, as if struggling which should be first to take the leap, they rush over in a torrent, and, dashed into dust by the fall, if pulverized water may be so called, they rebound again to double their former height, and fill the valley with a cloud of dew, completing Horace's picture of the "*Rosea rura Velini*." Rainbows play round the eye in all directions, and the visitor has only to shift his position to vary the iridescent arch. Falling at length, this cloud of spray condenses, and uniting with the Nera, they roll on their waters together, and whiten with their foam the whole length of the valley. The best place to view the fall in all its sublimity is from a grotto made of the branches of trees at the bottom, and in front, of the cascade; but the delighted visitor cannot rest satisfied with one point of view alone, however fine; let him, therefore, defying a wetting, accompany his guide up the precipice, let

him view the caverns in the rock, and their stalactites; the singularly beautiful deposits of reticular tufa, of which the rock consists; the large grotto on the top, the roof of which is sustained by colossal stalactitic columns; and the Velino ere it plunges over the precipice. The path which leads to the cascade is through a grove in perfect keeping with the surrounding scenery, at the top of which you observe part of an ANCIENT BRIDGE, which excavation has developed, lying under a mass of calc-sinter, ten feet thick, deposited from the waters of the Velino; indeed, the water is so strongly impregnated with calcareous matter, that both men and animals that drink of it are said to be extremely subject to lithic complaints. Before quitting Papigna, it were a crying sin to omit recording another miracle of the blessed Virgin, for who can tell but the same kind interposition may once more save some venturous wight from perdition, when aware of the means by which it may be secured? The story goes thus:—A certain gentleman of Siena had come to see the Caduta, and when crossing the Velino too near the fall, he lost his footing, and was hurried down by the strength of the current; but at the moment whilst shooting the edge of the precipice, thinking; no doubt, like Pat, when sliding down a roof some five stories high, of what a fall he was “going to get,” he luckily had the presence of mind to invoke Our Lady of Loretto. His prayer was heard, and Our Lady’s man escaped with merely a ducking;—so much for the miraculous tale of the worthy hostess of Papigna. And I may draw attention to a rock of limestone breccia of singular appearance, which the traveller will find to his right, just as he enters the village from Terni. A horse-path crosses from Papigna to the main road leading to Spoleto, by which a distance of four or five miles is saved: I need not say I took the shortest route. For the first four or five miles Nature puts on her gayest attire, and the laurel and wild olive-tree, holm-oaks, juniper, and a great variety of other beautiful trees and shrubs, diversify and enrich the scene. The country after this assumes a more sterile appearance; and when within three miles of Spoleto, you pass over the SOMMA, the highest mountain in this neighbourhood.

SPOLETO.

Spoleto was anciently a very powerful Roman colony, and afterwards the capital of a province of Lombardy. The Goths, also, once occupied it, and their king Theodoric built a palace here. The principal objects deserving notice are the ARCH OF DRUSUS, under which one of the streets passes, the PORTA FUGA, and the DUOMO, or Cathedral. The PORTA FUGA is part of the remains of an AMPHITHEATRE, famous in the memories of the Spoletese as being the arch through which Hannibal and his army escaped when repulsed by the inhabitants in his advance on Rome, after the victory of Thrasymerne. The circumstance is commemorated on the gate by the following inscription:—

ANNIBAL .
 CESIS . AD . THRASYMERNUM . ROMANIS .
 URBEM . ROMAM . INFENSO . AGMINE . PETENS .
 SPOLETO .
 MAGNA . SUORUM . CLADE . REPULSUS .
 INSIGNI . FUGA . PORTE . NOMEN . FECIT .

The DUOMO, again, has an arcade in front, supported by beautiful columns of the Ionic order, and surmounted by a handsome frieze. The high altar, which stands in the middle of the church, is enriched by four beautiful columns, which support a handsome baldacchino: the two in front are of marble, the two behind of ophite,—all of the most perfect finish.

The chapels are vaulted, and adorned with paintings by several excellent masters, among which I observed a CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN, by Annibal Caracci; a VISITATION, by Del Sarto; a GUARDIAN ANGEL, by Canucci; a VISION OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD, by Nocci; and DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN, by an artist I cannot name. There are some faded frescos in the Tribune, and an ancient mosaic pavement beautifully checkers the floor.

Behind the citadel, you see the AQUEDUCT for conveying the waters of the Tesino to the town: it is above 350 paces in length, and nearly 700 English feet in height above the low-

est part of the valley, across which it strides so majestically. Five hundred paces outside of the town, in the direction of La Vene, by turning to the right, you come to a MONASTERY, which incorporates the ruins of an ancient TEMPLE OF CONCORD, now consecrated as the chapel of the Holy Crucifixion. Its remains are few, but these are exceedingly beautiful. This temple must have been of the Corinthian order, if we may judge by three beautiful portals which still exist, as well as by six lofty fluted columns of the same order, with their capitals entire, standing before the high altar.

Spoleto is described in some books of travels as being built on the crater of an extinct volcano, but there is no foundation for such an assertion.

A little beyond the village of LA VENE you find a bijou of exquisite architecture, so situated that the pedestrian even, if not previously aware of its existence, would pass it unnoticed. This is the TEMPLE erected by the Umbri to the RIVER GOD CLITUMNUS, at the foot of which flows the peaceful streamlet that takes his name. It is of white marble, and of the Corinthian order. On a rustic basement stands a portico of the most delicate proportions, where columns, whose shafts are richly sculptured, sustain an elegant entablature, frieze, and pediment. From the vestibule, a door opens into the body of the temple, which, by being of the Tuscan order, acts as a foil in the background to the fairy lightness of the portico, and sets it out in fine relief. By a wise policy, it has been consecrated as a chapel. It is to this beautiful little temple, and the stream that flows by it, that Lord Byron alludes in the fourth canto of his "Childe Harold:"—

" And on thy happy shore a temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee."*

Near to this, at the foot of the hill which environs the plain, a living spring gushes from under the rock : it is one of the

* The Clitumnus.

sources of the Clitumnus. Hence to Foligno is nine miles and a half, and you traverse a valley of the richest soil, where nature teems forth her treasures in bounteous profusion: the fields are covered with abundant crops, and the hills are clothed with the vine, the olive, and the almond-tree. It drew towards evening as I approached Foligno, when I met a crowd of pilgrims, men and women, returning from Loretto, on their way back to Naples. They were chanting the evening hymn to the Virgin; and the wild sweetness of the music struck on my ear with that magic effect which all may have felt from music that delights, but which words are incapable of describing. I saluted my fellow-pilgrims as they passed. They continued their hymn, and I too struck up, by way of accompaniment, as I trudged along, "The girl I left behind me."

On an eminence to the left, before arriving at Foligno, you see the town of MONTEFALCO, celebrated in the legends of the church for possessing three stones, as large as nuts, found in the heart of Saint Clara, whereon there is engraved, in legible characters, the whole history of the passion; but, what is still more wonderful, these three stones together weigh no more than one taken singly, and, consequently, one weighs as much as the three!—a travestie, I need not add, of a doctrine which needed no such impious fac-simile to make it more comprehensible or less sublime.

FOLIGNO has nothing to detain the attention now that Raphael's *Madonna* is removed to the gallery of the Vatican. A few miles further brings the traveller to ISPELLO, the ancient *Colonia Julia*. Two of its ancient gates still remain, and part of its walls: the latter, if an inscription on them is to be believed, were built by Callimachus. There are two churches here deserving of a visit. That of S. MARIA MAGGIORE is embellished with several good paintings: one representing a DEAD CHRIST, in a winding sheet, with landscape scenery, and Mount Calvary in the distance, pleased me more particularly; another, depicting the VIRGIN in the sky, surrounded by infant angels, like so many rose-buds in a bouquet, is also good. This church likewise contains several *old*

paintings by Michael Angelo Ardine, and *frescos* by Perugino and Pinturicchio. The other is the CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW THE APOSTLE. Here we see an early specimen of Raphael's pencil after the Perugino school, where the artist has called in the aid of gilding to bedizen a MADONNA. There are several paintings in this church which I was prevented from seeing by the service of the mass being performed at the moment. A short distance out of Ispello you pass the ruins of an AMPHITHEATRE to the left ; several arches which had supported the seats still remain, and the eye can distinctly trace the ellipsis of the arena.

The country from Ispello to Assisi partakes of the same exuberant nature as that which characterises the valley of the Clitumnus. Under Assisi, and close by the road, you pass the BASILICA of that seraphic patriarch of the beggars, St. Francis. It was on this spot that he first founded, by divine inspiration, the holy order of the mendicants ; and within the basilica you see the couch on which he lay, and his usual promenade. The sacred ground is enclosed in a sort of tabernacle, on which you read the names of the first twelve proselytes to the rules of the order. The exterior of this tabernacle is decorated with paintings representing the most illustrious passages in the history of Saint Francis. Over the high altar of the basilica there is a charming painting of the VIRGIN AND CHILD, with St. Ann on one side, and St. Francis on the other ; the Virgin, of loveliest expression, familiarly leans her arms round the neck of the friar ; and an angel of exquisite beauty stands behind the Madonna. This picture is delightfully balanced, the attitudes are most gracefully varied, and the colours admirably opposed ; the whole completing as charming a group as the art of painting could well compose.

Leaving the basilica, I turned up a lane which seemed to lead by the shortest route to Assisi ; but I was mistaken,—so, to cut the matter shorter still, notwithstanding my blunder, I clambered over hedge and ditch, taking a bird's course to Assisi, which stood on the high ground above me.

Assisi is famed as the birth-place of the saint who preached

to the swallows, stopping them in their flight to listen ; and who, exceeding far that pagan thief of old, Prometheus, made a woman and her whole family out of snow, and that, too, strange to say of any one of the order, without committing a robbery. They still point out the house in which he was born, near the church of San Filippini. The church which bears his name contains his bones. This ancient edifice was built by the architect Giacomo Germano, under the auspices of Pope Gregory IX., and in its construction is exemplified architecture in all its Gothicism. Enter it, and all is gloom, as if Death himself had erected a palace expressly to contain the ashes of him whose garment was sackcloth. The tomb of the saint is situated in one of its inmost recesses, sunk under ground, and dimly lighted day and night by lamps, whose lurid glare, in making darkness more visible, only renders the obscurity more dismal. The richly stained glass windows around serve to deepen the shade cast over the interior by the massiveness of the outer walls ; and the whole effect strikes on the imagination, and suggests the idea of a shrine, with such accompaniments, as a place fitted only for the assassin to go and confess in secret crimes that he dared not utter even to himself in the convicting light of day. Under the first arch which faces you on entering this church, you see the **PORTRAITS OF SIX POPES**, who proceeded from the order of St. Francis. There are several other paintings and frescos meriting notice—a **ST. SEBASTIAN**, a **PIETA**, a **CRUCIFIXION**, and others.

To brush the cobwebs of ascetic gloom from my brow, I hastened to visit the ancient **TEMPLE OF MINERVA**, now dedicated as a church to San Filippini. This temple is one of the most perfect remains of antiquity among the few such that exist. Its front is ornamented with a handsome portico, with six fluted Corinthian columns supporting a pediment ; and the interior preserves its ancient form and its vaulted roof. A few tolerable paintings adorn its walls, especially that representing **CHRIST CURING THE SICK** : there is Divinity in the person and countenance of the Redeemer, sickness well depicted in that of the patient, and interesting compassion in that of the female who stands at the foot of the bed. I next

visited the DUOMO, which is embellished with several paintings; for a brief account of which I refer the visitor to the Appendix: and before leading the reader down the hill again, I may mention, that in the CHURCH OF SANTA CHIARA he will see the celebrated miraculous wooden crucifix that used to converse so familiarly with St. Francis.

At SANTA MARIA DEGLI ANGELI, which lies at the bottom of the hill, a noble and spacious edifice enshrines a little chapel, or oratory, of low and very ordinary structure, having a small Gothic steeple. It was in this little chapel, now called the *Portiuncula* of St. Francis, that this saint first used to offer up his devotions. It is held in high veneration by the people, and is annually the resort of a multitude of pilgrims from all the neighbouring country. The magnificent church which envelopes this beggarly edifice, like a mantle of silk covering the withered limbs of crapulent decrepitude, contains many beautiful paintings, most of which illustrate passages in the legendary history of St. Francis: his curing the blind—an angel appearing to him—a vision, wherein he appears to some one sick—St. Francis preaching—his death—his funeral, &c. There are several others that are also extremely fine: a Virgin and Child, where a nun is represented kissing the boy's hand; Christ kneeling before his mother, who is weeping, with a beautiful architectural background; besides several fine frescos. In another part of the church you see the place in which St. Francis died, A. D. 1226; it is converted into a chapel, and is said to contain, in a shrine, his heart and entrails,—that is, if he ever had either; one thing appears certain, if he had the latter, they were not bowels of compassion.

It is amusing to compare the only acknowledged patrimony, the *Portiuncula*, of the Franciscans, with the crumbs it has, and still does, cost the community, wherever these idle drones reside. The friars of this order are in general taken from the lowest of the people; they are beastly in their habits, ignorant in their minds, and unprincipled in their practices. It is true, they have no fixed revenue, and they send out foraging parties to beg, as they pretend, their daily bread;

but in reality, when they enter a house they help themselves. This, in common *parlance*, merits no other name than robbing, and I have often seen them do it; but, perhaps, they reconcile their consciences like the negro, who, when accused by his master of something very similar, replied, "No, Massa; I take um, but I no tief um,"—a sort of casuistry very accommodating and comfortable to more consciences than Quashy's.

My route lay across the Tiber in the road to Perugia, two posts off; and just as I had passed the church outside of a village standing about mid-way, my attention was arrested by a capuchin friar galloping after me on a jackass. He dismounted in haste, and ran hopping, for he was lame, and hallooing and bawling after me. When he came up, for I stopped for him, an amusing scene ensued; for the fellow, I soon discovered, was a spy. It appeared he suspected me of being a freemason, travelling to disseminate the heretical doctrines of the craft among the disaffected. Though no mason, I kept up the misconception; and we nipped knuckles and scratched wrists as if we had both been Scotsmen. The knave pretended to be a Frenchman, although when he attempted the language he spoke it most abominably. He would have it that I, too, was a Frenchman, and would take no denial; and to evince that he himself was so, he swore and blasphemed most lustily, though dressed in his canonicals, and turned the while his cowl and shaven scalp into ridicule. This rencontre tickled my fancy much at first; tired at length of the lying impostor, I endeavoured to get rid of him, by stretching out and mending my pace; but though I made the big drops course down his brow and face in a torrent, it was long to no purpose; for he limped after, and stuck to me like a leech. Quite knocked up at last, he stopped before a house by the road-side, and insisted on my entering with him. The people were friends of his, he said, and again he would not be denied; indeed, he compelled me to enter, although I could see that the lady of the house gave us any thing but a friendly welcome. He now set about calling for a fowl to be cooked, and dinner served with wine, &c.; but

as I knew in what coin capuchins pay for their fare, I resolutely declined giving so much trouble; so we had a bottle of wine only, and some bread. Afraid that the lady of the house might acquaint me into what hands I had fallen, he, in the most impudent manner, told her, and that to my face, that I did not understand a word of Italian; so, by way of teasing the friar, I sought every opportunity to address her in that language, while he, as diligently, strove to interrupt me. Becoming indignant at the scene, and sick of the farce, I took an opportunity to slip a trifle into the servant's hand who attended us, for the trouble I had unwillingly given, and very unceremoniously bade my fellow-traveller adieu. The house was near the bottom of the high ground leading up to Perugia, at which latter place I was again to see my friend the capuchin, by his own invitation, he assuring me that under his fraternal patronage I should have nothing to pay any where for my entertainment.

The evening was now closing around, a storm was brewing over head, and although I put my best foot foremost, it was late ere I arrived at Perugia.

PERUGIA.

Perugia is a very ancient city, and tradition goes even so far back as to date its foundation in the year 261 after the Deluge! It was reduced to ashes during the wars of the Triumvirate, and afterwards rebuilt by Augustus, and thence took his name as a cognomen—Perusia Augusta. Modern Perugia stands on a mountain, and is a fortified town, but of no great strength. Its churches claim a visit from the traveller: that of SAN LORENZO pretends to possess the nuptial ring of the Virgin. I did not see the CHURCH OF ST. PETER, which, I believe, contains several PAINTINGS by Perugino and his pupil Raphael. It rained a torrent. I entered one church only; but the weather had so darkened the sky, that it fretted me to strive to see what was invisible; and that cursed capuchin having set my back up, lest he should trouble me any more, I strapped on my knapsack in

the afternoon, and started in a right-earnest, wrothful humour to smite, *à priori* or *à posteriori*, the first villain of a spy, priest or layman, who should again attempt to molest me.

A rich and ever-varying landscape enlivens the way as far as La Maggiona. Leaving Monte Colonia on the height to the left, you now descend a steep hill, where the road winds through an avenue of oaks, and, as you descend, the lake of Thrasymene suddenly breaks upon the eye, through an opening in the thick foliage, like the silvery moon emerging from behind a cloud. There is an osteria at the bottom; and as the sun was tumbling fast towards the horizon as I approached it, and Passignano promising no better accommodation, it left me little choice in deciding whether to stay here or perhaps fare worse. Having finished my little meal, of which some delicious fish from the neighbouring lake made a part, I strolled out in the evening in front of my humble resting-place. The reader may have already perceived that I delight in dreaming awake—that I delight to contemplate Nature in all guises—in glorious effulgence and exuberance—in the utmost wildness and sterility—amid the wreck she has spread around in her murkiest moods of anger—and not less so, as seated

“ By the lake with trembling stars inlaid, when earth is still,
And midnight’s melancholy pomp is on the distant hill,”

to view her in all her sweetest simplicity. Opening my cane-seat, I sat down by the side of the lake of Thrasymenus, under a pavilion formed by a grove of oaks that threw their deep shadows like a mantle over its margin. The site was cool and serene; and the hushing murmur of the sylvan scene imparted to my wearied senses its quietude and repose; where the loudest noise was the whisperings of the passing breeze, as it bade “good night” to sleepy leaflets that waved in return their adieus. Here were vestiges of no bygone convulsion to harrow up imaginings of contention and turmoil; and, surrounded by scenery such as was before me, the mind enjoys a state of feeling of a totally opposite character to that excited by witnessing the sublimer disorder of nature.

Enveloped in the contemplation of such, 'tis then the hours glide over the solitary reverist like flitting clouds, and fall in silence into eternity without making him feel their irrevocable passage. The haze and rain of the now-spent day, which had tarnished the gilding on every fresh leaf and flower, had entirely dissipated ; a beautiful sky, lighted by the full moon, formed a deep azure vault over the magnificent landscape around ; while, among the oaks under which I sat, a beech-tree reared its lofty head, whose large trunk spread to a distance its tufted and umbrageous branches, to form a protecting asylum for Meditation to dwell in—the whole seeming as a temple dedicated by Nature herself to Peace—the peace “ that passeth all understanding ”—under whose shade the soul instinctively rises up in grateful adoration to the throne of the Creator of so many wondrous beauties. In this temper of mind, and with sentiments like these, I retired to my rugged pallet, and forgave the capuchin.

By daylight next morning I had passed *Passignano* and its defile, and had entered the BATTLE-FIELD of *THEASIMENUS*. Here every step is classic ground, and drenched with the blood of the slain. But more than enough has already been written on this theme, so I shall leave the traveller to his own observations and reflections. I may merely point out, that it is the third bridge you come to after passing the post-house of *la Casa del Piano*, which crosses the *Sanguinetto*—a small stream with a steep embankment on each side. This is the vantage ground the most likely to have been chosen by Hannibal for posting his troops to resist the first attack of the Romans, and hence would prove the theatre of the most obstinate struggles. If so, no wonder that this little rill should have obtained the name of the *Sanguinetto*. How different now the ensigns of such a scene ! The field once irrigated with human blood is now planted with the peaceful olive.

The traveller, on leaving the plain, passes through the opposite *Defile of Borghetto*, by which the Carthaginian army entered. The road winds round the side of a hill, from which there is a fine view of the lake below—of the three

islands which appear to float on its surface—and of the villages that border it, and scatter their unruffled shadows on its bosom. Two or three miles farther we quit the Roman states at the wretched village of *Papalino*—they retaining, to their utmost boundary, the same wretched aspect that met the eye on entering them at *Aquapendente*. No sooner is the traveller across the frontier, and from under the baneful influence of the papal upas, than he perceives the contrast between the mild despotism of the Tuscan government and the mephitic effect of the papal—than which the breath of the anaconda cannot be more stifling. He sees it in a thousand little neatnesses and proprieties the moment he enters Tuscany. I thought the air more pure, and my mind, as if it now had room to stretch itself to its ordinary dimensions, experienced that relief which a person feels who has been long wedged up in a too-crowded vehicle. I slept at Arezzo, the birth-place of *Casalpinus*, one of the earliest botanists.

Arezzo is situated in a fine fertile plain, which, among other good things, produces excellent wine: the luscious Aleatica is from this neighbourhood. In the way thither you pass Cortona, the capital of ancient Etruria, situated on a mountain to the right. After leaving the plain of Arezzo the country becomes hilly, and the geologist will hereabouts observe a curious change of the earth's surface in progress. The rocks composing this district are clay-slate and dark-grey sandstone, but undergoing decomposition by the weather so rapidly, that the inequalities of the surface are fast being filled up; so that what was formerly hilly and uneven is now becoming a level plain. Six posts from Arezzo brings the traveller to INCISA, in which vicinity those beautiful dendritic specimens abound in an indurated marl that are to be seen every where in the cabinets of the curious. These dendritic forms have been considered by some naturalists as the typolithi of marine plants; but very little observation of the less beautiful examples will shew that they are nothing more than arborescent crystallisations, frequently borrowing their stem from a capillary rent in the clay. To all appearance it is some metallic oxide, probably that of manganese, which imprints, in ar-

ranging itself, these pleasing landscapes on the lamina, which, when in a more fluid state, was diffused through the mass. The scenery now becomes more embellished the nearer you approach Florence. In the route you cross the Arno ; and, by following its left bank, the traveller arrives once more in this celebrated seat of the arts.

FLORENCE.—When last here, I had omitted visiting some places and objects from want of time, and among others, the Pratolino, and paintings in the Accademia delle Belle Arti, which I now had leisure to do ; but, by an accident, I lost the notes I took ; and the impressions made, particularly by the latter, are so much effaced, that I dare not venture to retouch them. Among the paintings in the ACADEMY, the visitor will find several by the best masters of the Florentine and Lombard schools—as Ghirlandaio, Andrea del Sarto, the Allori, Carlo Dolce, Rosselli, &c., besides several original cartoons by Fra. Bartolomeo, Pietro da Cortona, Baroccio, Cignani, Franceschini, and others. In the GALLERY appropriated to the casts in plaster of the most celebrated statues both here and at Rome, the visitor ought to note in particular a superb TABERNACLE, painted by Giovanni da San Giovanni, representing the REPOSE IN EGYPT, and a Paris-plaster cast of the celebrated BRONZE DOOR of the Baptistery of St. John.

Five miles on the Bologna road from Florence, formerly was situated the superb PALACE OF PRATOLINO ; but its splendour has dissipated with the evanescence of a rainbow. Its walls are levelled with the ground ; and, save the colossal STATUE OF THE APENNINE, the work and prodigy of the gigantic genius of John de Bologna, nothing else remains to guide the imagination in forming a vision of what had once realised an Arabian Night's tale. The fountain at the foot of the statue still flows, but the organ which played by the fall of its waters—the grotto of the sibyl, adorned with figures in marble and alabaster—the floating dolphin, on the back of which the visitors might ride—the grotto of the god Pan, who played on the flute while artificial birds carolled in

response to the music—those walls of coral, of mother-of-pearl, and precious stones—those delicious bowers, gushing cascades which appeared to start into life, and statues that almost spoke, and all those scenes of enchantment—are fled like a fairy dream from off the awaking eyelid of morning. The statue of the Apennine must be seen, for it cannot be conceived; and, without meaning to depict it, I may mention that it is built of pieces of rock, so artfully put together as to preserve the most perfect proportion: natural stalactites form its tangled and hoary beard. The greatest curiosity is to enter the body of the Apennine. This you do through an opening in its back, and, when there, you ascend by a flight of steps through the neck into his cranium; and here the visitor cannot help being surprised at finding himself in an apartment large enough to dine six people conveniently, and, like Jonah of old, seeing through other eyes, and breathing through another's nostrils.

I returned to Florence, preparatory to crossing the Apennines, with the chief purpose of visiting the natural flame of fire which issues night and day from a spot in the neighbourhood of Pietra Mala. A traveller frequently has cause to wish, after the manner of Sir Boyle Roach, that, "like a bird, he could be in two places at once;" in which case I should have practised this bipartition at Foligno, by starting over the Apennines to Loretto, and thence to Bologna, after having seen Rimini and Ravenna. It was Pythagoras, I think, who asserted that man's progenitors were fish: it is to be regretted, for travellers' sake, they were not polypi, for then, by cutting a man into slices, his four quarters might have been visiting those of the world at one and the same time. However, despite of all wishing to the contrary, and I never knew much got by the practice, I was obliged to set out as one and indivisible on the route to Bologna.

For the first seven miles the road continues to ascend. Two miles from Florence you meet with micaceous sandstone; above this lies an impure sandstone, of a clayey aspect; but as you mount it gets clear of this impurity, and becomes much veined with calcareous spar. The road now

descends; and, after following the windings of a ravine for some distance, passing through Fontebuono, Tagliferro, and Cafaggiolo, you again begin to ascend, which continues uninterrupted until you get to the post-house of Tre Maschere.

TRE MASCHERE is situated on the summit of the central ridge of the Apennines. The view from this commanding spot is beautifully varied; here, mountainous, sterile, and rugged; there, smoothed by the velvet hand of culture, adorned with clumps of forest-trees, or graced by sloping hills: now bleak, and barren, and precipitous, the abode of the eagle and the vulture; now peopled with smiling villages amid wooded valleys and plains, that yield their fruits in bounteous profusion, in reward of the labourer's toil. From Tre Maschere the road descends, for about eight miles, to PIETRA MALA. I arrived at dusk of the evening, just in time to thread my way to the Fuoco, as it is called, which is about a mile's walk from the inn. The circular space occupied by the flame may be sixteen feet in diameter, within which no herbage grows: the ground is strewn with small limestone nodules, among which little apertures, like ant-holes, open on the surface, and from these the flame issues. Its colour is pale red, changing from that to blue, and, as far as I could ascertain, without any perceptible odour. It rose to the height of six or seven inches, and burned with a flickering flame, leaving no soot or deposit round the edge of the aperture. From all the consideration I could give this curious phenomenon, I came to the conclusion that it proceeded from the combustion of hydrogen, arising from the decomposition of water in contact with pyrites in a state of spontaneous combustion. At what depth this takes place it is impossible to conjecture; but it would solve the question in favour of Lemery's old idea respecting the origin of volcanic fire, if, at some future period, this spark should be that which is to ignite the train of some volcano in the neighbourhood—a catastrophe not improbable, if, as they say, earthquakes are sometimes felt in the surrounding mountains.* Travellers,

* The sacred fires of the Parsis, in Tartary, which are continually burning, were so increased before the earthquake that reduced the city of Bakou to

repeating Pliny's words, have continued to describe the Fuoco at Pietra Mala as a diminutive volcano up to this day ; but no epithet can be more premature, to say the least of it. In fact, the inflammation of the gas that issues from the conduits described, had probably been, at first, a matter of accident ; and, at present, it is well known to be a matter of artifice whenever the flame becomes extinguished from any cause. This is a circumstance capable also of analogous demonstration, by an experiment usually shewn by the rude cicerone of the place, at a spring of water a short mile distant from the inn, on the slope of the mountain behind it. This, in the guide-books, is usually denoted the *Acqua Buia*, an appellation not at all applicable, as the water is perfectly clear. The people of the place call it the "ACQUA BOLLE," the latter word being a corrupt abbreviation, I take it, of *Bollente*. I accompanied the guide to the spot : it was now quite dark, the best time for making the experiment : he had a lantern with a light in it. The spring is shallow, small, oval, not above three or four feet in each broadest dimension ; and from all parts of its surface, and from around its margin, multitudes of bubbles arise, causing a constant boiling. These bubbles, when the hand is held over them, communicate no heat ; but you have only to apply a lighted taper to the surface of the water to produce their immediate inflammation. This curious appearance, in like manner, is not difficult to explain—it being merely the escape of the same gas through a portion of the same water, probably, which furnishes a source for its own decomposition. No herbage surrounds the immediate border of this little pool.

The Fuoco is described as rising to a much greater height in stormy and rainy weather ; globules of fire dart upwards, and are lost in the atmosphere, while the surrounding mountains glare luridly on the scene, and appear, amid the gloom of night, like spectres round the cauldron of some wizard

ruins, that they illuminated the whole horizon ; and Humboldt mentions, that near to Cumana (S. America), he saw two caverns situated in calcareous mountains, whence flames issued, and ascended at times to the height of a hundred feet.

incantation. This effect is produced, if I am not mistaken, by the density of the atmosphere on the surface mechanically obstructing the free ascent of the gas, by which the combustion of the hydrogen is more complete, and thus attains a greater height; for I do not conceive that the gas is generated in larger quantity by any state of the weather, but that its production is regulated by causes wholly unconnected with it.

I saddled myself next morning as usual, and was on the trot by daylight. Three miles from Pietra you pass through Filigare, and a bow-shot hence the traveller comes to a bridge, which separates the Tuscan from the Bolognese territory. A mile and a half farther brought me to SCARICA L'ASINO; so, taking a gentle hint from the name of the place, I took off my knapsack and baited—I beg pardon—I meant to say, I breakfasted. Here the country assumes a most savage aspect. What! in the holy father's states again? Yea, verily; the truth must be told, all bulls, decretals, clementines, codes, charts, rescripts, sextiles, edicts, and summons—papal to the contrary notwithstanding. Look to the left and view it: regard these sterile rocks, those mountain summits, made bald by the unshod tread of the Storm, whose rugged brows, deeply furrowed with the uncouth wrinkles of Time, tell of times and seasons not exactly halcyon. The scene softens in asperity the nearer you approach Poggioli, within two miles of which you leave the limestone formation of the Apennines; and the plain, stretching to the Adriatic, broke on my eye through a blue mist, which hung in perspective density on the horizon, and appeared in the distance like the sea. By nightfall I had arrived at Bologna.

BOLOGNA.

Bologna is the second city in the ecclesiastical states, and one of the largest and finest in Italy. It is situated at the foot of the Apennines, on the ancient Æmilian way, which led from Rome to the north of Italy. The origin of its name, and its early history, are quite conjectural: all that is known

with certainty, is, that it became a Roman colony about six hundred years before the Christian era. The Bolognese bear a very unsteady character, and have often revolted against the authority of the pope: at one time, the most abject of the subjected, when overcome; at another, the most insupportably arrogant, when temporarily successful in their efforts to throw off the yoke of papal dominion.

The town occupies a circuit of five miles, and contains 70,000 inhabitants and 200 churches: it is well built, and the streets have arcades on each side throughout their whole length, which protect the foot-passengers from the sun and rain. The form of the city is much longer than it is wide, and has suggested the idea of comparing it to the hull of a ship, with the high tower of Asinelli standing in the centre as its mast.

Before visiting the churches or public institutions, I devoted the first day to strolling about the town to learn its geography, and to see the lions at large. The TOWER OF ASINELLI has nothing but its height to attract notice; and that of the GARISENDI, nothing but its obliquity from the perpendicular. A late intelligent traveller has aptly compared the latter to a stack of bricks; but rude though this structure be as a specimen of architecture, it yet furnished the prototype for its more elegant rival—the Hanging Tower of Pisa. Proceeding onward, I came to the PIAZZA DEL NETTUNO, so named from a bronze statue of that god which adorns a fountain—the *chef-d'œuvre* of John de Bologna. This fine statue stands on a handsome pedestal, holding a trident in his hand: the attitude is easy and dignified, and the expression of the countenance noble and striking. Contrasted with Bandinelli's representation of the same figure at Florence, this appears the deity who "rules the waves;" that, the tyrant of the ocean, "who rides the whirlwind, and directs the storm." And yet this statue has one fault that obtrudes itself on the eye; and that is, the awkward angle made by the right leg with the body, which destroys the beautiful outline of the figure, viewed in almost any position except in front. Here you lose the asperity of the angle by

the foreshortening of the eye; otherwise, the most imposing point of view is that directly to the left, where its perfections are seen most conspicuously. Around the cornice of the pedestal are four sea-nymphs, riding on dolphins in rather indecorous attitudes, pressing streamlets of water from their breasts with their hands. The god of storms, by the way, is treated by his salt-water acquaintances—the nymphs—as if he were a flower that fed on dew-drops, for the puny aspersions from the fontlets scarcely moisten him.

In the same piazza, the visitor will find the PALAZZO PUBBLICO and the CHURCH OF SAN PETRONIO. This church is of Gothic architecture, and one of the largest in Italy. Over the porch you see a statue in bronze of the Pope (GREGORY XIII.) who instituted fêtes in commemoration of the atrocious massacre of St. Bartholomew. It is remarkable, also, for being the place in which Charles V. was crowned by Clement VII.; and on the pavement you see traced the FAMOUS MERIDIAN, executed by Domenico Cassini in 1695, the gnomon of which is 83 feet high and 206 in length. In the evening I went to the public promenade, and afterwards to the opera, to hear Rossini's *Tancredi*, leaving the following day for toils of less excursive pleasure.

CHURCH OF ST. DOMINICK.—This church has a magnificent chapel within, enriched with lamps and chandeliers of massive silver, dedicated to the saint from whom it takes its name: its walls enclose his ashes, and their sides are embellished with paintings representative of his life and miracles. In the tribune you see an ADORATION OF THE MAGI, and to the left of the grand altar, St. THOMAS AQUINAS writing by the inspiration of Angels, by Guercino.* The seats in the choir are ornamented with beautiful inlaid work by Francisco da Bergamo, and represent passages in the Old and New Testament. In the convent attached to the church they shew the cell in which St. Dominick lived and died; and the library contains some invaluable MSS. on parchment,

* For a more complete list of the paintings to be seen in the churches, &c. of Bologna, turn to the catalogues.

and one in particular, written, as some think, by Esdras, with his own hand, while others again ascribe it to one Ephora, who lived in the reign of Cyrus.

The church the most celebrated for its paintings is that of ST. PAUL, usually called on this account LA GALLERIA. Here the visitor will see masterly specimens by the pencils of Lud. Caracci, Guercino, Spagnoletto, and several by Cavendone and other pupils of the Caracci school. Guercino's PURGATORY is in the cross to the right, and Lud. Caracci's PARADISE in the second chapel to the left of the grand altar. A painting in the chapel of the Holy Cross (the first to the right as you enter) is finely treated; it is by Mastelleti, and represents OUR SAVIOUR IN THE GARDEN. An angel holds in his hands the cross and the cup, and as Christ seems to utter "Not my will, but thine, be done," the artist has thrown into the countenance of the victim for man's atonement a depth of sentiment which, in any representation of the same subject I have yet seen, never was more emphatically expressed. CAIN KILLING HIS BROTHER is another fine, though terrific, painting; and in the third chapel to the left there is some skilful foreshortening in a painting depicting THE MORTALITY OF THE PLAGUE AT MILAN, by Garbieri.

CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER.—This church likewise contains several excellent paintings; among which, that representing CHRIST DELIVERING THE KEYS TO ST. PETER in the presence of the other apostles, is deserving of particular notice. It is a fresco by Aretusi, and occupies the dome of the tribune. Note also the last work of Ludovico Caracci—a fine fresco of the ANNUNCIATION. The chapter of this church likewise contains a beautiful painting by the same great master—MARY LAMENTING OVER THE BODY OF OUR SAVIOUR. She is seated, leaning her arm on a table, before which St. Peter is seen kneeling: the Magdalen, St. John, and another apostle, stand in the background. The grief of all is deep and silent; there is no audible lamentation—it is too stupifying to be capable of utterance; while the rich and deep tone of colouring given to the whole corresponds with

the profound melancholy of the scene. A BAPTISM OF OUR SAVIOUR, by Graziani, which is placed over the font, is also good: there is a softness and sweetness about the colouring which make it pleasing; but, perhaps, some part of the design is harsh, from the too angular outline of the joints.

Bologna has been long celebrated for the eminent men it has produced, both in science and in the arts. In the former department Galvani stands distinguished; and science, to shew her gratitude, has matriculated his name among the other branches of knowledge which she teaches—galvanism. Volta, also, was a native of Bologna, and the micro-metrical physiologist Malpighi. This city has given five popes to the Romish church, and more than a hundred cardinals, among whom many were men of great merit. The fine arts are not less indebted to Bologna, and it is only necessary to mention the Caracci, Guido, Sirani, Domenichino, and Albani, to shew the weight of the obligation; the ashes of three of whom, Guido, Ludovico Caracci, and Elizabeth Sirani, repose in the church of St. Dominick.

The UNIVERSITY of this city is still the most celebrated in Italy, though much fallen from its former reputation. It was instituted by Theodosius the younger in 425; afterwards rebuilt by Charlemagne, and enlarged by Lothaire. In former times it excelled eminently in all the sciences, more particularly in civil and canonical jurisprudence; and hence came the apothegm “Bologna docet.”

The MUSEUM of the University is rich in objects of antiquity and natural history, and plentifully furnished with all the apparatus connected with physics. Here, also, the visitor will see the first wax anatomical preparations ever made. They were executed by Giovanni Manzolini and his wife, under the auspices of Benedict XIV., who was a native of Bologna. Among the natural objects of rarer curiosity, I may mention the tyrolithus of a bird, an organic vestige so seldom met with; a large loadstone from Elba, weighing above 500 lbs., and a fine preparation of the *Limulus Polyphemus*, from the West Indies. In the department of the fine arts, observe several dishes in *ismanica*, the designs

ornamenting which are by Giulio Romano, and a small BRONZE NEPTUNE, John de Bologna's *première pensée* of the superb statue we saw in the great square.

I next visited the ACCADEMIA DELLE BELLE ARTI, where the finest specimens of the Bolognese school of painting are collected together, taken chiefly from the churches of the city and placed here. A regard to my limits will only allow me to notice a few of them.

In the first room the visitor will see a full-length figure of the MAGDALEN, by Timoteo Vite, a pupil of Raphael, of exquisite beauty; but traits of grief have had no charms for this graceful but graceless artist, for he makes the frail sister of sin neglect to disfigure her beauteous countenance with any effort to force a tear.

In the second, let him observe a ST. JOHN PREACHING IN THE DESERT, by Ludovico Caracci. It is a bold and finely toned painting, yet soft and harmonious withal.

The third contains a number of splendid paintings. Guido's CRUCIFIXION combines all that painting could perform, or so fine a subject afford—ineffable resignation to the Divine will in the sufferer, and most affectionate sympathy and affecting grief in the beholders. ST. PAUL'S CONVERSION, again, by the same artist, is not less masterly treated. St. Paul is on the ground, and his countenance expresses awe and horror in the most frightful degree as he looks to the heavens, where the light beams speakingly: the horse even seems to hear the terrific words, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" This room also contains a TRANSFIGURATION by Ludovico, which, though it cannot bear a comparison with Raphael's, is still a fine painting.

SAMSON, by Guido, appeared to me a failure: the figure is not gigantic enough to answer my idea of this Hercules of the Israelites; the attitude also is bad—it is too studied, and conveys offensively the idea of that of a posture-master.

Albani's BAPTISM OF CHRIST in the River Jordan, again, is a painting without a fault. Independent of a richness of colouring that no words can depict, the extraordinary relief

thrown on parts of this superb painting by the magic skill of the artist defies conception. It possesses all the relief of statuary with the reality which colouring imparts to design: the left arm of the Saviour is beyond wonder.

Domenichino's **MARTYRDOM OF ST. AGNES** is another astonishing painting, as far as the art of mere painting goes; but it wants the soul of the preceding. The executioner has plunged his sword deep into her bosom; the mangled corpses of other martyrs lie strewn in gore at her feet; yet the by-standers around look on with an apathetic indifference unsuitable to the horror and atrocity of such a scene.

Opposite to this is an allegorical painting by the same master, representing the **PERSECUTION and final TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY**; wherein it is difficult which most to admire, the enchanting sweetness of the Virgin, or the divine beauty of the infant Christ.

Here, likewise, observe a superb **ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN**, by Sabatino.

The fourth and last room is studded in like manner with gems of art, including several of the creations of some of the first masters. Never was horror more frightfully portrayed than in Domenichino's **DEATH OF PETER THE MARTYR**; a soldier stands over the fallen saint, about to smite him, while Peter spreads abroad his arms to save himself—the scene, a landscape. In Guido's **MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS**, fright, horror, and despair, contend for the mastery, amid scenes of blood and death. The painting is in the artist's first manner and richest tone of colouring. His **PIETA**, again, though in appearance a double picture, is so beautifully composed that the eye wanders round the group as if entangled in the mazes of a magic circle. Guido was a pupil of Caravaggio's, and this painting is in his master's style.

The **DEATH OF ST. FRANCIS**, by Cesi, a pupil of Guido. Rich landscape scenery fills up the background, in front of which you see St. Francis in the last agonies of expiring life, supported by two angels, of such exquisite beauty and sweetness of countenance, that to die in such arms must be a foretaste of the bliss that awaits the righteous.

The MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE, by Tiarini, is another charming picture.

The last I shall notice is Raphael's ST. CECILIA.—The group composing this charming painting consists of St. Paul, St. John, Cecilia, St. Augustin, and the Magdalen: a choir of angels hover in the sky, and various instruments of music are on the ground. St. Cecilia represents the very soul of music, and the Magdalen is equally beautiful; no longer the weeping, dishevelled, emaciated penitent, but, with the rivalry inherent in the sex, she puts in her claim to share in the admiration of the beholder, which, in strict pictorial justice, ought to belong principally to the chief subject of the painting. The two female saints divide betwixt them Milton's description of the *Mother of all saints*; for, in the Magdalen, "grace in all her steps," is exemplified, and in Cecilia, "heaven in her eye."

There are some objects outside the gates of Bologna worth visiting. The CHURCH OF SAN MICHELE IN BOSCO is delightfully situated on a rising ground, a short walk distant from the gate of San Mamolo. The mount on which it stands commands a view of Bologna, and of the plain extending to the Adriatic on the east, and of the Euganean mountains that intervene between Verona and Bologna on the north. I must refer to the Appendix for a list of the paintings in this church; yet I cannot help particularising a fresco painting over the archway leading under the dome, representing the ARCHANGEL MICHAEL DRIVING OUT THE REBELLIOUS ANGELS FROM HEAVEN. It is full of foreshortenings of most astonishing skill: as you stand below them they threaten to fall upon you. It is by Lionel Spada.

A natural curiosity, peculiar to Bologna, is the BOLOGNA STONE. It is found in the neighbourhood of Monte Paderno, and its singular property of becoming luminous was first discovered, in 1630, by a cobbler, named Vincent Cassiorolo. To produce this effect, it is necessary first to dip it in oil or water, and afterwards calcine it, when, by exposing it in the sun for a few seconds, it throws out a strong phosphorescent light in the dark, and remains so for four or five minutes.

The light of a candle will suffice to give it this property, but not that of the moon. Even without calcination it imbibes light on exposure; but its phosphorescent radiation is but momentary. Analysis gives the following substances as the components of the Bologna pyrophorus: sulphate of barytes; silex, alum, gypsum, and a trace of oxide of iron. It is semi-transparent, of a pearly lustre, a lamellar and fibrous structure, and not particularly heavy. MONTE PADERNO is about three miles from the Porta San Mamolo. About a mile from the town the road forks; take that leading up the height; the other goes by a brook's side. A quarter of a mile before arriving at Monte Paderno, which the traveller will see straight in front, let him turn down a pathway to the right, and he presently comes amongst heaps of this singular mineral. The ground is very uneven all around the neighbourhood, and detached expositions of it, occupying a circuit of about two miles, are dispersed over the space. The surrounding hills consist of indurated marl.

From Monte Paderno I made a bird's-flight path of it to the CHURCH OF THE MADONNA DELLA GUARDIA, so named from there having been a watch-tower there formerly. In the corn-fields which I had to cross, the white-heart cherry grew in juicy luxuriance without further culture; and vines crept in tangled garlands from tree to tree, embracing with their ruddy bunches the lily-white cheeks of the cherry. The church was about three miles off, over hedge and ditch, bush and briar; but that was nothing, when it is recollected that I was in search of a sample of the art of painting by the evangelic pencil of St. Luke himself, the miraculous history of which is as follows:—The painting is a correct PORTRAIT OF THE VIRGIN MARY, and was brought, it seems, by a hermit from Constantinople, in the time of the Emperor Barbarossa, where he found it in the church of St. Sophia, authenticated by an inscription in Latin, written by the artist's own hand, in which was predicted that a church would one day be specially built for it on the spot where this now stands, and that it would be placed over the high altar, there to be adored: and, certes, no Scotch prophecy ever

turned out more correct. All prophecies, it may be well to remark, especially from the time of Merlin upwards, provided they be made (as is, indeed, usual on all prodigious occasions) after the event has happened, are almost certain to prove true; but without this trifling, yet necessary preliminary, even Scotch prophecies lack an essential towards their sure and perfect fulfilment and verification. A priest was so obliging as to shew me the painting that gave need and occasion for the posthumous prophecy alluded to above. It is enclosed in a superb beaufet of massive, chased silver, on opening which he repeated a short prayer: he next removed a sliding door of silver, richly inlaid with gold, behind which was the portrait of the Madonna. You see nothing but the face; her nose is somewhat aquiline and Judaic, and her features, taken altogether, are rather handsome: over which crosses and other ornaments of large emeralds and other lustrous stones diffuse an artificial glory. The priest, on shutting it up, prayed again. This miraculous painting—for the very sight of it, it seems, performs wonders—though not exactly a daub, yet I must say, but with all due reverence, that the artist performed no miracle in painting it; and Bonaparte, no bad judge of these matters, thought so too, it appears, for he generously left it to the church; but he did not remember to forget to take away several other paintings by a less pretending artist—Guido Reni.

This Church of the *Madonna di San Luca*, as it is sometimes called, is seated on a mountain, and commands a fine prospect of the surrounding country, and of the magnificent portico which conducts the pilgrim a distance of three miles, under six hundred and fifty arcades, from the gate of Saragossa up to the portico of the church. Its interior is handsome, though small. The high altar is enriched with a massive silver-gilt tabernacle, with five large candlesticks of the same metal on each side. There are two paintings in the sacristy relative to the history of the miraculous portrait: all I could learn regarding them was, that they were of the Roman school.

The traveller must not leave Bologna before visiting the

CAMPO SANTO, or Cimiterio. Though not to be likened with that at Pisa, it is nevertheless extremely neat, having an open space in the centre, and arcades on the sides. Some of the tombs are remarkable, not for their sculpture, for that is indifferent, but for the illustrious personages they commemorate: among others, those of the first two bishops of Bologna are conspicuous; and distinguished talents draw attention to that of Clotilda Tambronia, who in her lifetime publicly taught Greek: she died in 1817. In the Carthusian church attached to the Cimiterio, there are several paintings by able masters, one only of which I shall here notice, Mascaro's CHRIST BEARING HIS CROSS to Mount Calvary. The artist for some crime took sanctuary in the church, and during his refuge he executed this painting. The then cardinal-bishop of Bologna, it seems, was his bitterest persecutor; and, in revenge, Mascaro has introduced his portrait on the canvass. The figure dragging forward the Saviour, who has fallen, by a rope over his head, is intended for the cardinal; and, in order to designate him more particularly, he has put a red hat on his head. But this church possesses tokens of a more enviable feeling than revenge—the chains of Christian captives redeemed from the Turks and Algerines!

Before leaving Bologna for Ferrara I was anxious to see the famous enigmatical epitaph, to solve which has puzzled ingenuity more than the Gordian knot. I had read somewhere that it was to be found three miles from Bologna, going out of the town by the Porta Mascarella; but after a fruitless search I was obliged to relinquish the pursuit. A copy on parchment, written in the old Gothic character, is preserved at Milan, which I shall present as a crux for the curious:

D. M.

ÆLIA . LÆLIA . CRISPIS .

Nec vir, nec mulier, nec androgyna,

Nec puella, nec juvenis, nec anus,

Nec casta, nec meretrix, nec pudica,

Sed omnia.

Sublata

Neque fame, neque ferro, neque veneno,

Sed omnibus.

*Nec cælo, nec aquis, nec terris,
Sed ubique jacet.*

LUCIUS . AGATHO . PRISCIUS .

*Nec maritus, nec amator, nec necessarius,
Neque mærens, neque gaudens, neque flens,
Hanc*

*Nec molem, nec pyramidem, nec sepulchrum,
Sed omnia,
Scit, et nescit cui posuerit.* *

During my stay in this city a most atrocious occurrence took place, seven persons having been assassinated in one night. The preceding day had been fine, when, as not unfrequently happens in southern climates, about ten o'clock in the evening a violent thunder-storm, accompanied with a torrent of rain, suddenly came on. I was luckily at home this evening, copying out the pencil-notes I had made during the day. Two assassins took advantage of the obscurity of the arcades, which I have mentioned as lining the streets of Bologna, and of the storm, which had now rendered them darker still, to sally forth and first murder, and then rob, every one they met. Six had already fallen their victims before the police got on the pursuit, when a carabinieri coming up with the murderous villains, commanded them to stop; one of the two coolly drew a pistol from his breast and shot half of the poor fellow's face off, and thus escaped. The very next evening, by way, as I suppose, of enlivening the impression of such an event, and delighting the worthy inhabitants of Bologna by presenting it before their eyes as near to the life as possible, there was enacted, at the *Teatro Comunale* a horrible melo-drama, according as closely to the passing circumstances as the story would allow. I heard that the theatre was crowded! It was easy to perceive, in the different cafés, that the dreadful events of the preceding night were the universal topic of the day; next day, even, it held its ground: the third came, and it was forgotten! We manage these things in a more business-like way in England. Is an obscure gambler murdered by a brother swindler? lo! the newspapers teem with the most minute particulars, proximate and remote, of the case—the entire accidents, the

whole of the accessories; recording them in detail, with the most laudable scrupulosity, for at least six weeks thereafter. The scene must be carved in wood, and all the letters of the alphabet called into requisition, to denote the precise spot of every step of the interesting proceeding. The felon's clothes even are not safe from the memento-keeping hands of the curious in the horrors; and every leaf, twig, and branch, of any unfortunate tree that might witness the scene, are forthwith lopped off to afford memorials for future generations to brood over, ponder over, prose over, with never-dying, horror-loving, shoe-shaking delight. Then comes the trial, accompanied with its portraits, its plans, its accusations, its defence; next the execution, the last dying speech, the confession, the dissection. Even here the matter is not left at rest, for the craniologist must—for it is a matter of necessity—he *must* find bumps of acquisition, bumps of destruction, and, in short, of every other construction, to make it manifest that the man was indisputably and inevitably born to be hanged, and not to be drowned! Now, in Italy, they are so parsimonious of their feelings, that such life-stirring matters do not make even a three days' wonder. I may mention, *en passant*, that I learned from the carabinieri who examined my passport at the gate as I was leaving Bologna, that no trace of the assassins had been discovered, and, in fact, that the search was given up: this was not more than a week after the murders.

The country about Bologna is healthy, but the winters are severe, from its vicinity to the Apennines: the soil is fertile and provisions cheap; the beef is excellent, and was selling at two-pence per pound: every epicure knows its celebrated mortadellas. The traveller may go by the canal to Ferrara. I, as was my wont, saddled myself with my knapsack and trudged.

The country hence to Ferrara is flat and uninteresting. While resting myself at Mal Borghetto, I was asked if I had met any one in my way; and on replying in the negative, the people told me, that only the day preceding a farmer had been stopped by a footpad, whose first salutation was that of firing a pistol at him. The ball, by a fortunate chance, hit his arm instead of his body, breaking the bone; the ruffian

then proceeded deliberately to rifle him. This account caused me to think it was time to look about me a little more sharply. With the propensity to conjure up an adventure, I started, and I was not long in meeting with what appeared to me to be the reality. Proceeding on my way, I perceived a fellow a-head looking, as I fancied, with some anxiety around him, to observe whether any one else was in sight; and as I approached directly up to him—for that was the part I took under suspicious circumstances—I thought I could see indecision in his countenance and action: he advanced a step or two, then stopped; now watched my approach, now turned aside; at length, when close up with him, he had taken his part, and only asked “charity, for the love of God.” I gave the wretch a trifle, under the idea, that if driven to the commission of crime through stern necessity, this might, perhaps, turn his mind, and dissuade him from it; but I observed, or thought I observed, as I returned my money into my pocket, that he eyed it with the longing of avidity: “Let no one,” uttered I inwardly, “demand of me my *purse* or my life; for if he do, I know which I would first part with,”—it was the one you netted for me, Clara.

The traveller passes the Rheno in a boat, about twenty-one miles from Bologna; and he may observe abundance of limestone gravel in his route, formed, in all probability, when the present relative levels of the Adriatic and the land differed inversely.

FERRARA.

This city, the ancient *FORUM ALIENI*, formerly belonged to the princes of the noble house of Este. After the death of Alphonso the Second, the last duke of Ferrara, it was claimed and appropriated by Pope Clement VIII. in 1597, in consequence of a certain donation which it was pretended the Princess Matilda, of this august house, made to Holy See of all her possessions in 1077. Under her dukedom the state of Ferrara flourished, and the arts of elegance and utility were every where cultivated and patronised. As soon as it was annexed to the popedom, it then ate of the upas, under

whose baneful influence the arts fled, its lustre tarnished, and its former prosperity and fertility, the "*magna parens frugum*," were changed to sterility and wretchedness, no longer claiming from its richness the fancied derivation of its name, "*Fere aurea*."

It is said with truth of Ferrara, that there are more houses than inhabitants. The fine palace of the Bentivoglio family, the ornament of this once flourishing city, is in ruins; some of the churches contain paintings of merit by Garofalo and other masters. Observe a DECOLLATION OF ST. JOHN in the DUOMO, where the chiaro-scuro is finely managed, and the subject poetically conceived: it is in the first chapel to the right on entering. That of S. FRANCESCO GRANDE is enriched with several paintings not less worthy of notice. There is a beautiful fresco in the first chapel on the right hand, of fine design and admirable expression—the artist, Volta Paletto—the subject, JUDAS BETRAYING JESUS WITH A KISS. A HOLY FAMILY, CHRIST HEALING THE SICK, a VIRGIN AND CHILD seated on a pedestal, and THE MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS, by Garofalo, are likewise fine paintings. A ST. AGNES, and a DESCENT FROM CALVARY, are not less excellent. The CHURCH OF STA. MARIA IN VADO possesses a very charming ASCENSION, after the manner of Garofalo.

The old ducal palace is surrounded by a moat, and, except as a memorial of its former government, offers nothing to claim attention. It is otherwise with the HOSPITAL OF ST. ANNE, where you see the cell in which the poet Tasso was confined so long through the unjust tyranny of the Duke of Ferrara. Over the door you read:

RISPETTATE . O . POSTERI .
 LA . CELEBRITA . DI . QUESTA . STANZA .
 DOVE
 TORQUATO . TASSO .
 INFERMO . PIU . DI . TRISTEZZA . CHE . DELIRIO .
 DETENUTO . DIMORO . ANNI . VII . MESE . II .
 SCRISSE . VERSI . E . PROSE .
 E . FU . REMESSO . IN . LIBERTA .
 AL . INSTANZA . DELLA . CITTA . DI . BERGAMO .
 NEL . GIORNO . VII . LUGLIO . MDLXXXVI .

It was in this dungeon that Tasso finished his "Jerusalem Delivered." On the walls you read the word "BYRON," scratched, as the custode told me, by himself, amidst a multitude of names which "nobody knows."

ARIOSTO'S TOMB, in the STUDIO PUBBLICO, sheds its lustre on, and adds interest to, Ferrara. It is surmounted by a handsome bust of the poet supported on the head of a cherubim: Guarini wrote the inscription:

NOTUS . ET . HESPERIIS . JACET . HIC . ARIOSTUS . ET . INDIS,
CUI . MUSA . ETERNUM . NOMEN . HETRUSCA . DEDIT .
SEU . SATYRAM . IN . VITIA . EXACUIT, SEU . COMICA . LUSIT .
SEU . CECINIT . GRANDA . BELLA . DUCESQUE . TUBA .
TER . SUMMUS . VATES . CUI . DOCTI . IN . VERTICE . PINDY .
TER . GEMINA . LICUIT . CINGERE . FRONDE . COMAS .
OB. ET. 59 . A.D. 1433 .
VIII. IDUS . JUNII .

Here, also, the traveller will see a manuscript copy of Guarini's "Pastor Fido," written in a very neat hand by himself; a manuscript copy of Ariosto's comedy, and some of his letters; a like copy of Tasso's "Jerusalem," with corrections in his own hand-writing; and various poetry, by the same author. The Studio, likewise, possesses several rare books: one of St. Augustin's, printed at Venice in 1473; the Psalms of David, written on parchment, enriched with paintings, done in gold, by one Gusme, in 1400—they are in high preservation, but this peculiar art is now lost; a copy of the Bible, richly illuminated by an unknown hand, and still more ancient than the Psalms. They shew Ariosto's standish, the humble medium into which so many immortal thoughts dipped in passing from his brain to paper; also a medallion of the poet, which was found in his tomb when removed from the church of the Benedictines. On one side you observe his name and profile; on the obverse, you see a hand holding a forceps in the act of extracting the sting from a serpent's mouth, with an inscription, in allusion to his satires—"pro bono manum."

Five miles and a half from Ferrara, the traveller crosses the Po, at a ferry, on a *pont-volant*, in the route to Padua.

The boat is fastened to a long hawser, anchored some way up in the middle of the stream; and it is the strength of the current alone, when the boat is kept broadside on to it by means of the helm, that carries the passengers across from either side. The river at this spot is as broad as the Thames at London, cleaving the valley with its rapid and flood-like stream, and gliding through its deep bed amidst meadows of richest herbage, and fields waving with yellow grain. The ADIGE, the ancient Athesis, is crossed in a similar manner three miles from Rovigo, when the traveller enters the Austrian territories, in the north of Italy.

No sooner is the traveller across the Adige, than he is led to the idea that he has left the Italians behind, if not Italy, and got among the descendants of the Cimbri that escaped after their defeat by Marius, and who, according to Strabo, settled on the banks of the Athesis; the features of the people are so very different; the women going with their heads uncovered, with light hair, and wanting the comeliness of their *cis-Adagian* neighbours. Hitherto, the stones strewed on the soil consisted chiefly of limestone gravel; but as you approach MONTE SILICE, one of the outskirtings of the Euganean range, the soil is composed of the comminutions of the semi-volcanic rocks of which these mountains are constituted. That of which Monte Silice is formed is a trachyte porphyry, composed of silex, felspar, and mica, intermingled in so peculiar a manner as to stamp a character for itself.

If the pilgrim of genius wishes to visit ARQUA, he must turn off to the left over a bridge which crosses the canal at Arriveglio, half a mile before coming to Battaglia.* On the way, the traveller will see the laurel-rose growing wild in the hedge-rows, as if Nature herself would deck the path which led to the TOMB OF PETRARCH. A walk of three miles brings you to the last retreat of this admired poet; and the first object that presents itself on entering the village is his

* Near Battaglia, you pass the Palazzo Obizzo, now the property of the house of Modena. It is adorned by frescos, representing the distinguished parts in the history of the original family, by Paul Veronese; besides an armoury, museum, and paintings.

tomb. Mr. Eustace is mistaken in saying that it is placed in the churchyard : it stands a little in front of the church, and close by the road leading to Petrarch's house. The TOMB is in the form of a sarcophagus, sustained by four short pillars on two plinths : the whole is of a coarse red marble, and so substantial, that, if left untouched, it will stand for an infinity of ages. The massive cover of the tomb has a bronze bust of the poet on the side facing the road, and lower down you read his epitaph : —

FRIGIDA . FRANCISCI . LAPIS . HIC . TEGIT . OSSA . PETRARCE .
 SUSCIPERE . VIRGO . PARENS . ANIMAM . STATE . VIRGINE . PARCE .
 FESSAQ. JAM . TERRIS . CELI . REQUIESCAT . IN . ARCE .
 MCCCXXIIIJ . XVIIIJ . JULIJ.

From the church you ascend to the HOUSE wherein Petrarch passed the latter period of his life. The lower part of the edifice is of the Tuscan order, and is now used as a cow-house : over which there are several rooms, all kept in tolerable order. In one, you see portrayed in fresco painting, under the cornice of the room, the events the most memorable to himself in his connexion with Laura : in one he is represented discovering her bathing, and she laving the water in his face ; in another, Petrarch is in a bower, and Laura comes to him masked : in a third, is depicted Laura's death, and Petrarch's grief ; in another, he has taken the religious habit. They were done in Petrarch's life-time, and are extremely good for the age. This room also contains a portrait of Petrarch. Over a chimney-piece in another apartment observe an ancient painting of a VENTUS, coeval, it is said, with the house, bearing a strong resemblance to one of Titian's in the Florence Tribune. Could this have served him as a *première pensée*? In the same room, the visitor will find the EMBALMED CAT upon which the poet, in a playful mood, wrote the following epitaph, which those that run may still read :

*Etruscus gemino vates exaruit amore ;
 Maximus ignis ego, Laura secundus erat.
 Quid rudes ! divina illum si gratia forma
 Me dignam eximio fecit amante fides,*

*Si numeros geniumque sacris dedit illa libellis,
Causa ego, ne sevis muribus esca forent
Arcebam sacro vivens a limine mures ;
Ne domini exitio scripta diserta darent,
Incutio trepidis eadem defuncta pavorem,
Et viget exanimi in corpore prisca fides.*

They shew his grotto in the garden, and the well of which he drank ; and his bed-room still retains the chair in which he died. The walls of this room, like that of Shakspeare at Stratford-upon-Avon, are crowded with the names of the pilgrims who have visited this shrine of genius, from among which the reader, perhaps, will pardon the extract of Alfieri's *ex-voto* : it is written in pencil on the wall, and a sort of frame is placed before it, to preserve it from being effaced :—

*Preziosa diaspro, agata ed oro
Foran debito pregio, e appene degno
Di rivestire sì nobile tesoro.
Ma no, tomba fregio d' uom ch' ebbe segno
Vuolsi ; e poi gemme, oro diadico alloro :
Qui basta il nome di quel divo ingegno.
Victorio Alfieri manu proprio.*

Petrarch's house commands a beautiful view of the surrounding country, with the situation of which the traveller is forcibly struck by its kindred resemblance to the scenery about Vacluse. Mountains with summits tufted with underwood, or made bald by the sweepings of the passing storm—valleys teeming with exuberant fertility, and variously checkered by the busy hand of industry—hill-sides fringed with the vine,* and meadows bespangled with flowers, scenting the air with their fragrance. From this delightful spot I wended my way back by the road I had come, and followed the canal towards MEZZAVIA. Here the curious traveller has another opportunity of gratification, by visiting the HOT BATHS OF MONTEGROTTA : they lie but a short mile out of his way. The baths of Montegrotta are supplied from two hot springs of the extraordinary high temperature of 66° of Reaumur,

* The wine made here takes its name from the poet, *vino di Petrarca*.

which is equal to 178° of Fahrenheit; so that the water takes three days in cooling down to the usual temperature of a hot bath. That these baths, as well as those of ABANO, in this neighbourhood, have been the resort of the sick in former ages, is proved by the ruined foundations of ancient buildings having been dug up, and coins and other antiquities being found on the spot.

Both the mud and water of these springs are used medicinally, and are found of great efficacy in many chronic diseases, particularly cutaneous complaints, paralysis, and rheumatism; indeed, the ancient name of Abano (*Aponon*) is derived from the power of its waters to relieve pain. The mud, like the water, is too hot to be used without being first cooled down by kneading. It is then applied, either partially or generally, to the person of the patient, where it retains its heat for nearly an hour, after which the patient passes into the bath, and there cleanses himself of the mud. Both the waters and mud of these springs are said to contain sulphureous and saline matters; the former producing the usual effects of a medicated bath, the latter those of a powerful stimulating poultice. The mud, even when applied partially, independent of its local stimulus, induces a general perspiration, and especially copious from the part diseased. Hence it is not difficult to believe in the benefit to be derived from their use in all cases of morbid congestions and chronic determinations, through the powerful influence which universal cuticular relaxation effects in restoring to a healthy equilibrium parts in which the just balance of action is deranged. Nothing is more uncertain, every experienced physician must allow, than that of producing diaphoresis by medicines taken internally; and yet there is no effect often more devoutly to be wished than that of inducing and establishing an equal action in the extreme vessels, with the object of relieving particular determination; for what, indeed, constitutes the essence of every disease but the general equilibrium of healthy action somewhere deranged? * The lines of Claudian, when speaking of these springs, still hold true:

* The mud baths of Neris, in Auvergne, are of a similar description.

*"Amisum lymphis reparant impune vigorem,
Pacaturque, agro luxuriante, dolor."*

Five miles from Mezzavia brings the traveller to PADUA. The country around Padua is flat, but extremely fertile,—verifying the saying "*Bologna la grassa, Venetia la guasta, ma Padua la passa.*" In itself, it is poor and depopulated. Under the iron scourge of Austria, its industry is the depressed energy of a slave willing to die rather than work for a tyrannical taskmaster.

PADUA.

Padua is situated on the Brenta, in the midst of a fine and extensive plain, on the north-west of the Euganean Mountains. It is said to have been built by Antenor; and the ciceroni pretend to shew the SARCOPHAGUS of this ancient Trojan in the Via San Lorenzo; but without exactly meaning to pun (*salvo pudore!*), it may safely be averred that the building is a story without a foundation, and the tomb another ghost-tale—a "baseless fabric of a vision." The existence, indeed, of the latter has been ascribed, with greater probability, to a date much more modern, and is, to all appearance, a tomb of the barbarous ages.

This city suffered severely, at different times, from the ravages of the barbarians who invaded Italy. It was destroyed by Attila, and afterwards rebuilt by Narses; it was again burnt and razed to the ground by Barbarossa, and again it rose from its ashes. The principal *lions* of this place are the PRA' DELLA VALLE; the CHURCH OF ST. ANTHONY, called, by way of eminence, *Il Santo*; that of STA. GIUSTINA; the GRAND HALL, or Palace of Justice; and the UNIVERSITY. The PRATO is close to the gate as you enter from Ferrara, and occupies the site of the ancient field of Mars. It is of a circular form, the centre of which is laid out in avenues for public promenade, and the whole surrounded by a branch of the Brenta, and a double row of statues divided by the stream. The statues are those of the illustrious men who have either been born in Padua, or have been educated at its university. Among others, the visitor will see those of four popes, Paul II.,

Eugenius IV., Alexander VIII., and Clement XIII.; those of John Sobieski, Stanislaus, Gustavus Adolphus, Guicciardino, Galileo, Andrew Mantegna, Petrarch, Tasso, Ariosto, Livy, even of Antenor, and of many others with whose particular merits I was unacquainted. A few vacant pedestals are interspersed, offering, as it were, a footstool of emulation to the present and future *alumni*, whereon, by proper desert, they may step to immortality.

THE CHURCH OF IL SANTO is an ancient Gothic structure, erected by Nicola Pisano, and dedicated to St. Anthony. This saint died in 1231; he was canonised by Gregory IX. six years afterwards; and the church built in 1307, on the site of an ancient temple consecrated to Juno. It was evening when I entered it, with the desire of seeing merely its interior. A large congregation were chanting the evening hymn, and though first attracted by the paintings, the music stole insensibly on my ear, so sweet and solemn, that I seated myself by the choir to listen. Though not one of the most pious admirers of the Roman Catholic church, it were unjust to deny the charming influence of certain parts of their church service, and the solemn impression often made on the feelings by the majestic gloom of a Gothic edifice, softened by the rich diapason of tones that, wafting adoration to the throne of the Creator of all mankind, captivate the heart, and wile it instinctively upwards: then it is that a man forgets all religious distinction of sects; for in such communion there can be no difference of sentiment. I returned on the morrow to see the interior. Here the visitor will find tombs, and chapels, and paintings, to interest his attention.

Among the paintings, the MARTYRDOM OF ST. AGATHA, by Tiepolo, is managed with good taste: the sight of her lacerated bosom is not permitted to revolt the eye, and yet the sense of pain is expressed in her countenance with frightful truth. The DECOLLATION OF THE BAPTIST is another good painting. The executioner is baring his arm preparatory to the blow: it is reckoned one of Piazzetta's best productions. Of a similar high character is Pittoni's representation of the MARTYRDOM OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. The subject is

boldly conceived and masterly executed. The chapel of the Sanctuary contains many invaluable relics, the foremost among which is the pickled tongue of St. Anthony himself, as fresh, and ruddy, and incorruptible, as saltpetre or a miracle can make it; next comes some precious blood from the stigmata of the holy St. Francis; item, some of the hair and milk of the blessed Virgin; a portion of the wood of the *vera croce*; a part of the linen stained with the blood of our Saviour; and three thorns of his crown. The statues of FAITH, CHARITY, HUMILITY, and PENITENCE, which adorn this chapel, are by Parodio; and that of St. ANTHONY, and a group of angels in front, by Roncajolo.

The chapel of the patron saint himself is magnificent, both in its architecture and sculpture: the former was executed by Bardi, Sansovino, and Falconetto; the latter by Minello, Peluca, Campagna, Tullio Lombardi, and Sansovino. Under the altar repose the ashes of St. Anthony; and the two massive silver candelabra you see on each side of it weigh 3134 ounces, and are of the most exquisite workmanship; the whole is lit by twenty lamps of silver, which burn night and day before the altar. Among the most remarkable of the tombs is that of Helen Piscopia, who knew seven languages. She was a doctor in the university of Padua, and died in 1688, æt. 37; her statue is to be seen on the grand stair of the university. In the aisle to the left, the visitor may look at the tomb of two medical men, for the purpose of noticing a fanciful idea of the artist, Comini, who, by surmounting the monument with the *Figure of a Skeleton*, with a trumpet between his jaws, presents the paradoxical picture of Death attempting to awake himself; while, with outlines of humanity so "few and far between," he promises to make but a noiseless herald to rouse dormant immortality from her slumbers.

I must refer to the Appendix for the remaining objects meriting notice; but, before quitting the subject, I may point out a most magnificent bronze candelabrum in the choir, the workmanship of Andrea Riccio, a Padovese, who took eleven years in executing it. Before leaving the church pass into

the convent, which opens out of it; where, in the entrance between the two first cloisters, observe an elegant mausoleum, ornamented with four fluted columns of the Composite order. On the urn two statues of GRIEF and PAIN lean weeping. The singular circumstance is, that neither the artist who executed this monument, nor the person to whom it is consecrated, is known.

Adjoining the church of Il Santo, the traveller will find the SCUOLA DEL SANTO, which is justly celebrated for the excellent frescos painted on its walls, descriptive of the miracles worked by St. Anthony. The first is a particularly fine fresco, so warm and rich that it closely imitates oil. It is by Titian, and represents St. Anthony making an infant prematurely speak, to satisfy a father of its mother's chastity. In another part of the room, the same story affords subject for another miracle, both to St. Anthony and Titian. The cavalier, it seems, who suspected his wife of infidelity, killed her. Anthony is here depicted restoring her again to life.

The second miracle of Il Santo exhibits a little, I am sorry to say, of the hocus-pocus of legerdemain. A miser dies, and on opening his body they find no heart. St. Anthony cries, *Presto!* and, lo! the heart is found locked up in the coffer where the niggard kept his pelf. This fresco is by Giovanni Contarini.

The next, though no doubt a miracle, is nevertheless not quite so very marvellous in its nature, albeit performed by St. Anthony for the meritorious purpose of converting a heretic. An ass is represented quitting his feed to kneel before the host; and truly none but an ass would do so! Campagnola is the artist.

Next comes the apparition of the saint to the blessed Luca Beludi, advising him of the speedy liberation of Padua from the tyranny of Ezzelino.

The next two frescos portray the death of St. Anthony, and the miracle of the glass tumbler, both of the school of Titian. The latter was likewise performed, it seems, to convert an infidel. The tumbler is thrown from a height against a stone, and yet does not break—a feat, it may be observed,

with all becoming reservation, not peculiarly St. Anthony's, for it is done at times on something still more fragile—a wine-glass, by certain wonder-working school-boys; nay, officers at a mess-table are even gifted after the same manner, especially as the evening advances, and when bets touching “another bottle more” are lacking.

Some other frescos follow, which are not exactly of a miracle-mongering character; but there are three others, again, which I must not pass over by reference merely to the catalogue. The painting in oil relates to an accusation under which the saint's own father lay of having committed murder, to clear him from which heinous imputation St. Anthony restores the real perpetrator to life, to accuse himself, and thus attest his father's innocence. It is not said whether the man was hanged in consequence of this confession; if so, I do not think he was at all obliged to St. Anthony for his resurrection. The second is a fresco, and commemorates another restoration to life of a boy drowned, by the same miraculous agency, and is esteemed the finest of all Campagnola's frescos. The last is likewise a resuscitation, wherein the two events of the story are represented separately. In the one, you see the body of a boy bobbing like a Norfolk dumpling in a kettle of boiling water; in the other, the corpse is revived at the fiat of the saint, without even a blister on it, and looking as mettlesome as if it had never been parboiled. This fine fresco is of the school of Titian; some think it by Titian himself.

CHURCH OF STA. GIUSTINA.—This magnificent temple, the work of Andrea Riccio, stands in an angle of the Prato, and both its exterior and interior are of extraordinary grandeur and beauty. Its plan is that of a Latin cross, its floor is paved with marble, and the vault of the great nave is adorned with eight lofty domes, and its whole interior is a model of noble simplicity and majestic elegance. The paintings in this church are too numerous to notice individually; suffice it in this place to say, that the altars are embellished by the masterly pencils of the younger Caliori, Liberi, Luca Giordano,

Palma il Giovane, and others. The high altar is adorned with the celebrated MARTYRDOM OF ST. JUSTINA, by Paul Veronese, a painting which has been engraved by Agostino Caracci. The MISSION OF THE APOSTLES, by Bissoni, is likewise a splendid specimen of the art; as is also Carlo Loth's MARTYRDOM OF ST. SAGREDO, the character of which is grand, and the pencilling bold and impressive. Parodio, a pupil who does credit to his master Bernini, has adorned a chapel in the transept to the right with some beautiful specimens of sculpture. The grand altar enshrines the body of St. Justina; besides which, this church is said to contain the body of the evangelist St. Luke, that of the apostle St. Matthias, those of three of the children massacred by the order of Herod; and, moreover, an image of the Virgin, carved by St. Luke: and I may direct the visitor's attention to the admirable bas-reliefs of the seats of the choir, representing the prophecies of the Old Testament touching our Saviour, with their fulfilment in the New.

For the paintings in the Duomo of Padua, I must refer to the Appendix; but may mention, in passing, that they are all by good masters; and here the visitor will find a PORTRAIT OF PETRARCH (who was one of the canons of the cathedral), and also a MADONNA by Giotto, which once belonged to him.

THE UNIVERSITY.—This university, once so famous, and which hath sent forth so many eminent men, has now fallen into comparative obscurity. In its zenith of reputation, when the immortal Galileo taught here, it was the resort of eighteen thousand students from all parts of Europe; whereas, the present matriculation list does not exceed a ninth part of the number. An order from a professor is necessary for viewing the cabinets, &c. In that of Natural History the collection of minerals is good; but the shells, birds, and animals, are indifferent. Among the organic remains from the mountains about Vicenza, the visitor will see a rarity—a petrified human skull and humerus, found among stalactites in Dalmatia. Fabricius ab Aqua was, for thirty years, professor of anatomy

in this once-celebrated school. In the Anatomical Theatre the visitor will see a bust of the distinguished morbid anatomist, Morgagni, by Danieletti. The wax preparations exhibiting the different stages of pregnancy, are to be seen in the Cabinet of Midwifery; and in the School of Medicine, the visitor will find a painting of *MARY AT THE TOMB OF THE REDDEMER*, by Dario Varotari. It was within the seclusion of these walls that Petrarch composed his sonnets, and where both Tasso and Ariosto cultivated the genius that afterwards rendered their names immortal. The students of this university were at one time a very desperate set, rushing out in bands after dark, one party before stopping the passenger with, "*Chi-va-li?*" whilst another behind called out "*Chi-va-la?*" and, between the *chi-va-lis* and the *chi-va-las*, the peaceable passenger often lost his life. One of the principal lamps in the chapel of St. Anthony was a fine imposed on these gentlemen *Chi-va-li*, for killing their man in the church-porch.

Among the objects of curiosity at Padua, perhaps there are none more deserving a visit than the *HALL OF JUSTICE*, which is the largest room in Europe, being three hundred feet long, one hundred in width, and as many in height. The walls of this stupendous hall are embellished in fresco by Giotto, and represent the *SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC*, with *FIGURES OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES* distributed among them. The signs are so placed, that the shadow of the sun at noon is found in its proper allegorical position throughout the year, and the apostles are arranged in like manner, so as to indicate when the church celebrates their festivals. Here also you see depicted the symbols of man, indicating corresponding actions, and for what he is most fitted—his temperament, inclinations, degree of talent, &c., according to the doctrine of the renowned astrologer Igino, all faithfully copied from the astrolabic plan of Pietro d'Abano. This hall contains two *EGYPTIAN DEITIES*, brought by Belzoni from Thebes, and presented to his native city: also the *STONE OF OPPROBRIUM*, on which bankrupts were wont to sit in presence of the people; and two *BUSTS*, the one that of *LIVY*, who was a

native of this place: the other, of the Lucretia of Padua, DONDI OROLOGIO. The latter has no other interest save the tragical event it recalls to mind. This lady was of good family, and was married, in the bloom of youth and beauty, to a noble Padovese, the Marquis Pio d'Obizzi. She loved her husband, and was faithful. A young gentleman, named Paganino Sala, fell in love with this charming woman, but she repelled his advances with the indignation of virtue insulted. Borne away by passion and madness, Sala killed the object he so deoted on, in the absence of her husband. The assassin was seized and convicted of the murder: but, as they could not get him to confess it, he could only be condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment. In the meanwhile, the son of the chaste Dondi grew up to manhood, being only five years old at the time of his mother's death, and vowed to revenge her murder. Sala, in quitting the prison, was shot by the young Obizzi, who, flying his country, entered the Austrian service, where he died in 1710, after sustaining, during fifty years of service, the reputation of an honourable man and a brave soldier.

The last memorandum I have of Padua, is of a singular piece of modern sculpture, which is to be seen in the PALACE PAPAFAVA. It is of one piece of marble, and yet contains sixty-six small statues. The subject represents the rebel-angels driven down from heaven by the archangel Michael, who fall in every possible attitude. It was executed by Agostino Fassoletto, who took about twelve years to finish it. But as a specimen of art, it is more curious than pleasing, and perhaps merits a character rather of eccentricity than of beauty.

There is a passage-boat on the Brenta, which conveys passengers to *Fusina*, where they embark in other boats, which take them across to Venice. I walked it, as was my wont; and as the traveller trudges along, he is struck with the contrast between the natural richness of the country and the general poverty of its inhabitants. All along the banks of the Brenta every thing has the aspect of desertion; and villas which were formerly the rural retreats of the opulent

Venetians, are now tenantless and going to ruin ; or if inhabited, it is by the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. This scene of desolation prepares the mind for the sadness which the view of Venice impresses : she still rises like Venus from the ocean ; but it is Venus meretrix—the worn-out trull of more wanton days, suffering from her former debaucheries. Where, it may be asked, are the opulence, freedom, magnificence, and majesty of this once-celebrated republic gone to ? Alas ! to the tomb of all the Capulets !

Venice, as every one knows, is not one of the ancient cities of Italy, but dates its foundation from the time when Alaric, king of the Goths, invaded Italy with his hordes of barbarians, carrying desolation in his steps as he went. The affrighted inhabitants of this neighbourhood, to escape the sword of the invader, fled, and took refuge in the little island-marshes and lagoons, for obscurity and safety ; the insignificance alone of which offering them a safe asylum, they there built houses. Not long afterwards, Attila, king of the Huns, having ravaged Germany, entered Italy likewise in this quarter, and, obliging the Padovese to seek shelter a second time, they retired to the same retreat ; and, in consequence of these forced colonisations, the place now began to assume the importance and form of a fixed settlement.

Such were the commencements of the noble and majestic city of Venice, which for so many centuries yielded neither in riches, magnificence, nor power, to any city in the world ; subjecting to its dominion the islands of Candia and Cyprus, the Peloponnesus, the greater part of Lombardy, including the wealthy cities of Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Trevisa, Bergamo, and Cremona ; whilst, on the other side of the Adriatic, it possessed Dalmatia, Sclavonia, Istria, and the Friule. How different is its present state, where its whole territory is confined to its original lagoon-girt bed, into the waters of which Venice is fast tumbling its walls, as if ashamed of the reflection of its own wretchedness ! But such is the usual fate of states that shoot up like hot-house plants, forced beyond their natural strength by a power that has no fixed *habitat*. This for a while may be concentrated like caloric, but the

implanted tendency of it is to diffuse and lose itself in the equidistant of space. England! "snug little isle of the ocean," take a lesson: for wealth is as erratic and radiant as our fire, and more migratory than even the swallow—sun and soil are requisite for both; but the ecliptic of wealth is a shifting track, and there is only one sign in the commercial zodiac—that of Prosperity, and this is not a fixed star—one point of polarity, and this is liable to incessant variation—the fluctuation of wealth.

VENICE.

Venice stands on one hundred and thirty-eight little islands that scarcely rise above the level of the Adriatic. All the houses are erected on piles of wood driven into the marshy ground, like those of Amsterdam, and seem to float on the waters. Oysters and other shell-fish fix themselves to the foundations, as they ordinarily do on rocks; and the sea washes the steps by which you descend to the gondolas to cross from street to street. This curious city is intersected by one hundred and forty canals, and the disjointed parts are connected together by four hundred and fifty bridges, and yet it is the most inconvenient city I ever visited. Nothing appears to me more unaccountable than the choice made by a most distinguished poet of Venice as a residence; for certainly no place can be conceived less poetically devised. The entire town cannot be better compared than to a congregation of Cranbourn Alleys, Little May's Buildings, and such-like back slums, with the additional annoyance of not being able to get from one alley to another unless by hiring a gondola, or else by walking some two or three miles round to get to a house opposite. After this description, I need not say there are no carriages in Venice. Lord Byron is said to have been the first who kept horses in this city, and then his ride was confined to the circumambience of a space little larger than a horse-break--the public gardens as they are called.

The place to which a stranger first directs his steps on his arrival in Venice, is the PIAZZA OF ST. MARK, for this is its

soul and honour. Here he finds himself as if released from prison, and his movements unshackled from the impediments of canals, and unravelled of "labyrinths that lead to nothing." The place itself is grand, spacious, lofty, and commodious. It is in the form of a parallelogram, surrounded on three sides by majestic edifices, and by the venerable church of St. Mark at the lower end; presenting the appearance of a vast saloon, having for its ceiling the vault of heaven. A space opens towards the sea, called the PIAZZETTA, with the ancient palace of the Doge on the left, and the Procuratorie Nuove opposite. Two lofty columns of ophite adorn the Piazzetta, which were brought from Constantinople. There was a third, but in the placing of it it fell into the sea. The two we see were erected by one Barutiero, on condition of being permitted to keep a *faro* bank during the carnival as the recompense. On one a winged lion stands, the ensign of St. Mark; on the other, a statue of St. Theodore, the original patron of Venice, before being superseded by the evangelist. It is between these two columns that criminals are executed, and it was on this spot that the Doge Marino Faliero was beheaded, as a traitor to his country, in 1354.

CHURCH OF ST. MARK. — This venerable edifice was erected by the Doge Okseoli in 976, and combines in its style of architecture the Arabesque and Gothic. Five domes crown its roof: five hundred columns of different orders surround the exterior of St. Mark's, which were brought chiefly from Athens and other parts of Greece. Above the middle porch you see eight porphyry columns of inestimable price, and over these stand the FOUR CELEBRATED HORSES, cast in bronze by Lysippus, which Nero brought from Greece. They were harnessed to a chariot of the sun, and stood on a triumphal arch, erected by the senate of Rome to this emperor after the victory gained by him over the Parthians. Constantine afterwards transported them to Constantinople, and placed them in the Hippodrome. The Venetians brought them away, among other rich spoils, about the beginning of

the sixteenth century, when their victorious fleet took the capital of the Ottoman empire, under Doge Dandolo, in 1205. They again became the spoil of conquest under Buonaparte, who removed them to Paris to adorn the triumphal arch in the Place Carrousel; and, after so many peregrinations, they travelled back to their pedestals over the portal of St. Mark's, at the general restitution on the restoration of the Bourbons.

The appearance of the interior of this church is still more Asiatic than its exterior, and conveys the impression of a sanctuary devoted to the eternal celebration of acts of penance; the floor when I entered it was paved with prostrate groups of men and women.

The grand altar is supported by four large pillars of transparent alabaster, which are said to have been brought from Solomon's Temple; and thirty-six others sustain the ceiling. The visitor is struck with the great quantity of mosaic work in porphyry and jasper in this church, with which it is both paved and vaulted. In front of the choir they shew a large slab of white marble so marked as to resemble the waves of the sea, and also the PORPHYRY STONE which points out the spot where Pope Alexander III. put his foot upon the neck of Frederick Barbarossa, as a public act of humiliation on the penitent return of this emperor under the haughty authority and subjection of that church which had excommunicated him. As this proud priest trampled Barbarossa under his feet, he heightened the vile insult by repeating the words of the Psalmist, "*Super aspidem et basilicum ambulabis, et conculcabis leonem et draconem;*" to which the emperor answered, "*Non tibi, sed Petro:*" on which Alexander, treading on his neck more forcibly, replied, "*Et mihi et Petro.*" In days when priestcraft had attained its utmost insolence and power, Barbarossa, I daresay, thought himself fortunate in not sharing the fate of the five kings who warred against Gibeon, after the enacting of a similar scene of degradation (*vide* Joshua, x. 24).

The riches and relics contained in the treasury and chapels of this church were inestimable. The cap worn by the Doges was valued at 200,000 crowns. Here also were

goblets of agate and emerald which formerly belonged to Constantine the Great; Aaron's two rods; but, above all, the mouldering body of St. Mark. This still reposes under the grand altar, and was brought by some Venetian merchants from Alexandria in 829. The treasury, likewise, contained a manuscript copy of the gospel of St. Mark, written, it is said, by his own hand, and another of the same, written in letters of gold by St. Chrysostom.

In the *Chapel of the Madonna della Scarpa*, they shew the part of the identical rock which Moses struck in the wilderness to assuage the thirst of the Israelites. It is a greyish-coloured marble, and nothing can be prettier than the four little holes through which the water was made to flow: they are about the size of a goose-quill, and it adds to the miracle, of course, to perceive that such a prodigious quantity of water could escape in so short a time through such small apertures as to quench the sandy thirst of 600,000 men, together with their wives and children, and all their flocks and herds.

In front of St. Mark you see the flag-staffs which formerly bore the three banners in token of the domination held over the kingdoms of Cyprus, Negropont, and Candia, by this warlike republic. Close to these stands the TOWER OF ST. MARK: it is 230 feet in height, surmounted by a gilt figure of an angel as a weathercock, which, as it turns round by the wind, appears to bestow its benediction on the passengers below. From its top you see this singularly built city at your feet; its numerous palaces seem doubled by their own reflection in the crystal waters which encompass them. In the distance the eye loses itself eastward in the large mirror of the Adriatic, dotted with isles in richest cultivation. On the north rises the Friule, and to the south you see the plain of Padua, bounded by the belt of the Euganean mountains.

To the right of the church stands the TORRE DELL' OROLOGIA. The clock is placed over a kind of triumphal arch through which you enter the Piazza, and is curious for its mechanism, which not only indicates the hour of the day, but

also the relative position of the moon and the earth, and of the sun as it enters the signs of the zodiac. Above the clock you see a gilt image of the Virgin, of the natural size. On the day of the Assumption, on each stroke of the clock, two angels appear with trumpets in their hands; these are followed by the wise men of the East, who kneel before the image. On ordinary occasions, two Moors alone strike the hour on a bell with iron hammers, after the manner of our own that formerly were at St. Dunstan's.

THE PALACE OF THE DOGE. — In front of this palace you see two colossal statues of MARS and NEPTUNE, by Sansovino, between which you mount the SCALA DEI GIGANTI, leading to the interior.

In the SALA DELLE QUATTRO PORTE the visitor will find, among other fine paintings, Titian's TRIUMPH OF THE FAITH, which was once in the Louvre. The frescos on the ceiling are by Tintoretto, and the architecture of the hall by Palladio. The HALL OF THE SENATE contains Tintoretto's representation of VENICE FREED FROM THE PLAGUE, painted to commemorate the *Ex-Voto of the Church of La Salute*. Over the throne there is a fine DESCENT FROM THE CROSS, by the same great master. The ceiling is also by the same hand, representing in allegory VENICE AND HER SPOUSE THE ADRIATIC.

THE GRAND COUNCIL-CHAMBER, which is 74 feet wide and 130 long, is adorned with paintings representing the triumphs of the republic over Frederick Barbarossa, the history of the taking of Constantinople by the Venetians, and Tintoretto's PARADISE, and the APOTHEOSIS OF VENICE, by Paul Veronese. Venice, surrounded by her attributes, is represented being crowned by fame: this painting is justly esteemed one of the artist's finest productions. Portraits of the doges occupy the upper part of the room; that of Marino Faliero is not covered with crape, as is described by some travellers, but entirely effaced from the panel by a coating of black paint, on which you read: "*Hic est locus Marini Faliero, decapitati pro criminibus.*"

In the SALA DEL SCRUTINIO you see a LAST JUDGMENT,

by the united pencils of Palma Vecchio, Belotti, and the Chevalier Liberi. It is in this painting that Il Vecchio twice introduces his mistress. The first time he placed this beautiful portrait in Paradise; but quarrelling with her before the painting was finished, the vindictive artist the second time put her among the damned. Here also are six allegorical subjects by Lazarini; a battle between the Venetians and Turks, by Tintoretto; a fine Bassano on the ceiling; and a continuation of the doges down to Ludovico Mannin, the last doge of Venice.

THE ARSENAL of the palace of St. Mark is described as possessing (for I did not visit it) a large quantity of curious ancient armour, among which the sword of the valiant Scanderbeg is carefully preserved. Here also is a bust of the tyrant Francesco Carrara, the last signore of Padua, so notorious for his cruelties. They shew a casket within which there are six small cannons connected with springs, so adjusted that in opening the box these cannons go off. It was in this way the monster killed the beautiful Countess Sacрати, to whom he had sent the casket as a present. They likewise shew small pocket bows and arrows of steel, with which Carrara amused himself in killing those he met, without their being able to perceive whence the wound came. There also are, or were, kept here, the two beautiful small statues of ADAM and EVE, made by Albert Durer in prison with a pen-knife, which obtained him his liberty.

It were unnecessarily tedious to give a detailed account of the churches of Venice. I shall, therefore, only notice some of the principal, confining my observations to what is most remarkable, and referring to the Appendix for particulars.

That of SAN GIORGIO is a splendid specimen of Palladio's skill, and it is a disputed question among connoisseurs, whether this church or that of Sta. Maria della Salute is the finest. It contains several good paintings. The story of St. George and the Dragon is well depicted; and in a chapel immediately to the right of the grand altar you see a MARRIAGE IN CANA, by Paul Veronese. On one of the columns which support the pediment of this chapel, those whose eyes are clarified by

the proper infusion of faith can perceive a natural representation in the marble of the CRUCIFIXION. A grand simplicity reigns throughout the church. Above the grand altar you see an image of *Il Padre Eterno* over a gilt globe sustained by the four evangelists, and behind the head of the Almighty, a triangle, symbolical of unity in trinity. Two angels, in bronze, stand on this altar, together with a handsome candelabrum, with infant-angels as caryatides, of exquisite workmanship. The marble pavement of the choir and tribune is splendid. The church of St. George preserves the body of the first martyr, St. Stephen; and on the seats around the choir you see the life of St. Benedict carved in beautiful relief. They were executed by Albert Breughel, and are admirable for their perspective effect.

THE CHURCH OF LA SALUTE was erected as an ex-voto to the Virgin, on the cessation of a plague. This subject is finely represented in marble over the grand altar. To the right of a statue of the Virgin holding an infant Christ in her arms, you see Venice supplicating her interference to deliver the city from the pestilence that desolates it; while, on the opposite side, the plague is represented flying before an angel with a torch in his hand. Another noble edifice is the CHURCH OF THE JESUITS. The inside walls are of verd antique, let into a groundwork of white marble, giving the semblance of a rich paper-pattern. Ten twisted columns of the same beautiful material stand on the grand altar, enclosing a tabernacle all of lapis lazuli; and in front of it an extremely beautiful and curious carpet extends, composed of verde and giallo antico. This church is enriched with Titian's magnificent painting of the MARTYRDOM OF ST. LAURENCE, and others by Tintoretto and Palma Il Giovane, as well as by several beautiful tombs; among others, you find that of the Doge Pascal Ciconia, who built the Rialto.

THE CHURCH OF THE SCALZI.—This church, as its name partly denotes, belongs to the barefooted Carmelites, and is particularly rich, both externally and internally, in excellent sculpture: the architecture is a noble specimen of Palladio's

skill, and reflects its beauties on the grand canal, by the side of which it stands. There are only two paintings to be seen here, in the chapel of Sta. Teresa; they are by Tiepolo, and both are good. This chapel is also enriched with a statue in marble of the death of the saint to whom it is dedicated, but, though good, it does not equal Bernini's at Rome. Six beautiful spiral columns ornament the grand altar; as many STATUES OF SIBYLS surround the tribune; and the visitor will find a fine CRUCIFIXION in the first chapel to the left on entering.

Venice has dedicated churches to several uncanonized saints—as Moses, Job, Jeremiah, Zechariah, &c. Over the porch of the last you see a fine statue of this prophet by Victoria, whose tomb within is designated by the following inscription:—

ALEXANDER VICTORIA,
Qui vivens vivos duxit à marmore vultus.

The sacristy of the CHURCH OF ST. JOB contains a body of St. Luke, and the Benedictines of Sta. Giustina at Padua have another. One of the most precious relics in the church of St. Jeremiah is a vial full of his tears; but this is not so richly endowed, for it cannot boast of possessing any of St. Job's gall. Behind the choir of the church of St. Zechariah you see a painting representing PETER REPENTANT—the cock crows, and remorse and self-reproach (the bitterest of all) shew in every abashed feature the liar convicted.

A sarcophagus on the outer wall of the CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI E SAN PAOLO was pointed out to Lord Byron, by a priest, as that which contained the ashes of the Doge Marino Faliero. There are vestiges of an inscription upon it, but now illegible.

THE CHURCH OF STA. MARIA GLORIOSA contains the ashes of Titian, and a monument to Canova; that of St. SEBASTIAN, the tomb of Paul Veronese: under his bust you read:

PAULO . CALARIO . VERON. PICTORI .
NATURE . EMULO . ARTIS . MIRACULO .
SUPERSTITE . FATIS . FAMA . VICTURO .

It was in the convent attached to this church that Paul passed the last two years of his life, to avoid the vengeance of a noble Venetian whose portrait he had painted. Complaining of the imperfection of the likeness, the nobleman returned it, with a request too peevishly expressed, that he would improve the resemblance—to do so, Paul planted two horns on his forehead. But the satirical artist paid dearly for indulging his wit; since, to shun the assassination which the nobleman threatened, Paul Veronese died in a convent.

THE ACCADEMIA DELLE BELLE ARTI contains a number of paintings by the first masters of the Venetian school, and a still greater number is to be seen in the Palace Manfrini. Among those in the former, the visitor will see Titian's celebrated PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN AT THE TEMPLE, displaying all the gorgeous costume and pageantry which distinguish this high-toned school. The subject is treated in a fine perspective style of conception, and the eye follows the procession up the grand flight of steps to where the high-priest stands to receive the modest, trembling, youthful Mary. A ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, by the same great master, is not less beautiful. Raphael's fine painting of the same subject in the tribune of the Florence gallery, is differently conceived; the sublime wildness about which portrays "one crying in the wilderness;" whilst this represents the forerunner and herald of a redeemed world impressed with the grandeur and dignity of his mission.

Tintoretto's EVE OFFERING THE APPLE TO ADAM is another charming painting: frail humanity when tempted by one so fair might well be apt to forget its duty. But, superior even to this is a painting which the visitor will find in the second room, representing a miracle worked through the intervention of St. Mark, where the instruments of torture prepared for the martyrdom of a slave are broken in pieces. Of a still higher character is Titian's ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN: this truly is the manner how to mount to heaven. Paul Veronese has but one painting in this rich collection (a HOLY FAMILY); but it is a splendid example of his magic

pencil. In the room which contains the alto-reliefs and busts in bronze by Aspetti, Gilberti, and others, you see the porphyry vase which encloses Canova's heart. This artist's *HEBE*, by the way, which used to be in the Abrizzi's palace, is on a visit to *her uncle's*—I believe the owner's banker claims, for the present, that relationship!

Nothing will gratify the admirer of paintings more than a visit to the magnificent collection of the PALACE MANFRINI. I shall point a few out to notice, but without attempting any elaborate description. Here it is that you find the three celebrated portraits by Giorgione, forming one of the most superb paintings of this very rare and much-esteemed master. Giulio Romano's *DEPARTURE OF ADONIS FOR THE CHASE* delineates again that beautiful idea which the very canvass assists in perfecting—the unwillingness of lovers to part. Adonis bids Venus adieu, and still seems to repeat the word without being able to go. He lingers on the canvass, fixed by the magic influence of her he so doats on, and his own reluctance. *THE THREE AGES OF MAN*, by Titian, is delightfully characteristic—innocence in childhood, love's absorbing passion in youth, and meditation in old age. There is drama in this picture, and never more beautifully portrayed than in the second scene of life's stage, "Love's young dream." *THE TRIAL OF SKILL* between *APOLLO AND PAN*, by Guido, is another attractive painting. It may literally be said that it is full of music, for there is harmony in every touch of the pencil.

The ceiling of this apartment is adorned with a superb painting in oil representing the *APOTHEOSIS OF HEBE*, by Paul Veronese. The beautiful Hebe is conducted into the presence by Mercury, while Venus advances to introduce her to the Thunderer, surrounded by the assembled godhead. In another room you see a *ST. CECILIA* and a *MAGDALEN*, by the soft and glowing pencil of Dolce. Here also are Nicholas Poussin's *HOURS DANCING*, while *TIME* plays the harp, so well known by its engravings; and his *TIME* discovering *TRUTH*—Phœbus is peering over a hill; the poor girl looks astonished, and well she may, she so seldom sees the light. Carlo Maratta's *FLORA* blows with the sweetness

and freshness of her name : and here also the visitor will find an original **CARTOON**, by Raphael, apparently a *pendant* of those at Hampton Court—the subject, that of Noah and the Ark.

You now enter a small room, in which you find the history of painting exemplified, from its revival under Cimabue, Giotto, Andrew Mantegna, Padovano, Verrochio, up to old dame Plautilla, &c. Watching, as you have done in this cabinet, the second dawning of the art, you thence enter an apartment where the sun of painting emerges from under the horizon, and your taste gets sapid at the touch of Frank Floris's **VENUS AND ADONIS**, and pampered to luxuriance by the fine representation of the death of the latter by Paul Veronese. Rottenhammer's **ACTÆON** shews how charmingly bare-legged nymphs can scamper ; and **TIME** taking **LOVE** away, by the younger Palma, might make more than one lady fair follow in despair.

The last room contains Titian's *chef-d'œuvre*—his celebrated **DEPOSITION FROM THE CROSS**—no painting can well unite greater excellencies, possess more varied expression, or combine colouring in richer or more harmonious hues.

The last I shall allude to is Ludovico Caracci's **BACCHUS AND ARIADNE**. This is a very charming picture : the lover beseeches with so much persuasive grace, while the lovely Ariadne, with half-averted head, listens to his vows and entreaties with the delight of one willing to believe them true.

Venice is a healthy city, notwithstanding its marshy situation—a circumstance ascribable, in my opinion, to the following causes. First, it is freely exposed on all sides, from its insular position, to the breezes that blow from the sea ; secondly, to sea, and not fresh water, being the source of the humidity ; and, lastly, to the flux and reflux of the tide ; for it is a curious fact, that though there is no tide in the Mediterranean, there is a tide in the Adriatic. Both Lucan* and Claudian† notice this circumstance.

* “ Quaque jacet littus dubium, quod terra fretumque
Vindicat alternis vicibus —.”

† “ Nunc redeunte vehit, nudataque littore fluctu
Deserit.”

No city in Italy can boast of finer edifices, of which the grand canal is studded with admirable examples, by Sansovino, Longhena, and Palladio; but they are most of them uninhabited; and Venice is rapidly advancing toward possessing, through the selfish, envious, and illiberal policy of Austria, the picturesque interest of a city in ruins, and to the fulfilment of the poet's prophecy,

“ *Nec tu semper eris* ———
—— *quæ mediis æmula surgis aquis.*”

Indeed, the aspect of moral and physical dilapidation is so universal, that the traveller, after having seen all that is curious and beautiful in Venice, is glad to run away from it. Among the other inconveniences of this city, the total want of fresh water is not the least. The inhabitants are obliged to have it all brought from the main-land, and there are numerous shops in this city where they sell nothing else, even by the glassful, to the thirsty passenger. What Martial says of Ravenna is now more applicable to Venice :

“ *Sit cisterna mihi quam vinea malo Ravennæ,*
Cùm possim multo vendere pluri aquam.”

Nine thousand gondolas get employment on the different canals, in transporting people from one part of the city to the other; and being painted black without, and lined within of the same funereal colour, they suggest to the mind the idea of a city in mourning. Torrents of beggars in every street add to the wretched aspect of this once flourishing city. When the Emperor Francis II. took possession of Venice in 1814, he gave a donation of a florin to each public mendicant—an alms-giving not quite so trifling in amount, when it is considered that, out of a population of 140,000 souls, there were 48,000 beggars!

I now re-embarked—got to Fusina—and returned to Padua by the passage-boat.

The country between this last town and Vicenza is extremely fertile, and was formerly called the garden of Venice, while the soil shews unequivocal marks of having once been

submerged. Rounded nodules of trachyte porphyry, inter-mixed with those of Lybian stone, are distributed on all sides, to a depth of fifty fathoms, when the sea occupied the plain that intervenes between the foot of the Rhetian Alps and the high ground beyond the Rhetia, on the Bolognese side of the Apennines: but none of this presently. Three miles before arriving at Vicenza you cross a bridge, erected by Palladio, over the Fucelligione.

VICENZA.

Vicenza is situated in a plain surrounded by charming hills covered with villas: it was the birth-place of the famous architect Palladio: and he has embellished his native city with several masterly specimens of his genius; as the Olympic Theatre, the Triumphal Arch in the Campo Marzo, and the Palazzo della Ragione, so beautifully attest.

Vicenza was founded by the Euganeans 324 years before the Christian era, and in ancient times was honoured with the protection both of Brutus and Cicero. It flourished whilst the Roman empire did; but in its decline Vicenza became exposed to great calamities under the ravages of those hordes of barbarians, the Ostrogoths and Longobardi, who entered Italy from this quarter. The Emperor Otho bestowed great privileges on this city, which it afterwards forfeited by its own intestine dissensions; and Frederick Barbarossa completed its abasement by reducing it to slavery. But becoming leagued with Padua, Verona, and Milan, it threw off its yoke; and, after surrendering to several different masters, it finally succumbed to Venice in 1304. Its fate ever since has followed that of Venice, and now forms an integral part of the Lombardo-Venetian states under the disciplinary rod of Austria. Vicenza contains 30,000 inhabitants, is four miles in circuit, and in its form it has been compared to a scorpion. The neighbouring mountains contain numerous organic marine petrifications: in the limestone rock close to the church of *Del Monte*, I found mactræ and the turrilites costatus embedded in the crag limestone, and

specimens of that extinct remain called lenticulites, or nummulites.

The only church worth visiting is the one alluded to, that of STA. MARIA DEL MONTE, which stands a short half mile out of the Porta Lupia. The view from this spot is fine, with the Tyrol mountains on the north, and the fertile plain of Lombardy stretching to the west. The refectory of this church contains Paul Veronese's painting of ST. GREGORY ENTER-TAINING THE BEGGARS at supper, at which the artist has introduced our Saviour in the disguise of a pilgrim, according to the legend. The floor of the church is paved with *ex-votos*—one of a man who was hanged and came to life again.

Three or four rivers meet at Vicenza; and on quitting it, they take the name of the Brenta.

A story is told of Vicenza, which has given rise to a proverb. When Charles V. was here, many gentlemen and several rich burghesses were troublesomely urgent for being created counts; at length, pestering him one day beyond all patience, the emperor called out aloud, "Yes, yes, I create you all counts—town and suburbs and all!" Hence came the saying, "as common as counts of Vicenza."

Having read somewhere a vague reference to certain basaltic developements about Bolca, I determined to go in search of them. Five miles from Vicenza I turned off to the right near Tavernella; and shortly after beginning to approach the foot of the Tyrolean Alps, the traveller leaves the trachyte which he found strewn on the plain, and gets among the limestone formation of the adjoining mountains. About a mile and a half from the little town of Arzignano, and midway to Chiampo, the traveller may observe a mountain standing two short miles from the road-side, and, from the summit to its base, a multitude of broken basaltic columns, piled on one another, are seen coating its side. To get to it, all that is necessary is to keep the summit in view, following the path as far as it goes. The way to it is a little fatiguing, but the colossal sight repays the toil. These fallen columns

have evidently come from the upper part of the mountain ; and it may be again observed how this volcanic phenomenon is based on limestone, the strata of which, as developed below, are beautifully regular. The traveller may now descend by a nearer way, in returning, to Chiampo. Half a mile from Chiampo I again turned off to the left, and immediately began to ascend the flank of a mountain by a steep and rocky path leading to Monte Bolca. Though not more than four miles to Vestina Nuova, the road was so bad, and the sun's heat, as reflected from the limestone, so unmercifully brow-beating, that it made the march to it both painful and tedious. Vestina Nuova and Bolca are described as being still the abodes of a remnant of the ancient Cimbri, distinguishable from the Italians both by their language and manners. This I did not find to be the case ; but the inhabitants here spoke of a strange people, inhabiting a place still more obscure and remote from the civilisations of life, called Campo Fontana.

Before descending to VESTINA NUOVA, let the traveller observe the height immediately over him, where he will perceive broken columns of basalt still *in situ*, shooting up their stunted shafts just above the surface. The horse-path down to Vestina is as rough as that I had just ascended ; and on my arrival there, I found no albergo or osteria to rest and refresh myself in ; but was referred, by the wretched inhabitants of the place, to a house below the church, in the VALLEY OF STANGHELLINI, where I was informed they gave accommodation to travellers. The reader may guess at the sumptuousness of this, when he is told, that all these good people could offer me was a little bad wine, and nothing to eat. This, I must confess, put me out. I had fared hard enough at times in my travels, but to be able to get nothing at all *para mangiare*, was the shortest of all commons. They had no bed in the house, not even one for the family ; but learning from mine host that there was a private dwelling near, owned by the proprietor of this miserable domain, I determined to obtrude myself on their hospitality by soliciting a night's lodging. However, observing some sweet hay in the loft, I thought it a necessary piece of foresight to bargain with my

man, that, in case I was denied a lodging at "the great house," I should have leave to sleep amongst the hay. Having arranged matters thus providently, the tenant of so much wretchedness, who is the cicerone of the place, conducted me down to "the lions" of the valley.

Stanghellini is rather a ravine than a valley, at the bottom of which, where it furcates, a mountain torrent has worn a bed between clusterings of basaltic columns, which, polished and levelled by the stream, present all the appearance of a pavement of the most beautiful mosaic work, the pentagonal extremities of the basalt forming the tessellations. Whilst standing on this natural mosaic carpet, let the traveller look at the fine groupings of innumerable small basaltic shafts on each side, and say, does it not suggest the idea of an armoury, where the consular fasces may have been deposited? or does it rather lead to the supposition of their being petrified faggots heaped perpendicularly on one another, as if intended for the last grand convulsion of all, when Nature herself shall ascend the funeral pile? But it were best to leave the delighted traveller to the thick-coming fancies of his own creation, and to the enjoyment of his own feelings; for the place has a fairy aspect, and savours of another world. I now re-ascended to the house of the lady of the manor, where I met a most kind and hospitable reception. I sat down at the family supper-table, in company of the worthy curate of the parish: we chatted the evening away most agreeably; the good people the while wondering not a little what could have brought a stranger so far from home, to run the risk of so many inconveniences. Ashamed of the trouble I had unavoidably given, I started early in the morning, though kindly pressed to stay breakfast; and I shortly, and, indeed long afterwards, had reason to repent refusing their hospitable attention.

The village of Bolca stands about two miles and a half higher up the mountain; but wishing to visit the wonderful deposit of typolitic fish in the CAVA DEI PETRIFICATI, which I found to be in this neighbourhood, I luckily fell in with a guide to the place, in the person of one Giuseppe Cerato, whose name deserves to be placed in the tablets of the tra-

veller, for his natural sagacity and intelligence. You quit the road leading to Bolca, to reach what the people in the neighbourhood call the PESCARIA, and again descend to the bottom of another ravine, where these organic remains are found. But, *chemin faisant*, I may mention that the whole of this district is strewed with the débris of basalt in different states of decomposition. You find it in this condition near the church of Vestina Nuova, and elsewhere on the road to Bolca. Where it is in a perfectly comminuted state, it forms a soil of a lightish-brown colour: when less completely decomposed, it resembles vesicular lava, probably arising from the readier destructibility of the crystals it had contained. I did not fail to bring away specimens of it in all its variety of alteration.

In the descent to the Pescaria, my guide Giuseppe took me to see a coal deposit, where it shews itself creeping from under a bed of decomposed basalt. There are three strata, one of which Giuseppe assured me was about twenty feet in thickness; but the coal is stony and very incombustible. I shall have occasion to refer to this fact more at large immediately. The Cava dei Petrificati is now become a misnomer, as it is no longer a cave, from its roof and sides having been quarried away in search of the organic remains they contained: these are still found in abundance, and readily, every where hereabouts, by merely splitting the rock in the direction of its lamellæ. The rock which encloses them is a fœtid schist, and lies immediately under stratified limestone, in which there exists no trace of the same organic remains.*

* Several circumstances demonstrate that the catastrophe which upheaved the district of Bolca, must have been sudden and instantaneous. In the museum of the *Jardin des Plantes*, there is an ichthyolite, of the genus *Blochius*, from Bolca, holding another in its mouth, which it had not had time to swallow; and others have been found having fish in their belly which they had not had time to digest—a short process, we know, with fish. The same convulsion had, in all probability, uplifted the whole of the Euganean pseudo-volcanic range of hills, furnishing fire to the Thermæ at Abano and Montegrotta, and, by raising the plain which stretches from the foot of the Rhetian Alps to that of the Apennines above the level of the Adriatic, exposed those pebbles of Lydian stone and trachyte which we noticed on its surface.

What adds to the curiosity of the place, is the circumstance of the singular admixture of fresh and salt-water fish from the most remote parts of the ocean—from Otaheite, the Mediterranean, the coasts of Japan and Brazil; from the north-east side of America, as well as from the coast of Africa. There are two separate places in this part of the country where these organic remains are found, and the one more curious in its productions than the other. Impressions of leaves are also found in the coal deposit.

Emerging from this deep ravine, I regained the road to Bolca, and had another opportunity of witnessing stunted basaltic shafts encompassing, like a mural crown, the summit of the mountain on which the little church of Bolca stands. Numerous broken fragments of columns cover its steep flanks; and when it is recollected, that a space of between 1500 and 2000 feet in height intervenes between the lowest basaltic development exposed in the valley of Stanghellini and the top of this mountain, the circumstance gives rise to a train of interesting reflections, and naturally leads to the consideration of that disputed question among the geologists of the two leading sects which involves the aqueous or pyrogenous origin of basalt. Werner justly attaches great importance to the geognostic character of rocks, or the nature in respect to position which the rock bears to the accompanying substances; and from basalt agreeing so universally in its geognostic relations, many distinguished Wernerians have deduced the common aqueous origin of all basalts. Now, though the fact is very generally correct, it is not unexceptionably so; and, if I do not deceive myself, this circumstance relative to its situation even were it universal, and without any exception, may be explained on grounds which its analogous resemblance to matters of unquestionable igneous origin, and its ordinary geological concomitants, will more feasilily bear out. D'Aubuisson, one of Werner's distinguished pupils, objects to any comparison drawn between specimens of basalt taken from extinct volcanoes and those found elsewhere in support of their common pyrogenous formation; but unreasonably, in my opinion; for as well might any one object to characteristics

taken from a corpse, in proof of its being of the human species. But to close with our position: the opinion I have formed of basalt is, that it has been propelled from below, not by any sudden eruption, but in consequence of a prodigious force acting steadily, and from a great depth. A vast stream of molten matter, propelled onward by subterraneous volcanic power, and subjected to a high, increasing temperature, in expanding, would first raise up the general crust of earth that overlaid it, and, meeting with parts where less resistance was afforded than at others, mountains, in such situations, would be the consequence; hence the parallelism of mountain chains of synchronous elevation: strata which formerly were horizontal, would be placed at every angle of inclination, and some placed even vertical. Now, whenever the force from below was so great as to break through the surface, the basalt would, as a natural consequence, be found on the very summit of such mountains; and here, in fact, it is found; lying over all other rocks, in those situations where its apparently anomalous situation has given occasion to so much ingenious discussion—I allude to the basalt to be seen so generally overspreading the tops of the mountains in one part of Saxony.

It has been urged by those who advocate the aqueous origin of basalt, that, if it had proceeded from below, it would not have pierced the surface at the very axis of a cone—precisely the spot which presented the greatest resistance: certainly not, if the mountain previously existed; but if it be the subterranean fire which raised the mountain itself, its summit would, as a mechanical consequence, be the very place where the basalt would find issues, since the apex indicates the axis of the greatest power. In some confirmation of this, it is a fact, that the basaltic-capped mountains in Saxony are those that are the highest; the force below the other surrounding mountains not being sufficient to overcome their incumbent resistance to so great an extent, they hence shew a less elevation and no basalt.* Another circumstance which goes in support of the idea of basalt having been pro-

* Humboldt observed vast masses both of porphyry and basalt on the summit even of the Andes, the latter in enormous vertical columns.

truded from below, is, that it not unfrequently encloses portions of the rocks it penetrates. The basaltic columns of the Aacherhubel enclose fragments of sandstone; the body of the mountain consists of the same rock. Portions of limestone are not uncommon, and likewise organic petrifications, as turbinites, gryphites, &c. Shells even, and impressions of shells, have been found; all which are easily accounted for, in supposing them involved when the basalt in a fluid state was ascending to the surface. D'Aubuisson, a Neptunist, mentions circumstances markedly evincing the fact, that the basalt overlaying the tops of the Saxon mountains, after issuing from the aperture made through their apex, spread itself on all sides. The summit of the Stolpen, he tells us, is covered with basalt. In the court-yard of the castle which stands upon it, a well has been dug through the basalt 290 feet in depth, although the exterior thickness of the bed at its edge is only 130 feet, —a fact proving a greater depth in the centre. The summit of the Luchanerberg is formed of a cone of basalt, exactly on the apex of which there is a sinking six or seven feet deep. In the basaltic platform which forms the summit of the Meisner, in Hessa, a cavity exists which has been described, and disputed, by different geologists, as being the crater of an extinct volcano. Without professing to have seen this depression, may it not have been formed in the same way as I conceive the cup on the top of Monte Nuovo, at Baiæ, to have happened, that is, after the basaltic matter had been ejected on the platform, and the force from below had ceased to act, the fused mass sunk on cooling in the direction of the aperture whence it had issued, and thus left the cavity?

It is in this way that I think many of the Puys in Auvergne were formed. These volcanic hills rest on a plateau, and, from the description given of them by Mr. Scrope, I am inclined to infer that the main mass of lava, of which they are composed, was thrown up from an abyss, and not ejected from the craters; and although a few of them may have continued in action for some time after, they shortly became extinct for want of pabulum—limestone and water.

A fact of a somewhat analogous nature is mentioned by

the same candid observer, D'Aubuisson, of columns of basalt shooting up from another basaltic platform of a mountain, the name of which I have forgotten, and diverging outwards, like radii, from a centre; indicating by this the spot which gave vent to the molten matter. Most of the basaltic mountains in Saxony have the form of a truncated cone; on the truncation lies the basalt. When this pyrogenous matter (for so I must call it, agreeably to my belief) finds a free and disencumbered exit, it spreads amorphous over the surrounding surface; from cooling under a less pressure it gets a granular structure, and then usually obtains the name of greenstone; but as it dips, its character changes, and it gradually passes into basalt. The hornblende and felspar, of which basalt chiefly consists, not being able to separate so readily into distinct crystals, are blended together, and are kept so by the more gradual cooling of the liquid mass; and by the incumbent pressure of its own weight increasing the farther it dips from the surface. Hence it is, that often, while the surface is amorphous, the more central part assumes a crystalline, that is a columnar form, (a fact which the Meisner exemplifies,) wherever any chasm or fissure exposes its interior structure. D'Aubuisson compares it, in one place, to wood piled in a timber-yard.

The prismatic form of a basaltic column must be admitted to be a crystallisation; and although not uniform in the number of its sides, seeing the process on so colossal a scale is liable to so many unwieldy obstacles, a column of basalt is, I conceive, nevertheless a crystal. The most usual form is a hexagon; others have only five sides; some only three; and others, again, as many as seven or eight; so that it is difficult to affix, with certainty, its precise form. Crystallisation, as every one knows, only takes place under certain circumstances, and the more or the less these are favourable, by so much will the perfection of the process be modified. In all the columns of basalt which I have examined, apparently having but three or four sides, two or more narrow faces were to be observed, like the edges of a bevelled crystal, thus evincing the effort the process made to approach the perfect form of the crystal, whatever that may

be. It seems essential for basalt, when it assumes the columnar form, that it should cool in the most undisturbed and gradual manner; and it is from this necessary circumstance, I take it, that arises the distinction between basalt and lava, in the manner of enclosing the crystallisations they contain. In the former, the crystals are known exactly to occupy the cells which enclose them; whereas those found in lava often lie so loose in the cavities they occupy, as to make a rattling noise when shaken. But when we consider the difference of circumstances under which the process occurs, the matter is not so difficult to account for. Lava, when ejected, being exposed usually in a broad sheet to the open air, and under no pressure but that of its own weight, contracts irregularly; basalt, again, is pressed upon all sides by the rock it has pierced; its state of fusion, by cooling, gradually condenses as it ascends, and penetrating the surface in this viscid form, it spreads itself sparingly and reluctantly, exposing a less surface to the atmosphere; and hence, by contracting gradually and uniformly, it closely embraces the crystals which have separated from the general mass.

It has been urged by those who advocate the aqueous formation of basalt, that while the upper part of the column consists of true basalt, the inferior is often composed of a clayey substance; and as the latter is of aqueous origin, the Neptunist infers so must be the superincumbent basalt; but this, I apprehend, is not a necessary *sequitur*. Clay, we know, is a matter very commonly ejected by volcanoes; indeed, Humboldt, as we have cited before, mentions volcanoes in Quito that eject little else: we have seen it in abundance in the neighbourhood of Radicofani and Castel-Gondolfo; and that these two substances should pass into one another by imperceptible gradations, admits of a ready solution, by considering that the power which protruded both from below would naturally mingle the clayey with the fused basaltic matter which had immediately preceded it. Hence comes the transition not unfrequently observable in basaltic columns, first of clay into wacke, and the latter into basalt; in fact, the wacke in all such situations is merely an intimate admix-

ture of the two other ingredients.* Were they merely sediments, as the Wernerians believe, how happens it that the substance of the greatest specific gravity and least solubility should always occupy the upper part of this deposition?

Considering it necessary that basalt, if the product of volcanic agency, should partake of the nature of the rock in which it is situated, the Wernerian advances, as another objection to this supposition, the near identity of the chemical constituents of basalt wherever it is found. But if circumstances make it probable that it is forced upwards from a depth beneath the rock it pierces, the homogeneous nature of different basalts is, perhaps, rather an additional confirmation of the truth of the opinion than otherwise.

Although vestiges of volcanic agency are not every where seen where basalt is found, yet in many places the neighbourhood to a distance more or less remote shews the action and effects of subterranean fire. The hot baths of Carlsbad are not far from the Meisner, and the pseudo-volcano of Epteroide is but a league from it. We have spoken of the hot springs of Abano and Montegrotta, not far from the basaltic developments of Bolca and Monte Matolda, and of the pseudo-volcanic appearance of the whole range composing the Euganean hills. The baths of San Filippi, again, are close to Radicofani, where the effort made by this mountain, in vomiting forth so much blue slime, has not been sufficient to quiet the intestine disturbance in its neighbourhood; whence else the earthquakes which are from time to time felt at Siena? Coal, it may be further remarked, is very frequently

* The columns of the Scheibenberg are of this tripartite nature. In the interior of the basaltic mass which lies on the top of the Pahlberg, in Upper Saxony, prismatic columns are exposed in a gully of the mountains, standing vertical, and continue their form and position into the subjacent wacke.

Wacke, I suspect, is a term sometimes applied without sufficient discrimination to a rock of both an igneous and aqueous formation, having resembling external characters.

Where clay and basalt meet by the intervention of what I would characterise as basaltic wacke, we have the amalgamation of the two grand agents which conjointly have formed, in my opinion, all the phenomena of geognosy, fire and water.

found where basalt is. Both in Bohemia and on the Meisner thick beds of basalt are found alternating with beds of coal. Now, as coal is generally believed to be of ligneous origin, this fact introduces the Neptunist into an awkward dilemma, since each separate bed of coal bespeaks a successive ligneous deposit, and each varying bed of basalt a new deluge. Even Werner, mundicidal as his doctrine is, would have paused ere he drowned the world so often, to account for what no other portion of the neighbouring country could assist him in sustaining. At Burrowstonness, in Scotland, greenstone alternates in a similar manner with coal.

Beds of basalt also are found alternating with both limestone and sandstone, sometimes in very thin layers. This fact can be explained, and that without straining probability, by supposing that when the fused basalt was being forced irresistibly from below, and almost equally compressed and resisted from above, it separated the limestone and sandstone strata, and insinuated itself betwixt them—a supposition which, from the form basaltic beds assume, comes in aid of the idea that basalt is a posterior formation to all the strata of the rock it alternates with, or penetrates and overlays.*

* Professor Jameson, in his account of the island of Eigg, one of the Hebrides, after describing the series of strata where clay-limestone, sandstone, basalt, and wacke, alternate, observes, “all these beds are *traversed* in several places by veins of basalt.”

There is a vein of basalt, among a multitude of others, penetrating perpendicularly the calcareous sandstone of Strathaird, which is *itself pierced at its axis by a smaller vein* of basalt in a zig-zag manner. These basaltic veins are described by Dr. Macculloch as having descended through the sandstone from the coulées of lava effused above. But, with all deference to such authority, I think the fact of the vein being itself pierced through by another, shews that the issue had proceeded from below, and the zig-zag form of the inner one proves it. The larger vein, I conceive, having become partially cooled and condensed, so resisted the impulse from below as to throw it into the serpentine shape it takes, which incumbent pressure simply would have been incompetent to effect, since that could not have exceeded the weight of a column of basalt equal in length to the depth of the coulée only, and in diameter to the transverse area of the vein itself—a power quite insufficient, in my opinion, to overcome the tenacity of the condensed column it had to penetrate.

It is in this manner, I conceive, that alternations of shell-limestone and basalt are formed; and not as D'Aubuisson would force on the Volcanist, by calling up from "the vasty deep" alternating sub-marine eruptions and marine organic depositions. It is in this way that I account for a matter of pyrogenous origin being found alternating even with rocks of undoubted aqueous formation. Basalt has sometimes been found in contact with coal, and yet the latter has shewn no marks of combustion; when fragments of limestone, also, get impacted in lava in a state of fusion at some depth, they retain their carbonic acid, notwithstanding the intensity of the heat, from the magnitude of the superjacent pressure. In the instance of the coal, again, if the suffusion of the liquid basalt over its surface took place so rapidly as to exclude the atmospheric air from between the points of contact, no combustion, it is evident, could ensue: but though it has been ascertained that such is sometimes the fact, we know of others where, when basalt has come into contact with coal, the latter has been converted into coke and soot.* At Kenbaan basalt is seen insinuating itself between beds of chalk, converting it at the point of contact into *granular* marble. In the island of Raghlin, in the north of Ireland, veins of basalt traverse both coal and limestone-chalk, where, in the latter instance, the sides of the chalk contiguous to the basalt are converted also into fine granular marbles.†

But I daresay the general reader, at least, is tired of so much about "chucky stanes." My object has been, in the foregoing digression, to endeavour, with becoming deference and reservation, to bring together and reconcile two hostile elements, fire and water, and their several advocates, the Neptunist and Plutonist, into co-partnership in the construction of the rude skeleton of this world of ours; for it is my humble

* Vide an account of Walker's Colliery in the 4th volume of the "Geological Transactions."

† Vide 3d volume of the same.

conviction, that unless it be through an *Ignaqueous Theory* we shall never arrive at a true system of Geognosy :—*sed ò diverticulo ad viam*—let us trot.

I think I said that I left my hostess in the valley of Stanghellini without waiting breakfast, thinking that I could break my fast at Bolca ; but in this I was disappointed. At a little shop where some fifteen or twenty shillings would have bought all their stock in trade, I expected at least to find bread and wine ; but they had none at all of the latter ; and the baker, poor fellow ! had his house full of his family lying sick of a fever, and so I could get no bread. When I heard of the fever—for very hunger and exhaustion caused me to go myself to see if I could get any thing to eat—I made a hasty retreat, glad to escape from a possible sphere of infection. On getting back to my first quarters, the people of the house had contrived to procure a couple of eggs and a morsel of bread for me ; and as I sat eating my scanty meal with my back imprudently turned to an open window, an icy coldness seized me in the spine, making me shudder from head to foot, and ran down it like so much ice-water. The sensation was too peculiar and violent not to warn me of some impending disease about to attack me ; so, to drive off the chill and avert it, I swallowed a little of some vile spirit they had in the house. The spirit, bad as it was, removed the alarming sensation I had experienced, and, lest it should return in a place so devoid of all comfort, I was now desirous to get to some other, where, if I were to be taken ill, I might command the necessaries, if not the conveniences, of life. This untoward accident was the cause which prevented me from knowing with what the strata of coal situated in the flank of the mountain over the Pescaria alternated—a point I had before been anxious to ascertain.

The road from the wretched village of Bolca ascends for about a mile, when you leave the basaltic soil, and come amongst mountains composed wholly of limestone. After winding round their summits among diverging pathways for two miles farther, you then begin to descend the Monte Diavolo—no *sobriquet*, I can assure the reader, for it is so

rough, precipitous, and rugged, that it is no less than the devil's job to get down it. Had there been nothing certain to locate the Tartarus of Virgil, an antiquarian topographer might safely have averred that the path down Monte Diavolo *was not* the "*facilis descensus Averni*;" for of all the "highways and by-ways" I ever travelled—and many a rugged one I have paced—this was certainly the most diabolical. It is tortuous, stony, narrow, jagged, three-cornered, and almost perpendicularly steep, obliging you to cling to some Sisyphean fragment of rock above, before you can arrive on one still more unstable below. Three fatiguing miles of such precipitous descent at length brought me and my knapsack on the *strada regia*, when I regained composure and breath, to bestow at my leisure Paddy's blessing on what he does not like—its namesake's "luck" to the mountain. I now found myself only eighteen miles from Verona, where I arrived in the evening.

VERONA.

This ancient city is divided by the Adige into two unequal parts. It was founded by the Etrurians, and is said to take its name from that of one of their most illustrious families—Vera. Verona was one of the largest cities in Italy in the times of the ancient Romans, being able to furnish 50,000 soldiers; a fact not so impossible, if Tacitus is to be credited when he tells us that Ostiglia, which is now thirty miles off, was one of its suburbs, and that it contained a population of 200,000 souls—its present population is 70,000.

The city of Verona stands in a plain terminated by the Apennines, and is naturally strong and advantageously situated for defence: it presents a majestic appearance at a distance, and the country surrounding it abounds in corn, oil, wine, and cattle. The town is clean, and built after the Gothic or modern Roman style; and, by being an entrepôt between Italy and the other side of the Rhetian Alps, it has more of the bustle of business than is usual in other Italian cities.

After installing himself in an hotel, the grand and interesting remain of art which it has so long been the object of every traveller's curiosity to see, the ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE at Verona, engages his attention first. This noble ruin still retains its ancient name of Arena, and having been repaired at the expense of the city, its interior presents the most perfect example of an ancient amphitheatre extant. There are forty-four ranges of seats for spectators, the uppermost of which takes in a circumference of 530 paces, and the longest diameter of the ellipsis of the arena is 233 French feet, which, with the thickness of the walls and corridor included, gives 474 feet for the extreme length of the building. Nothing now remains of the outer walls but a fragment, consisting of four arches; but it is sufficient to indicate its original grandeur and beauty when entire. A portal 25 feet high opens, at each extremity of the larger axis, into the interior, where the visitor finds the arena occupied by scaffolding, on which all kinds of farces and harlequinades are daily performed;—a conversion due to the French when here under the First Consul—that of changing a spot originally appropriated to scenes of blood into one of laughter-loving, broad-faced merriment.

I went to the opera in the evening; and it was whilst listening to a beautiful performance of Rossini's *Semiramide*, that I experienced the return of the fiend that shook me to the back-bone at Bolca. I thought at first that I had only got the fidgets; for, attractive as the performance was, I still kept in a perpetual round of antics—stretching out my legs, drawing them in again; now shifting to the right, now facing to the left; in short, changing my position every minute, and yet being uneasy in all. At last, from feeling so uncomfortable, I left the opera before the performance was over, and retired to bed. But I only shifted the scene of my ailment, not its action; for I had not been long there before I found myself in a high fever, and became seized with a sort of rational—the worst of all deliriums, I take it; for if a man is to be foolish, it is as well not to be sensible of it. I thought that the room was too small for the bed, and that

this crushed me on all sides ; I expected no less than to have been made brawn of before morning. It was of no use reasoning with myself, for I tried that all night long, by asking myself, how came the bed to be in the room if the latter was not large enough to hold it ; or how came I, *ego*, into the bed unless there were room enough in it for me ? Such interrogatives quieted me only for a second or two, when the former idea would revert as strong and impressive as before. I prayed for daylight, to relieve me from the false persuasion ; at length day broke, and with the darkness the painful hallucination vanished. I got up about eleven, notwithstanding that I felt as if my brain were bound round with a cord, and crawled out to see the TOMBS OF THE SCALIGER FAMILY, princes of Verona, before it became annexed to the Venetian republic. They are to be found outside of the church of Sta. Maria Antica, near the Piazza Signori, and are in the form of sepulchral temples, ornamented with statuary in armour, and are extremely fine specimens of the ancient Gothic. Here, also, the visitor will see other tombs and sarcophagi — one of a Count Nogaro, as old as MCCX. Hence I went to another ancient Gothic structure, the CHURCH OF SAN ZENONE.

The Church of Saint Zin, as it is familiarly called, is situated near the Porta of the same name, and affords samples of rudeness of sculpture not often to be met with. The visitor has only to observe that which was meant to adorn each side of the front portal, to see from what barbarous beginnings an art of so much sublime beauty may regenerate. On one side you have represented the history of our Saviour ; on the other, that of our first father : remark the singular idea of the creation of Eve, — the sculptor has joined our first parents together by a common umbilical chord ! The bronze doors of this porch are not less singularly executed : among many other representations of events, a CRUCIFIXION, and that of CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM, baffle all description ; they are so rudely and even ludicrously executed. The interior of this church possesses objects not less curious. To the right as you enter you see several rude statues of apostles

and saints; and in the tribune there is a curious and very ancient carved wooden IMAGE OF ST. ZIN, in a sort of movable altar, and several as rude frescos. One of these represents ST. GEORGE ON HORSEBACK, and a female standing by. The knight, with the gallantry of chivalry, totally neglects the dragon, and allows him to make a tooth-pick of his lance, whilst he the while is casting sheep's eyes on the damsel. On the left you see a CRUCIFIXION, which seems as old as the time of Cimabue; and there are two paintings in the choir, which, though much injured by time, shew considerable talent: the one to the right is an ADORATION OF THE MAGI; that to the left, CHRIST DISPUTING IN THE TEMPLE—a painting which, in the cast of its composition, puts one in mind of Raphael's School of Athens.

I now found myself so fatigued and exhausted with the little exertion I had made, that I was obliged to return to my hotel in the Corso; and about seven the same evening the exacerbation came on, and forced me to bed. The hallucination of the preceding night haunted me again the whole of this, and disappeared, as usual, at day-break. The fever ran the same remittent course for the next and the two ensuing days; when, during the fourth night, a hot, clammy perspiration broke out, but in partial spots, than which the cold and clammy sweat of death could not, as I conceive, be more horrible. However, I was somewhat better in the morning, and it was not until forty-eight hours after that my friend again visited me; but, as is not unusual in the world, my old friend had got a new face; in fact, I was taken with a regular fit of the ague. Leaving myself, therefore, to shake in my shoes, I will give the reader some notice of a visit I paid in the preceding interval to the Duomo.

The CATHEDRAL OF VERONA, another Gothic structure, contains several fine paintings,* and, among others, the celebrated ASSUMPTION by Titian. This is one of the many which the Louvre was obliged to disgorge at the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814: it is over the first chapel to the left on

* See the Catalogues.

entering. The second and third chapels on the same side contain paintings by the Chevalier Liberi; and opposite, the visitor will see a TRANSFIGURATION and a LAST SUPPER by the warm pencil of Ugolino, a modern. The tribune of this church forms a handsome ellipsis, the architecture of which is by San Michele; and on its dome you see an ASSUMPTION, by Francisco Turbido; a boldly conceived and well-executed fresco. Here, also, you find the ashes of Pope Lucius III. whose fortune is denoted by the following simple inscription:

OSSA . LUCII . III. ROMA . PULSI . INVIDIA.

Verona possesses other remains of antiquity besides the Arena. In the Corso, the traveller will find the arch that has taken the name of Gallienus, although the better-informed antiquaries ascribe to it a date antecedent to the time of this emperor; and there is another to be seen in the Via Leoni—that of Gavi, erected, as some think, by Vitruvius. Vitruvius was a native of this city; and one of the bridges across the Adige, which he constructed, still bears his name. Verona, likewise, has the distinction of numbering among its natives the elder Pliny, Catullus, and Cornelius Nepos; the Emperors Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian, were also born here; and one of not less note than any of them, Saint Peter the Martyr. Talking of something relative to the church, puts me in recollection to mention a circumstance of consequence to the fame and honour of this good city.

As many towns have striven with pious and laudable industry to obtain possession of some relic or other of value, Verona is not behind the other places in Italy so blessed; for it can, or at least could, boast of possessing the carcass of the identical ass on which our Saviour rode when he entered into Jerusalem; and the story of the possession, which the good people of Verona tell, is as follows:—The ass, it seems, when given “the keys of the field,” that he might pass the remainder of his days as he wist, wearying, it would appear, of rambling about Palestine, took it into his head to travel, as, indeed, many of his kindred and posterity do even to this day: he must needs see foreign parts, and, by way of novelty,

Neddy preferred going by sea. But how to accomplish this was the *cruz*, for the reader must know that there were no steamers in those days; when, all of a sudden, and without any hyperborean assistance, the waves flattened as if by a smoothing iron, and the liquid element became hard as crystal. So Neddy walked forth on his travels; and after having visited, for so the legend verifies, the islands of Cyprus, and Rhodes, and Candia, and Malta, and Sicily, he ascended the Gulf of Venice, and tarried on the very spot where that city now stands; but finding the country aguish, and the pasturage indifferent, Neddy shifted his quarters. Taking the route of the Adige, instead of going by land, he at length arrived, dryshod, at Verona, and there abided. After living in great credit for several years, Neddy at last went the way of all flesh—he died one day; an event announced by a lamentable and universal braying over the whole land: never before was there a more melancholy melody heard at the funeral of any ass like unto this, not even in Arcadia! Divine honours were paid to his relics, which were religiously preserved in the belly of an artificial donkey, to the long and great joy and edification of all good souls. This sacred bijou is, or was, kept in the church of Our Lady of the Organs; and the holy statue, with its still more holy entrails, used formerly to be carried in procession by monks in full pontificals on the lamentable anniversary of poor Neddy's death—a ceremony which, I regret to say, the lukewarm piety of the age has caused to be discontinued.

I, too, finding the country aguish, was desirous of shifting my quarters; so, after stopping the paroxysm one period by a little quinine and a whole bottle of wine, taken about a quarter of an hour before the expected attack, I shouldered my knapsack once more, and trudged on towards Milan.

The reader must pardon the negligencies and ignorances of this part of the tour; for I was now anxious to get out of Italy and homeward, for other reasons besides my state of health. On arriving at Brescia I had a relapse of the ague, which prevented my seeing the celebrated crucifix which is in the church of the Dominicans, called the *Orifiamma*, the

identical one, we are assured, that appeared in the air to Constantine the Great, when on the point of engaging in battle against Maxentius. Lately, also, they had discovered some ancient substructions and statuary here; but I was too unwell to visit them. Between Brescia and Milan we cross the Adda. On arriving at the latter place I was again laid up by a relapse, which detained me there for five weeks before I could renew my march; for though my constitution was somewhat shaken by the long-continued fatigue I had undergone, my resolution was not a whit; and I was as determined as ever to put down my knapsack at Calais alone—or drop by the way.

MILAN.

A tertian ague leaves certain intercolumniations of time exempt from severe suffering, which, though short, allows space for some imperfect remarks and observations, the result of which I shall now give.

Milan, the largest and finest city of all Cisalpine Gaul, was founded by the Etrurians, who, having crossed the Apennines, established themselves in this part of Italy, and founded the ancient Mediolanum about 587 years before the Christian era. This name, it is said, was given to it, from a sow being found half covered with wool (*à sue dimidia lanata*) on the spot where Mediolanum, the modern Milan, now stands.*

Like some other cities in the north of Italy, it has been subjected to frequent reverses of fortune. Brennus, the leader of the Gauls, who took and pillaged Rome under the dictatorship of Camilla, reduced it to ashes in his track of devastation. Attila razed it to the ground a second time. Eusebius, archbishop of Milan, rebuilt it; when the Goths, about a century afterwards, overturned it once more, and drenched its ashes with the blood of 30,000 of its inhabitants. Milan, as if possessed of the never-dying vitality of the phoenix, again rose above its ruins, prouder and more powerful than ever; when, choosing grossly to insult the empress,

* “*Et quæ lanigerâ de sue nomen habet.*”—*Sidon. Apol.*

wife of Frederick Barbarossa, by making her ride through the city with her face turned to the tail of an ass, he besieged and took it, in 1162, razed it again to the ground, and, passing a plough over its site, he sowed it with salt ! In a sum, Milan has been besieged above forty times, taken nearly thirty times, and four times totally destroyed.

Modern Milan is said to contain 300,000 inhabitants ; it is ten miles in circumference ; possesses thirty-two colleges, and two hundred and thirty churches, ninety-six of which are parochial ; and its population consists of a Babylonish medley of Italians, Germans, French, and Swiss.

The principal lion of Milan is its CATHEDRAL, which the Milanese call the eighth wonder of the world ; and great cause for wonder, certes, there is about it, when it is recollected that it was begun in 1386 and is not yet finished ! But, to my taste, it is one of those examples of elaborate architecture that do not please. It wants grandeur of effect, and excites a sentiment not more elevated than that produced by a Chinese pagoda in ivory—its innumerable points and pinnacles are so finical, and its infinity of fret-work is absolutely teasing. There are above 4000 statues, it is said, placed without and within this great Gothic edifice. On the grand altar you see a temple of solid silver, supported by six Corinthian columns of the same metal, at least six feet in height, under which stands the tabernacle. The outside of the choir is adorned with bas-reliefs, and several of them are good : one is rather singular in its representation of the marriage in Cana—the company appear all intoxicated. Immediately under the grand altar is the CHAPEL and TOMBS which enclose the body of St. Charles Borromeo, richly ornamented with bas-reliefs chased in massive silver. There are a few good paintings in this church : one wherein two angels appear dictating the Apocalypse to St. John ; another representing David's triumphant return from slaying Goliath ; and a third appeared to me to depict the scene described in the 25th verse of the 68th Psalm. The two last are organ pieces. There is an excellent bronze figure by Aretin, on a monument to one of the Medici in the right transept.

The CHURCH OF ST. DENIS contains the body of him who, after his decapitation, walked with his head under his arm from Montmartre, so called from being the place where he suffered, all the way to the town of St. Denis, which took its name from this miraculous circumstance. Yet in such difficult undertakings we have good authority for believing "*c'est le premier pas seulement qui coûte.*" It was brought to Milan by his successor in the archiepiscopal see, St. Ambrose, where, if chronicles are to be believed, it continued to perform the most surprising marvels. It opened its own coffin—rose upright, having its head still under its arm—saluted St. Ambrose—asked the news—and, on laying itself down again, politely bade him good-bye.

The CHURCH OF ST. EUSTORGE once possessed the bodies of the three Magi: they were removed to Cologne when Barbarossa destroyed the city, but the coffins remain; and they likewise shew a piece of gold which made a part of the offering presented to the infant Jesus in the manger at Bethlehem. Here also you see the TOMB OF ST. PETER the martyr: it is of alabaster, and contains his body, but without the head, for that is enshrined in a tabernacle of crystal.

The DUOMO has likewise its relic—one of the nails used in the crucifixion of our Saviour, which Constantine the Great had made into a horse's bit. This invaluable piece of rusty old iron is held in the highest veneration, and was happily discovered by St. Ambrose himself, who was told in a dream that he should find it in the shop of a dealer in marine stores at Rome.

The church of the patron saint of Milan, ST. AMBROSE, also deserves a visit, although the Milanese have not always treated their patron with the respect due to such especial protection. When the French army was descending the Alps before entering Italy, St. Ambrose was applied to to avert the menaced invasion; his statue in bronze, in token of compliance with the solicitation, extended its arm; and the faithful inhabitants, confiding in the miraculous sign, believed that the invader could not enter Milan. What was their astonishment when they saw the hostile army approach the

town—enter the town—quarter in the town? What did not St. Ambrose deserve? Why, they, for thus deceiving them, actually committed the statue to prison for the misdemeanour! The church of St. Ambrose contains the brazen serpent which Moses animated in the wilderness, and which the king Ezekias broke on seeing the idolatrous Jews worship it: the blows of the hammer which the king gave it are still visible.

Several councils have been holden in this church; and it was here that formerly the emperors of Germany were crowned with the iron crown as kings of Rome. Some even of these kings lie buried in this church; among others, the blessed St. Sigismund, king and martyr. In the library of this church is the original manuscript of Josephus's history, written on papyrus. In one of the chapels of this church St. Augustin was baptised; and it was on the way to the font that he and St. Ambrose composed the beautiful and well-known canticle (*Te Deum*), "We praise thee, O God! we acknowledge thee to be the Lord!"—each singing an alternate verse.

A relic somewhat different from any we have been lately speaking of, is to be seen in the CHURCH DELLE GRAZIE—Da Vinci's celebrated fresco of the CENACOLO. It adorns the walls of the refectory; but I despair of being able to give any idea of this sublime composition, and shall not attempt it. Fortunately for posterity—for it is much defaced and fast going to destruction—Morghe, in his well-known engraving of this fresco, has snatched it from total perdition; and to this I must refer. The traveller will find the Church delle Grazie near the Porta Vercellina, in the vicinity of that of St. Ambrose.

Disabled by sickness, I did not go to see the CABINET OF PAINTINGS adjoining the Ambrosian library, nor the GALLERY at the Brera; nor did I visit the LAZZARETO, nor hear the famous echo at the Casa Simonetta.

Goîtres I observed to be common in Milan, and agues are rife throughout all Lombardy.

By this time I had again succeeded in putting a stop to

my ague; and having had, too frequently of late, nothing else to contemplate except the disagreeableness of my own sensations and their *rationale*, whilst under a paroxysm of ague, I may mention, for the information of the medical reader, that the first thing I felt peculiar, giving me a distant intimation of the approaching fit, was a singular sensation in my inside among the viscera supplied with nerves from the ganglionic and spinal plexuses; and this I felt some time before what are usually reckoned the preliminary symptoms—oscitation, horripilation, or any other *'ation* whatever. This was followed by a sense of movement and flatulence within me. Shiverings passed over my frame, succeeding each other at short intervals, till the whole muscular system became involved in one general and violent tremor; and yet the peculiarity was, that from the first shiver to the full establishment and completion of what is usually denominated the cold stage, I experienced *no sensation of cold*. The weather, I may observe, was now excessively hot; but the fact proves this much, that the muscular tremor in the first stage of an ague-fit is not necessarily connected with or occasioned by a sense of cold, but may be independent of, and unaccompanied by it. I underwent the ordeal so repeatedly—I directed my attention to the fact so carefully—and was so surprised at a circumstance not known or acknowledged, as far as I am aware, by the faculty, that I speak positively of this pathological phenomenon. But it is time to throw physic where Hamlet did, and with it the ague—bad luck to it for teaching me so much!

Letters which I received at Milan had acquainted me that, during the latter part of these travels,

“ La parque à la sourdine avait diablement filé,”

which made me anxious to get homeward. The reader, therefore, who has so long been my fellow-traveller, must merely cast a glance at the beautiful LAKE MAGGIORE; at ISOLA BELLA, its terraces, cypresses, and orangery; at ISOLA MADRE, and at the different villages he passes through, situated on its border—AVONA, SESTO, BAVENO.

The night I got to DOMO-DOSSOLA I had the luck to sleep in a barn instead of a bed, by one of those accidents which had occurred to me before when in better health to bear them. Not perfectly aware of the extent of my weakness, and thinking I could walk faster and farther than my enfeebled strength permitted, I got once more benighted. Obligated at last to give up all hope of reaching Domo-Dossola that night, for by this time I was ready to drop, I put up at a barn I found open by the road-side about one o'clock in the morning, not without a strong apprehension that I had travelled out of the right road. As I crept cautiously forward in the dark to explore where I could lie down, I expected every moment to be seized by the collar by some clumsy mastiff or other, so set to coaxing the imaginary brute, as I kept nestling myself snugly in among the straw. When daylight broke next morning, I rose to reconnoitre, and found, to my surprise, that my quarters had been taken up in the very out-skirt building of the very town I was so long in search of the night before. "Fortune de guerre!" quoth I; "so again let it pass—*L'homme est né pour souffrir. Il pleure en naissant; en grandissant il est sans cesse contrarié; et c'est un pauvre hère s'il n'a pas le bon esprit de rire de tout cela.*" Some people are born and bred up in a barrel, and see nothing of the world except through the bung-hole.

The route from Domo-Dossola to ISELL, at the foot of the Simplon, is exceedingly interesting, and gradually increases in beauty and grandeur of scenery the nearer we approach the centre of the Alps. The morning I ascended this Titan the weather was sultry and lowering. A storm was evidently brewing in the clouds. It began to blow in violent gusts, and flashes of lightning darted in splendid and rapid succession from all parts of the horizon. As I neared the village of Simplon, a sudden darkness overcast the sky, and I thought it best to seek shelter from the impending storm under a cavern which I perceived to the left of the road, and just above me. After clambering on my hands and knees, I gained the shelter I sought on the steep of the mountain, when, all of a sudden, the lightnings became more vivid, and

flashed so near as to dazzle and blind me for an instant; peels of thunder followed, and seemed to roll in gigantic masses over the vault of heaven; the wind blew with frightful impetuosity, and the rain descended in floods, as if a superincumbent ocean, become too heavy for longer suspension in the atmosphere, had broken down the equipoise, and threatened to engulf the world in a second deluge. Nature appeared on fire, with Beneficence trying to extinguish it. The violence of the wind tore oaks and pines up by the roots; and the torrents of water which rolled down from the heights swept their splintered trunks over the precipices, along with detached masses of rock and earth thrown together in promiscuous confusion. In the midst of this din of elements, my ear was startled by a clangorous sound of a bell. 'Tis for a wedding, peradventure! and what may we conclude from the music, for that is discordant enough? or hope from the accompaniment, for it blows a hurricane? 'Tis, perchance, a summons to church, to propitiate Him who rides the storm! Angels! open the gates of heaven, and let also my prayer reach the throne of grace! 'Tis perhaps the annunciation of death—some one is called upon to render in his account before the tribunal of his Maker!—O! merciful God, when put in the balance let none of us be found wanting! On the wings of the wind thou sendest forth thy wrath: the universe shudders in terror of an impending judgment: darkness and light are indiscriminately blended together as before separated by thy fiat!—One more peal and the sky brightened; the storm began to abate—the rain fell in lessened torrents—the wind subsided: but loud peals of thunder continued at intervals. Each mountain and valley “had found a tongue”—

“ From peak to peak the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder!”

and, conducted by ravine to ravine, it seemed as if the giant sentinels of the Alps at length ventured to pass to each other the re-assuring watch-word—“All's well!”

I resumed my march, and on arriving at the village of STURTES, I found that it was the thunder that had caused the

tolling of the bell. An Alpine storm is a very delightful *spectacle*, no doubt, but only at the opera, I apprehend, where the thunder is made by the help of double-block tin, and the hail and rain by small shot; then it is enchantingly horrifying—"monstrous fine," indeed; but when the scene is laid on the summit of an Alp, and the spectator crouched in a low and shallow niche in the mountain's side, the affair is somewhat changed: here you have the terribles in wasteful abundance, and in all their unshackled sublimity—but none of the comfortable delight.

On the high Alps the traveller will observe a difference in the appearance of the sun; its disk seems less, and of a dazzling whiteness; but its brilliancy, though vivid, is less radiant. The stars shine with purest light, without the scintillation which, in the plain, distinguishes them from the planets, and the moon seems closer to the earth, wading through a sky of the deepest azure, far behind which the eye stretches its prying gaze, and loses itself in the ocean of space. During summer, night does not obscure the summits of these mountains, and, from the bottom of a valley, you see them tinged with purple long after sunset; and long before his rising, the morning-star announces his coming by a rose-coloured blush, beautifully tinted by the silvery reflection from their ice-clad sides.

On such elevations the clouds are often observed floating under your feet: you stand above the wind; for whilst the storm may sweep along the sides of the very mountain on which you are, the most perfect serenity shall reign on its summit. This I had an opportunity of witnessing on the morning I started to descend the Simplon. The sun had already mounted his car when I rose, and as he drove up heaven's steep, he threw his golden rays in sheets on the mountain tops, whilst the valleys were yet sunk in murkiest shade, the playground of a storm that raged below me. It is amid such sublime scenes as these that one's ideas fly towards the Almighty Creator of wonders so beautiful and grand, and, struck with religious terror, the mind assumes a Druidical cast, and worships the sublime deity of the storm.

Perched on the fragment of a rock that commanded a view of the colossal scene around, my train of thought insensibly reverted inward, and I shortly found myself pondering over a comparison between the idleness of my occupation, a sick and solitary wanderer in the Alps, and the more honourable position of those of my acquaintances engaged in what is considered the more rational pursuits of life: and then I thought of their voluntary shackles, and their formal duties—of the unavoidable annoyances of society—of the solitudes of ambition—of the fictions of vanity—of pleasures that, like the crab-apple, are red on the cheek and sour and rough at core—of the thirst of gold—of the constant need and Sisyphean toil of amassing it—of the necessity of economising it, until, the need ceasing, the habit becomes a disease, and the toil a life-annuity—of the requisite distrust among men who, covetous of others' goods, encompass one another with snares of deceit and falsehood; and then I thought of the chamois and his excursive, careless freedom—and I thought of the life I led, and how the Fates, in moments like these I now enjoyed, spin the thread of life in fillets of burnished gold!

From the top of the Simplon you descend, with a rapid and easy pace, to the town of Brigg, situated at the upper extremity of the VALAIS. At SION, about eight posts from Brigg, there are two curious epitaphs in the cathedral, on a man and his wife of the name of Supersax, running thus:

ON THE WIFE.

W. W. ————— MCCCCLXXIII.
*Hæ ego: siste gradum mortem meditare viator.
 Risi, non silco: viscera morte rigent.
 Parvæ in genus A SAXO sub rupe quiesco:
 Sterno viam hoc omnis fœmina currit iter.*

On the other side of the chapel, on the right, you read:

*Stete viri, nostrum studio spectate fœdus.
 Hæ oculi, mentes, pectora vestra cubant,
 SAXA SUPER sistens jacet hæc cultura virorum,
 Fuit, nunc moles saxæ SAXA tegit.*

In his way to Martigny the traveller is struck with the prevalence of that enlargement of the throat, among the inhabitants of the towns and villages he passes through, called goître, and of those unfortunate beings who scarcely can claim kindred with humanity, known by the name of crétins. Writers on these two diseases have contented themselves, for the most part, with translating Foderé's opinions, without examining the subject for themselves. One after another tells us the old story of the effect of drinking snow-water in producing goître, forgetting that this disease is very prevalent in places where no snow-water exists.* We need not go out of England to prove this—a goitrous enlargement of the thyroid gland is so common in Derbyshire as to have obtained a name from the county—the Derbyshire neck. The same diseased enlargement prevails on the banks of the Severn; and I have observed it not unfrequently in almost all the towns and villages on those of the Thames, from Wallingford down to Marlow. Many analogous facts prove that a moist and *foggy* situation favours the appearance of this disease, as river-sides when shut in between hills, as in England, and narrow valleys encompassed by high mountains, as in those of the Swiss and Tyrol Alps. Females are known to be more liable to this disease than men. Another singular fact is, that though they be small in females whilst they remain single, goîtres are observed to become much increased after marriage by child-bearing; and, to evince the influence of situation on this disease, it is a known fact, that in instances where the disease had made but little progress, females who pass the summer on the mountains lose this deformity, which re-appears as soon as they descend to live in the towns and villages in the valleys.

Many writers have entertained the opinion that this glandular enlargement on the neck, and the state of idiocy called crétinism, were connected. Foderé thought so, and his

* Whence is the snow-water to come from in the Isthmus of Darien, for instance, where goîtres attain a size so enormous as sometimes to descend to the waist; or in Sumatra, where the same disease prevails, and no snow is ever seen?

copyists have continued to repeat the idea ; but the casual coincidence of two facts establishes no necessary connexion between them, for with as much reason might a person connect goître, which is so very common a malady in Switzerland, with any other disease of the country : even Saussure speaks of them as of one and the same nature. But if so, how comes it that so many thousands affected with the one disease (goître) should not shew the slightest indication of the other (crétinism)—whose goître shall be monstrously large, and yet their intellect perfect and unclouded ? The circumstance solves itself ; there is nothing but an accidental relation betwixt the two diseases. Crétinism, in its complete state, presents one of the most humiliating spectacles human pride can well contemplate. The crétin's countenance unites all that is most hideous and disgusting : his face is broad ; his cheek-bones very prominent ; his nose flat ; his mouth large, and mostly open ; his lips thick ; his eyes small, dull, and immovable ; his forehead low and reclining ; his complexion earthy, and somewhat livid ; and, what is characteristically peculiar, his occiput is very broad, and descends perpendicularly on the back. The height of the crétin seldom exceeds four feet and a half,—some are a foot less ; his flesh is flabby, and yet he is generally voracious ; his gait is tottering, and he sustains himself in the upright position with difficulty : he scarcely ever moves of his own accord, but remains as motionless as a plant or an oyster. Crétins have every sense obtuse : they are frequently born deaf and dumb, or with their lower extremities paralysed ; in short, a perfect crétin, this “ *Bon Ame de Dieu*,” is a more stupid being than the lowest of the brute creation. The above description applies to crétinism in the extreme ; but there are various grades of it, from that wherein the unfortunate being seems to possess the outer form of his species alone, to those in whom reason is more or less developed. Some, as I have said, are quite dumb, and almost senseless ; others can only articulate sounds ; others can mutter a few words ; whilst some can be taught by imitation to perform a few of the simpler offices of husbandry ; some even marry. This dread-

ful affliction only attacks infancy ; and a child who attains ten years of age without being affected, is considered ever afterwards exempted from the disease. Strangers, though under the age of immunity, who settle in the places obnoxious to crétinism, are never attacked, but their children are as liable to it as those of the older inhabitants. A melancholy instance of this exists in the entire family of the landlord of the Hôtel de la Tour, at Martigny, they being crétins, though neither he nor his wife are natives of the Valais.

Those of the inhabitants who can afford it, sometimes send their children to the mountains until they are ten or twelve years old, in order to avoid the disease ; and some even send their wives when pregnant to the villages on the heights, to be delivered—precautions, it is said, that are followed by the happiest results. In all the valleys of the Tyrol these equivocal beings—half human, half brute—also abound. I heard of a family at Salzburg who had, out of eight children, six crétins among them. In the plains of the Tyrol, the computation is, that of a population of 12,000 souls, from 170 to 200 are crétins, and the proportion greatly increases the deeper you strike in among the valleys. I was told of a little isolated village not far from the town of Salzburg, which was entirely peopled by these hideous abortions of humanity. With respect to the probable cause of this endemic malady, several have been assigned, as goître, snow-water, drinking the stagnant waters of the hollows, a humid atmosphere pent up between mountains, and acted upon by the sun : but without disputing the power of all or any of these to induce an unhealthy state of the body, and hence of the mind, I am of opinion that more may be ascribed to the influence of indolence, to the want of intellectual exercise and education, *to the powerful effect of hereditary transmission*, and particularly when all these are backed by excessive intemperance in one or both of the parents in the use of spirituous liquors. Talking with the master of the post-house at Sion on this subject, I was surprised by the information he gave me of how much the women in this valley were addicted to the vice of drunkenness. They distil here a villanous

spirit from potatoes, which the poorer classes of the valley consume in incredible quantities. What then are we not justified in ascribing to such a pernicious cause? When conception takes place under a state of inebriation, and that, too, habitual, is this to produce no bad effect? Is the infant to be suckled on milk imbued with the same deleterious liquor with impunity? I once knew a case of complete and incurable idiocy brought on in a child by the nurse giving it spirits to quiet it; keeping the infant thus constantly stupified by intoxication, the brain, the organ of the mind, became paralysed. If my information with regard to the fact is correct, I think we may safely admit habitual intemperance to a share in the production of crétinism.

I left my knapsack behind me at MARTIGNY, and walked by the route of the Col du Midi to view Mont Blanc, in the valley of Chamouni. The road to Chamouni is truly Alpine, and the scenery, at the same time, both romantic and horrific; where the horse-path winds by mountain flanks, covered with dusky pine-trees, and over precipices, with the mountain-torrent rushing below. As the valley opens, the scene becomes theatrical: you behold the verdure which carpets the valley contrasting with the eternal snows on the surrounding mountains, with forms so proud, gigantic, and haughty. Here, your eye is caught by pinnacles of ice shooting up in every fantastic shape, representing towers, and obelisks, and pyramids, shining more resplendent than the purest alabaster; there, a nascent stream creeps from under a glacier, or, dashing down through a thousand crevices, it plunges from iceberg to iceberg, when, re-uniting its brawling waters, it tranquilly conducts them through the valley, as a swan its brood of young. The pasturage on the mountain's side was clad with flocks and herds, the valley below with cultivated fields. At every turn of the road a new prospect opened: the sunshine of the valley changed for the glassy lustre of some ice-capped height; now the dark

shadows of a forest succeed the gay flowers of a smiling meadow, or all at once the scene presented the horrors of an Arctic desert, where mountains lifted up their supercilious heads, encircled with ice-bound coronets, while their base was encompassed by a vast extent of solid ice, and their ravines with glaciers, giving to fancy the picture of cub Nature yet unlicked issuing from the womb of Chaos.

The hotels at Chamouni are deservedly reckoned two of the best on the continent, for here the traveller meets with all he can reasonably desire—good beds, good fare, and obliging attention.

I slept the night at the foot of the highest mountain in Europe; and early on the following morning I sallied out to view MONT BLANC, MONTANT-VERT, the MER DE GLACE, and the other lions of the vicinity. But these are objects which have been so often visited, that it were needless in me to attempt to sketch what leaves the most pictorial imagination so infinitely behind to figure even in its most shadowy outline. I may merely say, that the evening prospect of the general scenery pleased and impressed me the most, when seated over the glacier from under which the Arve steals into life, beneath a canopy of sky of deepest blue, with regions of snow of the most dazzling white over my head, the lofty summit of Mont Blanc to my right, and the glacier of the “Mer” at my feet. Silence reigns here in her most frightful guise, amidst terror and solitude, unless when broken by the night-screach of birds of prey, or the breaking loose of an avalanche.

Next day I started on my return to Martigny, and, contrary to the advice of the landlady of the hotel, I took the route by the COL DE BAUME, instead of the one I came. Although the day was fine in the valley, yet, from certain appearances cognisable only by the practised eye, the good lady predicted a storm on the mountains, and the event proved she was right. The valley is subject to dangerous hurricanes in the spring and autumn, and they are still more terrible on the heights. The winds engulfed in the deep ravines, and confined among chains of rocks, escape at times in gusts so violent as to take the breath away from the tra-

veller caught in their track ; and when a fall of snow is joined with these gusts of wind, which it often is, it darkens the sky. If the traveller stops, he dies of cold, or is buried under the storm ; if he proceeds, he is in danger every moment of falling over some precipice. Part of this scene actually occurred. When somewhat more than half way up the mountain, I was overtaken by one of the hurricanes I have alluded to, which drifted the snow in clouds from the neighbouring pinnacles, and at the same time a sleety rain fell in abundance. Lest I should fall into some ravine, for I now could not see the way before me, I took refuge from the storm, as much as a heap of stones piled up for the purpose by some shepherd-boy, as I supposed, afforded ; and when under the lee of such sorry shelter I became sensible how easy a matter it was to be made to die in such a situation. Had the season been farther advanced, or had the storm continued for some hours longer, I might have had an opportunity of inscribing my own *Hic jacet* on the cairn, without farther trouble to my friends ; but the wind abating, and the drift ceasing to fall, I gathered myself up, and sought the summit of the col. Here I found the skeleton of a house intended as a place of refreshment and shelter for travellers, but which had never been finished. The rain continued to pour down in a torrent, and I was wetted to the skin when I arrived at a miserable cabin at the bottom of the next valley. Here I dried myself, and got what little they had to give me to eat, but not without paying rather exorbitantly for it. As the day advanced, the weather became finer, and I arrived betimes in the evening at Martigny.

And now my journal must draw to a close ; for though it is many a long mile hence to Calais, the weary way, as soon as we get into France, offers little to merit remark. I arrived at Geneva by the usual route of St. Maurice, St. Gingo, and by the beautiful shores of the lake. I suffered a relapse of my ague on the way ; and as I sat on a stone by the road-side, patiently shaking out the cold fit, it recalled to my mind what I had said of Guido's Beatified Spirit, and about the manufacture of snow-drift. This accident detained

me at the *Couronne* for ten days. I crossed the Jura ; got to Dijon ; thence to Paris. Here again I had a relapse, and was detained a week : at length, arriving at Calais, I laid down my knapsack, the old and faithful companion of my way, of the contents of which my fellow-traveller, the gentle reader, has now seen more than the douanier who examined it. From him, however, I must now part,—with my knapsack I never will ; for if a pillow of down should fail to put me to rest, I'll try the virtue of my friendly knapsack, that hath so often before extracted the ache from my throbbing temples, and soothed me to sleep. — A steamer next day landed me at the Tower.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

[The Author, having lost, by accident, some small part of his Notes, has supplied the deficiency in these few instances from Martyn and Vasi ; but requests to guard himself from being considered as vouching for their accuracy.]

MARSEILLES.

PAINTINGS, &c. IN THE MUSEUM.

Although there are eighty-nine Paintings of the French School here, few are by masters of any great merit ; among the best, I may note—

Joseph recognised by his Brethren, by *Coypel*.

A Storm, by *Henry*, a pupil of Vernet.

The Adoration of the Shepherds, Portrait of Ninon de l'Enclos, Portrait of Madame de la Vallière,—all by *Pierre Mignard*.

The Coronation of the Virgin by the infant Jesus, by *Pierre Parrocel*.

St. Francis imploring God to put a stop to the Plague of 1641, by *Etienne Parrocel*.

Jesus with Martha and Mary, and a Presentation at the Temple, by *Le Sueur*.

No. 90 marks a large Crucifix in ivory, which finely depicts the agony of suspension.

Italian School.

A Pieta sustained by Angels, by *Caravaggio*.

The Building of the Ark, by *Basano*.

Charity, by *Paul Veronese*.

A Village Marriage, and David with the Head of Goliath, by *Hannibal Caracci*.

The Assumption of the Virgin, by *Ludovico Caracci*. This painting is placed on the ceiling.

St. Bruno, founder of the Order of the Chartreux ; St. Anthelmo ; St. Rosolina ; St. Hugh (Hugo), bishop of Lincoln,—all by *Daniel*.

The Guardian Angel, by *Domenichino*.

The Visit of Mary to Elizabeth ; the Birth of the Saviour ; the Adoration of the Magi ; the Presentation at the Temple,—all by *Gemignani*.

The Parting of Priam and Hector, by *Guercino*.

Roman Charity, by *Guido*.

A Sibyl, by *Luca Giordano*.

God the Father, by *Lanfranco*.

The Virgin and infant Jesus, by *Carlo Maratta*.

The Family of the Holy Virgin, by *Perugino*.

Cavaliers, by *Giulio Romano*.

A Hermit contemplating a Skull, by *Salvator Rosa*.

St. John writing the Apocalypse, by *Raphael*.

A Crucifixion, by *Solimene*.

The Magdalen Penitent, by *Domenichino*.

The Virgin and Child ; unknown.

Flemish School.

A Landscape, by *Breughel*.

The Apotheosis of the Magdalen, by *Philippe de Champagne*. This painting is also on the ceiling.

The Assumption of the Virgin, by the same.

The Stoning of St. Paul, by *Jean Baptiste de Champagne*.

Hercules between Virtue and Vice, by *Gaspard Crayer*.

The Magdalen Dying, by *Finckhous*.

The Miraculous Draught of Fishes, by *Jordaens*.

Æneas at Carthage, by *Lairesse*.

A *Pensée* on Death, by *Quillinet*.

Portraits of Louis XIII., Ann of Austria, and the issue of this alliance; a Boar-hunt; the Adoration of the Shepherds; the Flagellation of Christ; his Resurrection,—all by *Rubens*.

King David, by *Seghers*.

A Philosopher reading by Lamp-light, by *Skalken*.

Portrait of the Earl of Stafford, by *Vandyck*.

A Sea-piece, by *Wynants*.

In the Ante-room, among the sculptures, see two excellent bas-reliefs by *Char-*

dine: one representing a Group of Men and Women gathering Olives; the other, Fishermen and their Wives, with nets, fish, &c.: also a Votive marble Tripod, a beautiful Greek Altar, the Tomb of Glaucias, besides several ancient Christian Sarcophagi.

In the *Bureau de Santé* you see a bas-relief of St. Charles Borromeo arresting the Plague at Milan, by *Puget*; and a painting, by *David*, of St. Rock praying to the Virgin to put a stop to a Pestilence.

GENOA.

CHURCHES.

In the Cathedral, observe the Chapel of St. John the Baptist and the Statuary, and that of the Holy Sacrament; the sculpture in the latter is by a pupil of Canova. In the Choir, there is a bronze statue of the Virgin and Child; and in niches in the sides, four grand statues of the Evangelists, by *Francavilla*. There is also a painting of the Crucifixion, by *Baroccio*.

The Church of St. Ambrogio contains a superb Assumption, by *Guido*; a Circumcision, by *Rubens*; Saint Francis Xavier preaching, by a pupil of Guido; and an Infant Angel appearing to St. Ignatius, the founder of the Order of the Jesuits, in which *Rubens* has introduced portraits of himself and his wife.

In the Church of the Annunziata, you see a Last Supper, by *Procaccino*; a

Crucifixion, by *Scotto*; a Flight into Egypt, and St. Francis in Ecstasy. Observe, also, the frescos on the ceiling.

In the Church of St. Stephano alle Porte, you find the celebrated Martyrdom of St. Stephen, by the united pencils of *Raphael* and *Giulio Romano*.

The Church of St. Francesco di Paolo contains an Adoration of the Shepherds, and an Annunciation, by *Cambiaso*; and an Ascension and others, by *Paggi*.

There is a St. Sebastian, by *Titian*, in the sacristy of S. M. del Castello; and in the Church of S. M. in Carignano, you see a Martyrdom, by *Carlo Maratta*; and St. Peter and St. John curing the Lame, by *Dominico Paola*.

PAINTINGS IN THE PALAZZO REALE.

A Madonna and Child, and a Holy Family, by *Vandyck*.

Portrait of Anna Bullen, by the younger *Holbein*.

A Nativity, by *Titian*.

A Satyr and Bacchante, by *Castiglione*.

Adam and Eve, by *Procaccino*.

The Petrification of Phineus by Perseus, by *Luca Giordano*.

St. Catherine, a Head of our Saviour, and the Madonna, by *Carlo Dolce*.

Peter's Denial, by *Caravaggio*.

The Deluge, by *Jacobo Bassano*.

St. John the Baptist, by *Il Calabrese*.

The Story of Olindo and Sophronia, by *Luca Giordano*.

In the Chapel of the palace you see Christ bearing his Cross, by *Titian*; but the most noted painting of all in this collection, is a *Noli me tangere*, by *Paul Veronese*.

PAINTINGS IN THE DURAZZO PALACE.

Perseus, by *Guido*.

David, by *Guercino*.

Abraham and the Angels, by *Castello*.

A Flight into Egypt, by *Da Pesaro*.

A Tribute-Money, by *Guercino*.

An Infant asleep; Cleopatra dissolving the Pearl; a Vestal Virgin; and the Grecian Daughter,—all by *Guido*.

A Naiad asleep, in landscape scenery, by *Michael Angelo*.

Portraits of Rubens and his Wife, attended by a Bacchanal; the Marriage of St. Catherine; and Judith with the Head of Holofernes,—all by *Paul Veronese*.

A Noli me tangere, by *Titian*.

A Flagellation, by *Ludovico Caracci*.

St. Peter, by *Han. Caracci*.

The Death of Seneca, by *Luca Giordano*.

Joseph's bloody Garment, by *Carlo Lotti*.

Portrait of Philip the Fourth of Spain, and another of Himself, by *Rubens*.

Portrait of Vandyck, by himself.

The ceiling of the SECOND ROOM is ornamented with a fresco painting of

Apollo and the Muses, by *Piola*. On the ceiling of the DRAWING-ROOM you see a representation of Vulcan delivering the Armour of Achilles to Thetis, by *Boni*. The paintings are by *Franceschini*, *Zanotti*, *Boni*, and others.

In another apartment you find some Portraits of the Durazzo Family, by *Vandyck*; Christ appearing to the Virgin after his Resurrection, a St. Sebastian, and the Death of Adonis, by *Domenichino*; Democritus and Heraclitus, by *Spagnoletto*. The fresco on the ceiling is by *Piola*, and represents the Imprisonment of Mars in the Temple of Janus.

PAINTINGS IN THE BRIGNOLE PALACE.

ANTE-ROOM.

An Allegorical subject, by *Dominico Piola*.

FIRST ROOM.

A Female of the Family Brignole on horseback; Portraits; Christ bearing his Cross,—all by *Vandyck*.

SECOND ROOM.

An Annunciation, by *Lud. Caracci*.

A Præsepe, by *Paul Veronese*.

Christ and the Money-changers in the Temple; Death of Cato,—by *Guer-cino*.

Christ raising Lazarus, by *Caravaggio*.
St. Sebastian, by *Guido*.

THIRD ROOM.

The Evangelist St. Mark, by *Guido*.

Adoration of the Magi, by the elder *Palma*.

Vulcan's Forge, by *Bassano*.

Madonna, Infant Jesus, and St. John, by *Guercino*.

St. Peter repentant, by *Lanfranco*.

Dædalus and Icarus, by *Andrea Sacchi*.

FOURTH ROOM.

Judith with the Head of Holofernes, by *Paul Veronese*.

St. John the Baptist, by *Da Vinci*.

A Tribute-Money, by *Vandyck*.

St. Rock, by *Domenichino*.

An Annunciation, by *Paul Veronese*.

FIFTH ROOM.

An Assumption, by *Correggio*.

Jesus and St. Veronica, by *Antonio Caracci*.

Christ in the Garden, by *Carlo Dolce*.

A Noli me tangere, and the Car of Cupid, by *Albani*.

Several other apartments also contain paintings.

The PASQUA PALACE contains several excellent paintings: as, Cupids dancing, and the Hours, by *Raphael*; two Pietas, one by *Rubens*, the other by *Sebastian del Piombo*; Bacchus and Ariadne, by the latter; a Holy Family, by *Da Vinci*; Juglers, by *Caravaggio*; and Portraits by *Titian* and *Vandyck*.

In the SPIGNOLA there is a Nurse and Child, by *Han. Caracci*; a Flight into Egypt, and a Magdalen, by *Guido*; a Nativity, by *Schidone*; a Holy Family, by *Albani*; a Pieta,

and the Archangel Gabriel, by *Carlo Muratta*; the Woman of Samaria, by *Luca Giordano*; and a copy of the Transfiguration, attributed to one of the *Caracci*.

The PALLAVICINI PALACE contains, among many fine paintings by *Vandyck*, *Albani*, *Spagnoletto*, *Schidone*, *Strozzi*, *Castiglione*, and others, *Raphael's* celebrated Madonna del Colonna, and *Rubens's* Silenus.

In the DORIA there is a beautiful fresco of Jupiter and the Titans, by *Raphael's* pupil, *Pierino del Vaga*.

LUCCA.

THE CATHEDRAL. (*Martyn.*)

- Virgin, Child, and four Saints, by *Ghirlandajo*.
 Virgin, Child, three Angels, and two Saints, by *Fra Bartolommeo*.
 A Resurrection, by *Guidotto* of Lucca.
 An Annunciation, by *Leonardo da Pis-
 toia*.
 Christ between the Thieves, by *Passi-
 gnano*.
 The Last Supper, by *Tintoretto*.
 An Adoration of the Magi, by *F. Zuc-
 cheri*.
 A Nativity, moonlight, by *Passignano*.
 St. George, by *Bronzino*.
 The Birth of the Virgin, by *Paggi*.
 A Visitation, by *Ligozzi*.
 An Assumption, by *Sori da Siena*.
 St. Petronilla, ascribed to *Daniel da
 Volterra*.
 St. Martin dividing his Cloak, by
Seaglia.
 A Presentation, by *Aless. Bronzino*.
 The Judgment of Solomon, inscribed in
 the floor.
 The Volto Santo, or Wooden Crucifix,
 begun by *Nicodemus*, and finished
 by angels.
 IN THE CHURCH OF THE AUGUSTINS
 you see the miraculous image of the
 Virgin, and the Descensus Averni,
 and an Annunciation, by *Fanna*.
 PALAZZO PUBBLICO. (*Martyn.*)
 Hercules and Omphale, by *Luca Gior-
 dano*.
 A Banker settling his Accounts, by
Albert Durer.
 The Woman of Samaria, by *Guercino*;
 and a Concert, by *Titian*.
 IN THE CHURCH OF THE DOMINICAN
 CONVENT there is a fine Assumption,
 by *Fra Bartolommeo*.

PAINTINGS IN THE ROYAL PALACE.

- A Madonna, by *Raphael*.
 A Crucifixion, by *M. Angelo*.
 A Head, by *Corregio*.
 Christ healing the Sick, by *Agostino
 Caracci*.
 Christ before Pilate, by *Della Notte, &c.*

PISA.

PAINTINGS, &c. IN THE CATHEDRAL.

LEFT AISLE.

- The Martyrdom of a Saint by three
 Moors, by *Benvenuti*.
 St. Francis explaining the Doctrines of
 Christianity, by *Paggi*.
 St. Vincent de Paul, the founder of
 Foundling Hospitals, by *Grandolfi*.
 The Finding of the Head of St. John,
 by *Ceneroli*.—Observe two angels of
 ineffable beauty in the sky.
 The Attributes of the Divinity, by *Sal-
 imbeni*.
 The Holy Ghost descending on a Saint
 habited in Armour, embracing the
 banner of the Knights of Malta, by
Passignano.—A painting remarkable
 for its bold relief.

LEFT TRANSEPT.

- The five following are by *Aulrio
 Lomi*:—Christ healing the Blind;
 Christ disputing in the Temple; the
 Adoration of the Shepherds; the

Adoration of the Magi; the Pre-
 sentation at the Temple.

The Tomb of Cardinal Scipio, adorned
 with two fine statues of Faith and
 Charity.

Not far from this, on one of the pillars
 which support the dome, see a Ma-
 donna and Infant Jesus, of the school
 of Raphael.

THE CHOEIR.

The "Lux Mundi," in gold mosaic,
 by *Guido Gaddi*.

Two large frescos, by *Pietro Sorri*. In
 the one representing the Consecra-
 tion of the Cathedral, the numerous
 figures are grouped without confu-
 sion, and the entire subject abounds
 in beauties.

Under these are four Saints, by *Andrea
 del Sarto*.

Abraham and the Angels at Supper,
 by *Ghirlandajo*.

Moses and the Serpent, by *Riminardi*.
Moses striking the Rock in the Desert,
by *Lommi*.

The same subject, by *Ventura Salimbeni*.
Judith with the Head of Holophernes,
by *Ottavio Vannini*.

Abraham's Sacrifice, by *Razzi*. This was
returned from Paris at the Restoration.
Moses descending from Mount Sinai,
by *Beccafumi*.

Noah sacrificing on leaving the Ark,
by *Soliani*.

RIGHT TRANSEPT.

The Birth of the Virgin, by the *Che-
valier Curadi*.

Christ administering the Sacrament to
St. Peter, a fresco, by *Tempesti*.

A Crucifixion, by *Ghilberti*.

This transept is enriched with a charm-
ing Virgin and Child, seated on an
altar, with the Baptist and St. George
on either side, and two female saints
who kneel, by *Pierino del Vaga*, a
pupil of Raphael. Here you like-
wise see the Conversion of St. Ra-

nieri, by *Benedetto Nuti*; his Curing
the Sick on his return from the Holy
Land, by *Muratori*; and his Death,
by *Milani*. The large sarcophagus
on the altar contains this patron-
saint's body.

RIGHT AISLE.

Over the altar of the Souls in Purga-
tory you see a beautiful painting
illustrative of the subject, but dis-
figured by crowns of silver, by *Do-
menico Lorri*.

Near to this is a fine bas-relief of God
the Father recalling to life and re-
surrection his beloved Son.—His
uplifted hand declares the fiat of
Omnipotence.

Doctors transcribing the Scriptures
from a volume upheld by an Angel,
by *Vanni*.

The Procession of the Host, by *Tempesti*.
St. John the Baptist presenting a Cross
to the Infant Jesus, with St. Jerome
and St. Francis in the foreground,
by *Del Sarto*.

CAMPO SANTO.

The frescos which adorn the interior
are forty-one in number, painted by
some of the oldest masters of the
Florentine school. The history of
Job, in six compartments, are by
Giotto; the Assumption of the Vir-
gin, by *Simon Memmi*; the last Judg-
ment, and the Triumphs of Death,
are by *Andrea Orcagna*. That re-
presenting Dante's *Inferno* is by his
brother *Bernardo*. All those on the
side opposite the door of entrance,
excepting the four first, are by *Bi-
nazzo Gozzoli*, and represent sub-
jects from the history of the Old
Testament, from the creation to the
time of Solomon.—Remark the mag-

nificent ancient sarcophagi, Etrus-
can, Greek, and Roman. The frescos
which ornament the western end are
by the master of Michael Angelo.
At the opposite end you find the
principal chapel, which contains a
Crucifixion, painted on leather, by
Appollonia Greco, in A.D. 1200,
before painting in oil was discovered.
Among the sculpture, note a Head
of Agrippa in *nero antico*; a bust
of Hadrian in high preservation; a
charming head of Venus, of Greek
workmanship; and a miniature por-
trait of Michael Angelo, by himself—
you find it close to the entrance.

FLORENCE.

CATALOGUE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE BUSTS, STATUES, AND PAINTINGS IN THE GALLERY.

VESTIBULE.

Busts of all the Medici.

ANTE-ROOM.

Statues of Augustus, Trajan, and Ha-
drian; a glorious Apollo; a Horse,
(thought to belong to the Niobe
group); a Wild Boar, behind which
are two beautiful female busts; two

Wolf-dogs; Heads of Jupiter and
Vesta.

STATUARY IN THE TRIBUNE.

The Venus; the Flayer of Marsyas;
the Dancing Faun; the Lottatori;
and the Apollino.

PAINTINGS IN THE TRIBUNE.

St. John the Baptist; Portrait of his

Messias, *Francesco del Milanesi*
— *Francesco del Milanesi*
A Head of a Hero, by *Michelangelo*.

A Mother and Child, by *Roberto*.

The Saviour, by *Giorgio*.

The Virgin and Child, by *Titian*.

The Virgin and Child, by *Master*.

The Virgin and Child, by *Master*.

The Virgin and Child, by *Master*.

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The Virgin and Child, by *Master*.

and a Mother suckling her Child, by the same.

CROSS GALLERY.—*Statues.*

A Mercury, of fine aerial proportions, as Messenger of Heaven; Cupid defying the Gods.

LONG GALLERY, opposite to that of the Tribune.

Two statues of Marsyas, bound to a tree, and ready to be flayed. At the upper end of the Gallery you see the Gemini of Eternal Sleep, a statue; *Donatello's* David and St John the Baptist; *Sassano's* Bacchus; *Pontorno's* copy in marble of the group of the Laocoön; and *Michelangelo's* two Baccuses.

PAINTINGS IN THIS GALLERY.

See an Old Man asking Alms, by *Cesari*; and observe the rich and elegant designs, portraits, and arabesque ornaments, which embellish the frieze and ceiling.

STORE ROOM.

For a description of the group which gives name to this room, see the text. The paintings are:

A Boar-hunt, by *Sondors*.

A battle-piece, by *Rubens*.

The Triumphal Entry of Henry IV.

Death of Aclis, by *Carlo Lotti*.

The Fortune-teller, and two others, by *Delia Notta*.

Here also observe a fine semi-colossal Bust of Juno, and a Dying Alexander.

BRONZE ROOMS.

1st.—*John de Bologna's* celebrated Mercury.

A Statue of Vulcan, (antique).

A Venus, (on the corresponding pedestal).

Cupid in Fetters.

A small Hercules, drunk.

A small Anatomical Statue, exhibiting the external layer of muscles, by *Cigoli*.

2d.—A Chimera.

Statue of an Orator.

Heads of Homer and Minerva, found in the sea near Leghorn.

In a narrow corridor off the LONG GALLERY opposite the Tribune, see a Bust of Machiavel, executed in 1495; several by *Luca della Robbia*; and, in particular, a group of Chonisters, by the same artist.

PAINTINGS IN THE LONG GALLERY.

A Virgin and Child, by *Andrea Roca da Camata*, painted before the thirteenth century; some Giotto's, *Giotto* was born in 1272; an Annunciation, by *Memmi*, painted in 1333, and exemplifies the progressive improvement of the art; a charming Holy Family, by *Botticelli* (this artist died in 1471); Chastity, by *Cecchino Salsolati*; an oval painting, by the graceful pencil of *Nadino*; St. Francis, by *Cigoli*; a Magdalen; a Crucifixion, by *Lorenzo Lippi*; Venus lancing Cupid, by *Giovanni da San Giovanni*; the Bridal Night,

An unfinished Madonna and Child, by *Michael Angelo*.

A Holy Family, by *Rossellino*.

A Group, by *Andrea del Verrocchio*.

Several specimens of good composition, by *Benedetto da Rovizzano*, (A.D. 1515).

In the Room containing the Etruscan Vases, see a striking statue of the Genius of Death.

Florentine School.

FIRST ROOM.

The Infant Jesus asleep on a Cross, by *Cristofano Allori*.

Judith with the Head of Holofernes, by the same.

The well-known Magdalen of this artist.

St. Francis, by his brother *Alexander*.

St. Peter and St. —, by *Dolce*.

St. John the Baptist, (as a boy seated,) by *Fontebuoni*.

St. Francis, (small,) by *Cigoli*.

Head of Medusa, by *Da Vinci*, in his usual striking and peculiar manner. Snakes form the hair of the head, in the tangles of which toads are seen crawling about.

St. Cecilia, by *Duke's* soft enamel pencil.

Two small things, from the voluptuous pencil of *Zuccheri*.

SECOND ROOM.

The Last Judgment, by *Angelo Allori*. (Il Bronzino.)

Mary's Visit to Elizabeth, by *Alberte-nelli*.

Joseph and Potiphar's Wife, by *Billi-verti*.

The Martyrdom of a Female, by *Cigoli*.

St. Sebastian, by *Razzi*.

The Good Samaritan.

A Portrait of Himself, by *Del Sarto*.

An Altar-piece, (*en camaieu*,) by *Fra Bartolommeo*.

Lombardo-Venetian School.

Massacre of the Innocents, by *Dossi*.

A Sibyl, by *Guido*.

An *Ægis*, by *Caravaggio*.

Cupids shooting at a Heart placed against a tree, whilst Venus directs the sport, by the lovely pencil of *Albani*.

Angels ministering to the Saviour in the Flight.

Abraham's Sacrifice, by *Ligozzi*.

The Angel releasing St. Peter from Prison, by *Albani*.

The Story of Toby, by *Pagani*.

Diana and her Nymphs, by *Solimene*, in his highest finish.

The Rape of Dejanira (fine), by *Luca Giordano*.

A Coronet of Cupids dancing, by *Albani*.

Europa, by the same. Mounted on the back of the bull, and preceded by an eagle in the air, the love-sick fair traverses the waves, surrounded by smiling Cupids, that seem like so many rose-buds tacked on the hem of her robe.

A Virgin and Child, (small, but exceeding fine,) by *Han. Caracci*.

A small Landscape, by *Salvator Rosa*. Several Cabinet Pictures, by *Allori*.

In the Room ADJOINING—Portraits of Alfieri and the Countess of Albany, by *Fabre*.

Theseus raising the Stone in search of the Sword, by *Nicolas Poussin*.

A fine *Claude*.

Venetian School.

Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem, by *Tintoretto*.

A Last Supper, by *Bonifacio*.

A fine Portrait, by *Il Padovanino*.

Another, by *Del Piombo*.

Dogs, by *Bassano*.

Venus lamenting over the dead Body of Adonis, by *Bonvicino*.

The Conversion of St. Paul, by *Por-dinone*.

A Holy Family, by the elder *Palma*.

The Marriage in Cana, by *Tintoretto*, (remarkable for its fine perspective.)

PAINTINGS IN THE ROOM WHERE THE BEAUTIFUL INLAID TABLES ARE.

The celebrated Mater Pietatis of *Sassoferrati*.

A fine Head, by *Francesco Francia*.

Faith; Portrait of a Female holding a Crucifix in her hand; the Virgin appearing to St. Anthony,—all by *Carlo Dolce*.

The Redeemer, surrounded by young Angels, who present him with the emblems of his life and passion, by *Albani*.

A fine Portrait, by *Hannibal Caracci*.

A Monkey *prediculating* a Man, by the same.—Both seem to enjoy the amusement; one the feast, the other the extermination.

Dido on the Funeral Pile, by *Testa*.

Two Tribute-Monies; one by *Caravaggio*, the other by *Il Cappuccino*.

The lower part of the Sacramental Table is the Altar of the Holy Cross.

Two rows of modern paintings on the walls of the choir surround the altar, the crowd of celebrated painters from the portraits of St. John the Evangelist, Andrea Ruffini, Pierrey, Zennaro, Zoffani, and the painter, Agostino Brun. In one corner, on the Hemaphysate, and in the other observe a superb vase from the Villa Medici at Rome, on which is represented on a bas-relief, the Sacrifice of Isaac.

The upper part of the Sacramental Table is the Altar of the Holy Cross.

The lower part of the Sacramental Table is the Altar of the Holy Cross.

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THE DUOMO, DEDICATED TO S. MARIA DEL FIORI.

This church is divided into three naves, each with three tribunes of an octagonal form correspond, each including a chapel.

In the Middle Tribune observe Statues of the Evangelists, by *Donatello*, and the four lateral chapels. In the outer chapel are a Last Supper, by *Giovanni Baldacci*; the Disciples at Emmaus, and the Mission of the Apostles, by *Bernardino Poccetti*.

In this chapel is consecrated to St. Zanobi, bishop of Florence, and his bones are preserved under the altar. In the front bronze sarcophagus of the bishop, by *Ghiberti*, is placed the tribune of the Holy Cross, above the bronze door of the sacristy, and over it a lunette, by *Antonio Robbia*.

In the sacristy, see Angels with festoons, by *Donatello*, and the Flat relief, depicting a prodigy in architecture.

In the sacristy, see the Holy Cross, by *Donatello*, and the Annunciation, by *Donatello*, and the Adoration of the Kings, by *Donatello*.

In the sacristy, see the Holy Cross, by *Donatello*, and the Annunciation, by *Donatello*, and the Adoration of the Kings, by *Donatello*.

In the sacristy, see the Holy Cross, by *Donatello*, and the Annunciation, by *Donatello*, and the Adoration of the Kings, by *Donatello*.

The ornaments of the pulpit and of the organ, as well as the figures in terra cotta, representing the Resurrection and Ascension, are by *Luca della Robbia*.

The paintings of the great dome are by *Fassari* and *Quarata*.

The bas-reliefs on the base of the columns of the choir are by *Farnelli* and *Giovanni della Robbia*.

The Crucifix at the head of the choir is by *Benedetto da Maiano*, and the three Statues over the altar, by *Benedetto da Maiano*. Immediately behind this, see an unfinished Pietà in marble, by *Michael Angelo*.

On the pillars of the tribunes, and on the walls of the naves, see Statues of the Apostles, in niches. That of St. James is by *Sansovino*; St. Martin, by *Rozzi*; St. Andrew, by *Ferraro*; St. Thomas, by *Rozzi*; St. John the Evangelist, by *Rovezzano*, and St. James the Less, by *Giovanni della Opera*.

The mosaic over the front entrance is by *Gaddo Gaddi*; and the six Statues on pedestals are models by the following celebrated sculptors:

St. Minato and St. Antonino, by *Luca della Robbia*.

St. Zanobi and St. Podio, by *Francavilla*.

St. Andrea Corsini, by *Antonio d'Amadeo*; and

St. Geo. Gualberto, by *Gio. Caccini*.

Over the side door, towards the Campanella, see the Martyrdom of St. Reparata, by *Pasigiano*; and over the door opposite, the Council of Florence, by *Battista Poggi*.

BAPTISTERY OF ST. JOHN.

Over the PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE, observe three Statues in marble, two of which, representing the Baptism of Christ, were begun by *Sansovino*, and finished by *Vincenzio Danti*; that of the Angel is by *Spinazzi*.

Over the door opposite the Bigallo, see the Decollation of St. John the Baptist in bronze, also by *Danti*.

Over that facing the column of St. Zanobi, the three bronze Statues of St. John disputing with a Pharisee and a Doctor of the Law, are by *Rustici*.

The Twelve Apostles, in the interior, are by *Ammannato*, excepting St. Simon, which was broken by accident, and replaced by *Spinazzi*.

See under the arch of the tribune, and over the grand altar, a Statue representing the Apotheosis of St. John, surrounded by a glory of angels, by *Ticciati*; also the presbytery before the altar, rich in fine marbles, and adorned with bas-reliefs, by the same artist.

In the TRIBUNE is the symbol of the Saviour, with the following inscription in letters of gold:

"*Hic Deus est magnus mitis quem denotat Agnus;*"

around which are the figures of

Moses, the four greater prophets, and the three patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

The MOSAIC DOME is by *Gaddo Gaddi*, and represents the Last Judgment, the principal events in the life of the Baptist, the mysteries of the Redeemer, the history of Joseph and his Brethren, &c.

The marble Statue of St. John is by *Piamontini*.

Opposite the baptismal font, observe the Tomb of Baldassar Coscia, who, under the name of John XXII., died at Florence in 1418: it is by *Donatello*.

The Statue in wood of the Magdalen Penitent is also by *Donatello*.

On leaving the Baptistery, visit the BIGALLO opposite. This establishment is for the reception and care of orphans and children abandoned by their parents.

On the façade are two ancient frescos of St. Peter the Martyr preaching, and his delivering the Standard of the Faith to Twelve Nobles. Observe the paintings in the interior, by the sons of *Ghirlandaio* and the scholars of *Giotto*: also a Holy Virgin and Infant Jesus, in marble, by *Andrea Pisano*.

CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO.

PAINTINGS.

The 1st to the right, the Visitation of St. Elizabeth, by *Veracini*.

2d. The Marriage of the Virgin, by *Le Rour*.

3d. St. Laurence, by *Niccolo Lassi*.

4th. An Assumption of the Virgin, unknown.

5th. A Crucifixion, with St. Francis, St. Jerome, and the Magdalen, by *Dandini*.

6th. St. Jerome in the Desert, by the *Chev. Nasini*.

Passing the naves, in the first chapel of the Cross, St. Creche, by *Cosimo Rosselli*.

In the CAPELLA DE' PRINCIPI you see the Tombs of Julian de Medicis, duke of Nemours and brother of Leo X., and of Lorenzo, duke of Urbino. On the tomb of the first observe the Statues of Day and Night,

and, in a niche above, the statue of Julian. On that of Lorenzo, opposite, those of Twilight and Dawn, with his statue above; all by the chisel of the modern Pygmalion, *Michael Angelo*.

Here also is a statue of the Virgin by this great artist, between two saints, Cosmo and Damiano, the one by *Montorsoli*, the other by *Raphael da Montelupo*.

Next visit the magnificent chapel erected by order of the grand duke Ferdinand I., and designed and modelled by *Prince Don Juan*, assisted by the architect *Matteo Nigetti*.

Re-entering the body of the church, observe in the second chapel (in continuation) the Adoration of the Magi, by *Girolamo Macchietti*.

Next the grand altar, on which stands the inimitable Crucifix, by *John de*

The new-born "Sacrifice for Sin" in the Manger, by *Della Notte*.

TWO ROOMS OF PORTRAITS painted by the artists themselves. Among the crowd of celebrated painters, note the portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Angelica Kauffman, Harlow, Canova, Zoffani, and the beautiful *Vigée le Brun*. In one room lies the *Hermaphrodite*, and in the other observe a superb vase from the Villa Medici at Rome, on which is represented, in bas-relief, the *Sacrifice of Iphigenia*.

Paintings which were being copied in different parts of the Gallery.

Flora, by *Titian*; a Madonna and Child, by *Carlo Cignani*.

Among the Etruscan vases stands the statue of the Genius of Death.

LOGGIA DE' LANZI.

Donatello's Judith; *Cellini's* Perseus; and *John de Bologna's* Rape of the Sabines.

In front of the PALAZZO VECCHIO you see *M. Angelo's* David, and *Bandinelli's* Hercules and Cacus, and his Neptune.

THE DUOMO, DEDICATED TO S. MARIA DEL FIORE.

This church is divided into three naves, to which three tribunes of an octoedrical form correspond, each including five chapels.

In the MIDDLE TRIBUNE observe Statues of the Evangelists, by *Donatello*, in the four lateral chapels. In the centre chapel are a Last Supper, by *Giovanni Balducci*; the Disciples at Emmaus, and the Mission of the Apostles, by *Bernardino Poccetti*.

This chapel is consecrated to St. Zanobi, bishop of Florence, and his ashes are preserved under the altar in a magnificent bronze sarcophagus of rich workmanship, by *Ghiberti*.

In passing to the tribune of the Holy Cross, observe the bronze door of the sacristy, and over it a lunette, by *Luca della Robbia*.

In the sacristy, see Angels with festoons, by *Donatello*, and the Flat Arch, deemed a prodigy in architecture.

The altar of the cross contains (as it is said) a large piece of the Holy Cross, and in this tribune are an Annunciation, by *Zuccheri*, and an Adoration of the Magi by an unknown hand.

Observe the Image of St. Joseph in the chapel of this saint, by *Lorenzo di Credi*; two lateral paintings representing his Agony, by *Marco Soderini*; and the Marriage in Cana, by *Giovanni Ferretti*.

Here also observe *Toscanelli's* Meridian. On the walls of the opposite tribune you see two paintings; one, a Birth of Christ, by *Pagani*; the other, the Visitation of Mary to Elizabeth, by *Naddini*.

The ornaments of the gallery and of the organ above, as well as the figures in terra cotta over the door, representing the Resurrection and Ascension, are by *Luca della Robbia*. The paintings of the great dome are by *Fassari* and *Zuccheri*.

The bas-reliefs on the base of the columns of the choir are by *Bandinelli* and *Giovanni dell'Opera*.

The Crucifix at the head of the choir is by *Benedetto da Majano*; and the three Statues over the altar by *Bandinelli*. Immediately behind this, see an unfinished Pieta in marble, by *Michael Angelo*.

On the pillars of the tribunes, and on the walls of the naves, see Statues of the Apostles, in niches. That of St. James is by *Sansorino*; St. Mathias, by *Rozzi*; St. Andrew, by *Ferrucci*; St. Thomas, by *Rozzi*; St. John the Evangelist, by *Rovezzano*, and St. James the Less, by *Giovanni dell'Opera*.

The mosaic over the front entrance is by *Gaddo Gaddi*; and the six Statues on pedestals are models by the following celebrated sculptors:

St. Miniato and St. Antonino, by *Lorenzi*.

St. Zanobi and St. Podio, by *Francavilla*.

St. Andrea Corsini, by *Antonio d'Anibale*; and

St. Geo. Gualberto, by *Gio. Cavcini*.

Over the side door, towards the Campanella, see the Martyrdom of St. Reparata, by *Pasignano*; and over the door opposite, the Council of Florence, by *Battista Poggi*.

Figure, between a statue of the Holy Virgin, by *Michelangelo*, and of St. John, by one of the sculptors.

Yours is the Tomb of Cosmo, by *Piero della Francesca*.

After passing the two chapels of the middle you enter the last sacristy, the church of the Sign of *Francesco*. Here are the five statues, by *Donatello*, of St. Lawrence, St. Stephen, St. Cosmo, and St. Damian; and below them a bas-relief in bronze, by *Benvenuto*. You likewise see the statue of the Child and the Virgin, by *Gianni P. P.* After the design of *Alberto Dürer*.

The two next chapels contain nothing particular.

In returning towards the door, you see on the wall a series of fresco of the Martyrdom of St. Lawrence, by *Benvenuto*.

Past the side-door, a St. Sebastian, by *E. p. m.*

The next chapel contains an Image of the Crucifixion; the one after, a very ancient painting of the Virgin, St. Leonard, and other saints; and then the Martyrdom of St. Arcadius and his Companions, by *Sogliani*. Above this last, observe several small but highly esteemed paintings, by *Beccafumi*. And lastly, you see the Conversion of St. Matthew, by *Pietro Martini*.

Remark the two pulpits in the middle nave, the sides of which are adorned with bas-reliefs in bronze, representing the Mysteries of the Passion, and the Glory of the Redeemer, by *Donatello*.

A staircase leads from the church up to the Biblioteca Mediceo-Laurenziana,—rich in manuscripts in the Tuscan, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Chinese, Arabic, Chaldean, Syriac, Scalvonic, Provençal, and ancient French, languages.

PAINTINGS, &c. IN THE CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE.

Observe a statue in bronze, over the middle porch, of St. Louis, archbishop of Toulouse, by *Donatello*.

FIRST CHAPEL *to the right*.

The Descent from the Cross, by *Silvestri*.

SECOND CHAPEL.

A Crucifixion, by *Santi di Tito*.

Next comes the Tomb of Michael Angelo. The statue representing Sculpture is by *Valerio Cella*; that of Architecture, by *Giovanni dell'Opera*; and the statue of Painting, by *Battista del Cavaliere*.

The Virgin in bas-relief over the bénitier is by *Rosellini*.

THIRD CHAPEL.

Christ bearing his Cross to Mount Calvary, by *Fasari*.

FOURTH CHAPEL.

An Ecce Homo, by *Del Meglio*.

Next comes the Mausoleum of Alfieri, by the chisel of *Canova*.

FIFTH CHAPEL.

The Flagellation of Christ, by *Alessandro del Barbieri*.

Next to this is the Tomb of Machiavel, sculptured by *Sennazzi*.

A painting by *Andrea del Minga* fol-

lows, representing Christ praying in the Garden.

In the CHAPEL OF THE CAVALCANTI FAMILY, see a Statue of the Holy Virgin, by *Donatello*. The St. Francis and St. John, by the side, are by *del Castagno*.

Past the door of the cloister you come to the tomb of the historian Bruni, executed by *Rosellino*, one of *Donatello*'s pupils. The Virgin above is by *Andrea Verrocchio*, the master of *Da Vinci*.

The SEVENTH CHAPEL contains a fine painting, begun by *Cigoli*, and finished by *Biliotti*. The subject is Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.

In the BARBERINI CHAPEL—St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, by *Naldini*.

The next is the CASTELLANI CHAPEL, the ceiling of which was painted by *Starnina*; and the altar-piece, representing the Last Supper, is attributed to *Fasari*, or his school. Observe, also, some terra-cotta works, by *Luca della Robbia*; and the Tomb of Skotniki, by *Ricci*.

Afterwards, the BARONCELLI CHAPEL. The ancient paintings on the walls are by *Taddeo Gaddi*; and the

Coronation of the Virgin, over the altar, is an esteemed painting of *Giotto's*.

In the SACRISTY, observe the Holy Virgin, and Four Saints, over the altar, by *Taddeo Gaddi*; as likewise are the paintings on the walls.

The MEDICI CHAPEL, or of the Noviziato.—The altar-piece is by *Filippo Lippi*; the architecture of the chapel by *Michelozzo*.

Leaving the Sacristy, observe the second, or RICCARDI CHAPEL. St. Lawrence distributing Alms, is by *Passignano*; St. Helen (over the altar) is by *Biliverti*; and St. Francis in Prayer, by *Matteo Rosselli*. The frescos, representing the Life of the Apostle St. Andrew, and those on the ceiling, are by *Giovanni da San Giovanni*.

In the CHAPEL OF ST. FRANCIS, see the Portrait of the Saint, by *Cimabue*.

On the walls of the choir, the Discovery of the Cross, by *Agnolo Gaddi*.

In the next five chapels, you see paintings by *Giotto*, *Giottino*, and *Gaddi*.

You now come to the magnificent CHAPEL OF THE NICCOLINI. The statues of Moses and Aaron, and of Chastity, Prudence, and Humility, are by *Francavilla*. The Assumption and Coronation of the Virgin, are both by *Alexander Allori*; and the frescos on the cupola, as also the Four Sibyls, are by the beautiful and correct pencil of *Volterrano*.

Over the altar in the chapel which next follows, you see the celebrated Crucifix by *Donatello*.

In the next, or CHAPEL OF THE SALVIATI, observe the superb painting of the Martyrdom of St. Laurence, by *Ligozzi*.

Returning by the side nave, see a Representation of the Holy Trinity, by *Cigoli*; the Coming of the Holy Ghost, by *Vasari*.

Passing the side-door, observe under the organ the Chapel of the Conception, painted by *Giotto*.

Next, the Ascension of Jesus Christ, by *Stradano*. The Scepticism of St. Thomas, by *Vasari*. Christ discovering Himself to his Disciples at the Supper of Emmaus, and his Glorious Resurrection, by *Santi di Tito* (both fine).

You now arrive at the Tomb of the immortal Galileo, designed by *Foggini*. The statue of Astronomy is by his son *Vincenzio*; that of Geometry, by *Ticciati*.

Next follows a painting of Jesus taken from the Cross to the Tomb, by *Naldini*.

On each side of the principal entrance there is a Descent from the Cross; and in the Convent adjoining, the visitor will find several ancient and esteemed paintings by *Cimabue* and *Giotto*.

In the PIAZZA SANTA CROCE, observe the fresco paintings on the façade of the house of the late head professor of the Academy of Design, painted, in 1619, by the most distinguished artists of the day, among whom were *Passignano*, *San Giovanni*, *Rosselli*, *Vannini*, *Ferrucci*, &c. It was finished in twenty-seven days.

CHURCH OF S. MARIA NOVELLA.

Over the middle door on entering, see a Crucifixion, by *Giotto*.

Turning to the right—

1st. Chapel. An Annunciation, by *Santi di Tito*.

2d. St. Laurence, by *Macchietti*.

3d. A Nativity, by the graceful pencil of *Naldini*.

4th. The Purification, by the same.

5th. A Descent, by the same.

6th. Resurrection of Lazarus, by *Tito*.

7th. St. Raymond bringing a Child again to Life, by *Ligozzi*.

In turning into the TRANSEPT, observe the Tomb of Joseph, Patriarch of Constantinople. Mount the stairs to the right, and in the chapel observe a fine painting representing a miracle of the Holy Virgin, by *Bugiardini*, in which several of the figures were designed by *Michael Angelo* and *Il Tribolo*. Here, also, is the first work that came from *Cimabue's* easel—it is a Madonna.

Next, in the CHAPEL OF ST. DOMINICK, see a painting by *Vignali*, and a *Pieta* by *Velio*. The two large side

- paintings are by *Sagrestani* (fine) and *Gio. Ponchi*.
- In the adjoining CHAPEL, see St. John the Evangelist raising Dr. Sina from the Dead; and the Apostle Philip exorcising the Idol of the God Mars, in fresco, by *Filippo Lippi*.
- The Virgin in marble, behind the altar is by *Benedetto da Majano*; and the fine paintings in the choir, representing on one side the Life of the Virgin, and on the other that of St. John the Baptist, are by *Ghirlandajo*.
- The paintings on the sides of the choir, which represent the Resurrection of Christ, are by *Benedetto*, the nephew of Ghirlandajo.
- Between the beautiful marble columns, on the high altar, observe an Assumption, by *Sabatelli*.
- In the chapel to the left, see the Crucifix in wood, carved by *Brunellesco*, on the occasion of his famous dispute with Donatello.
- In the next, you find a superb painting representing Christ restoring to Life the Daughter of the Archisynagogus, by *Agnolo Bronzino*, who also painted the ceiling.
- You now ascend by steps to a chapel painted in fresco, by the brothers *Andrea* and *Bernard Orcagna*; one representing Paradise; another Hell. The Altar-piece is also by *Andrea*.
- In the SACRISTY, see the Conversion of St. Paul, by *Sebastiano da Verona*, a pupil of Paul Veronese. The Baptism of Christ, by *Stradano*; his Crucifixion, by *Vasari*; and St. Vincent restoring a Dead Man, by *Dandini*.
- The two paintings in segments are by *Vignali*; and the Crucifix, by *Mussacchio*.
- Returning to the nave, observe—
St. Hyacinth, by *Alexander Allori*.
- The Bénéitier of granite, in the corner, is by *Michael Angelo*.
- In the second Chapel—St. Catherine, in relief, by *Atteneati*; and the small paintings, by *Poccetti*. St. Peter the Martyr is by *Cigoli*, and another by *Fanoli*.
- Next, a Resurrection, and a Madonna, by *Vasari*. By the side of this, see Christ at the Well, by *Alexander Allori*.
- At the end of the nave you find the Ricci Chapel, in which the St. Catherine is by *Romanelli*.
- And, lastly, St. Vincent preaching, by *Del Miglio*.
- Quitting the church, and entering the OUTER CLOISTER of the convent, observe the frescos painted by *Uccello* and *Messer Dello*. Here you find the Spanish Chapel, the walls and ceiling of which were painted by *Memmi* and *Taddeo Gaddi*. The painting representing St. James the Apostle, is by *Bronzino*; and the Marble Crucifix, by *Piratti*. Observe, likewise, the portrait of Cimabue, in a white dress; and, close to this, the portrait of Memmi, by himself.
- In the second, or INNER CLOISTER, we find fifty lunettes, representing the Life of St. Dominick, that of Thomas Aquinas, St. Catherine of Siena, and others, which embody the pencils of *Santi di Tito*, *Poccetti*, *Cigoli*, the *Allori*, *Balducci*, *Soderini*, &c.
- In the REFECTORY, see the Rain of Manna in the Wilderness, by *Alex. Allori*; and a Last Supper, by his brother *Angelo*.
- On leaving the Convent, observe, in the Piazza S. M. NOVELLO, two Pyramids supported on the backs of four tortoises, in bronze, by *John de Bologna*.

CHURCH OF THE S. S. ANNUNZIATA.

- In the CHAPEL OF ST. SEBASTIAN, belonging to the Pucci family, see St. Sebastian, by *Pollajolo*; and two others, by *Aurelio Lomi* and *Paggi*. The Tribune was painted by *Poccetti*, and the Statues are by the chisel of *Norelli*.
- In the SMALL COURT, observe a Nativity in fresco, to the left of the door which leads into the church, by *Baldovinetti*; to the left of which you see the Vision of St. Philip Benizi, by *Cosimo Rosselli*. The others which immediately follow, are by *del Sarto*, and a Bust of this artist, by *Cuccini*. The paintings represent the principal traits in the life of St. Philip. The lunette by the side of the entrance to the court, representing the Marriage of the Virgin, is by

Franchiabigio; the Visit of Mary to Elizabeth, by *Pontormo*; and her Assumption, by *Rosso*.

On entering the Church, observe the magnificent CHAPEL OF THE ANNUNCIATION, and the small ORATORY off it.

Next to this is the CHAPEL FERONI, designed by *Foggini*, lined with marble, and ornamented with statues. The altar-piece, representing the Agony of St. Joseph, is by *Carlo Lotti*; the two Statues of Meditation and Maritime Fortune, are by *Piamontini*; those of Fidelity and Navigation, are by *Andreozzi*; the St. Dominick is by *Carlo Marcellini*; the St. Francis, by *Cateni*.

In the 2d, the Universal Judgment, by *Alex. Allori*.

3d. A Crucifixion—a *chef-d'œuvre* of *Stradano's*.

4th. The paintings are by *Perugino*.

5th. An Assumption, with St. James and St. Rock below, by *Dandini*.

In the Chapel, as you turn into the left transept of the cross, observe the Lunettes and Ceiling, in fresco, by *Franceschini* (*Volterrano*); and over the altar, St. Zenobi, and two others (ancient).

The next CHAPEL is that of the CRUCIFIX. The Paintings and Architecture are by *Chaman* of Lorraine; the ceiling was painted by *Meucci*. Under the altar lies the body of St. Florence the martyr.

In the TADDEI CHAPEL—an Altar-piece, by *Franceschini*, and the frescos by *Ulivelli*.

In the GREAT TRIBUNE, over the 1st altar, the Birth of the Virgin, by *Alex. Allori*. The side painting in Cornu Epistolæ is by his son *Cristofano*, and the three others by *Passignano*; the ceiling by *Pocetti*.

2d. Chapel. St. Michael, by *Pignoni*.

3d. The Virgin and Saints, by *Perugino*.

4th. The Resurrection, by *Angiolo Brunzino*.

5th. See the bronze bas-reliefs, by *John de Bologna*; and the Grand Crucifix, after a model by the same. The painting representing the Resurrection is by *Ligozzi*; the Pieta, by *Passignano*; and a Nativity by

Paggi. The frescos in the cupola are by *Pocetti*.

6th. A painting representing several of the Blessed in Paradise, is by *Nannetti*.

7th. The Blind Man receiving his Sight, by *Passignano*.

8th. The Marriage of St. Catherine, by *Biliverti*.

9th. The Virgin and Infant Jesus, with St. Ann, by *Donnini*; as are also St. Philip Benizi, and St. Julian Falconieri.

The DOME OF THE GRAND TRIBUNE was painted by *Volterrano* at a very advanced age.

On a level with the Presbytery, see the Tomb and Statue of the Bishop A. M. Medici, by *Da San Gallo*.

At the top of the Cross you find the CHAPEL OF THE HOLY CONCEPTION. The Altar-piece is by *Meucci*, as also the Ceiling. The two Laterals are by *Grifoni*.

In a Chapel to the right, see the St. Barbara, also by *Grifoni*; and two Portraits—one of *Stradano*, the other of Lorenzo Palmieri.

Opposite is the CHAPEL of the sculptor BANDINELLI. The Dead Christ supported by Nicodemus, is the work of this artist; and the Head of Nicodemus represents his own portrait.

Leaving the Cross, and returning towards the door, observe a small chapel under the organ, designed by *Silvani*. The altar-piece of Christ Risen again, is by *Puglieschi*; as also the figures of two Prophets. Observe a St. Rock in linden wood, carved by *Master Jann*, and some fine sculpture in marble.

In the next, Jesus healing the Wound of St. Laziosi, by *Ulivelli*.

3d. Frescos, by the same.

4th. The Martyrdom of St. Lucy, by *Vignali*; the Cupola is by *Volterrano*.

5th. St. Piccolomini, by *Dandini*.

6th. A Virgin and Child, St. Nicholas, and other Saints, by *Empoli*; the frescos on the walls are by *Matteo Rosselli*.

CONVENT OF THE SERVI* adjoining. See an altar-piece of the Trinity in the Chapel of the Academy of Design, by *Bronzino*. St. Luke painting the

* So called from their enrolling themselves servants of the Virgin.

Portrait of the Virgin, is by *Vasari*; and the Building of Solomon's Temple, by *Santi di Tito*. The Twelve Statues which surround this chapel are by divers skilful sculptors of the Academy.

The CROISSERS of the Convent contain the celebrated Madonna del Sacco, by *del Sarto*. The other frescos are by *Poccetti*, *Matteo Rosselli*, and *Ventura Salimbeni*.

The two naves which make an angle with *del Sarto's* Madonna, were painted by *Poccetti*, and represent the principal events in the lives of the seven noble founders of the Order of the Servi; among which, see the Blessed Amadeus, one of the seven, restoring a drowned child to life; Manettus, in his old age, resigning the bishopric of Florence to Philip Benizi, before retiring to Monte Sanario; Sartegno preaching the Gospel at Paris, in the time of King Philip, A.D. 1269; the Death of Alesso Falconieri (next the Madonna); the Seven Founders taking Leave of the World to give themselves up to the Service of the Virgin; the Seven in the habit of Hermits; remark the beautiful group in the skies, of Faith, Hope, and Charity; the Seven

building their first dwelling in the desert of Monte Sanario; the Virgin delivering the Black Dress to the founders of "her servants."

The frescos by *Salimbeni* are —

The Holy Virgin in a Car, drawn by a lion and a lamb; Philip Benizi called by a Vision of the Virgin to assume the habit of the Servi; the building of the Church of the Annunziata; Clement IV. granting the first Indulgence to this Church.

These by *Matteo Rosselli* are —

St. Manettus preaching before St. Louis; Innocent IV. appointing his nephew, Cardinal Fiesco, Protector of the Order of the Servi; Alexander IV. according to the Order the power of establishing Convents in all parts of the world; St. Bonfigliuolo renouncing, in favour of St. Buonagiunto, the government of the Order.

Remark also the fresco commemorating the Miracle of the painter Bartolommeo and the Angel who finished the portrait of the Virgin.

In the REFECTORY, see the Supper of the Pharisee, a fresco, by *Santi di Tito*.

In the GARDEN, you see the Parable of the Vineyard, by *Andrea del Sarto*.

CHURCH OF S. MARIA NUOVA.

There are four Altar-pieces.

1st to the right—The Virgin giving the Infant Jesus to St. Anthony, St. Francis and St. Nicolas present, by *Fichorelli*.

The next is by *Poggi*.

1st to the left represents an event in the life of St. Louis, by *Volterrano*.

2d. The Descent from the Cross, by *Alex. Allori*.

There are six paintings on the walls, viz. The Martyrdom of St. Barbara, by *Ludovico Buti*.

The Magdalen Penitent, by *Andrea del Castagno*. The infant angels present are supposed to be the portraits of the Portinari family.

The Virgin and Infant Jesus, with St. Agnes, St. Rosa, and St. Cecilia, by *Alex. Allori*.

Under the grand altar, St. Egidio, by *Gimignani*.

The Flight into Egypt, by *Veneziano*; and, lastly,

The Assumption of the Virgin, by *Em-poli*.

At the entrance which leads into the court and upper apartments, see a Tabernacle, in fresco, representing Charity, by *San Giovanni*; and to the left hand, a Last Judgment, begun by *Della Porta*, and finished by *Albertinelli*.

MUSEO D'ISTORIA NATURALE.

The first seven rooms contain the celebrated wax anatomical preparations, executed principally by the artist *Susini*, in the following order:—

1st Room.—Preparations consisting

chiefly of the Abdominal Viscera and Brain.

2d. The centre of this room is occupied by a full-length recumbent statue of the Blood-vessels and Lymphatics, as

- they appear on the integuments being removed. Around are seen different sections of the brain, and expositions of the internal anatomy of the eye and ear.
- 3d. The Nervous System, commencing with models of the nerves supplying the eye, ear, throat, face, and neck; the distribution of the great sympathetic and its multitudinous connexions, and of the accessory nerve. The central statue represents the superficial veins and lymphatics of the head and extremities, and an internal view of those of the thorax and abdomen.
- 4th. Nerves which descend from the head and neck to the thorax; the intercostal nerves; beautiful representations of the nerves of the upper and lower extremities, and of the pelvis. In the centre lies a statue, with fine exhibitions of the arteries, veins, and lymphatics of the head and extremities, and of the interior of the chest and abdomen.
- 5th. Nerves of the Viscera: a representation of the spinal chord; of the blood-vessels and nerves of the neck, chest, abdomen, and pelvis, in relative position. The central statue exemplifies the entire venous system.
- 6th. Nerves of the Upper Extremity in their relative situation: a beautiful exhibition of the same, divested of the surrounding soft parts, from the brachial plexus down to the extremities of the fingers, with nothing else save the bones beneath; nerves of the lower extremity similarly represented; a fine exposition of the fifth pair, and of the nerves supplying the eye. In the centre is a statue of the whole of the arterial system; behind which stands the *chef-d'œuvre* of *Susini*, displaying, with the most admirable exactitude and distinctness in all their details, the whole nervous, arterial, and venous systems, with the muscles and viscera so separated from each other, as to allow the eye to combine their relative position and distribution.
- 7th. Various models of Comparative Anatomy: preparations of the head of the dog, cat, goat, calf, and turkey; the anatomy of the leech displayed; of the cock and hen; of the ovaria of the last, and the neighbouring vessels and nerves; a beautiful representation shewing the course of the egg in the oviduct, and various preparations demonstrating the different stages of incubation; anatomy of the male and female seppia; of the silk-worm and other insects; of the head of the viper; of the snail; and, lastly, a beautiful illustration of the principal viscera and blood-vessels of the cod-fish.
- 8th. This apartment is appropriated to specimens in *Ornithology*, but contains nothing very curious or rare.
- 9th. *Ichthyology*.—Observe a *Scymnus spinosus*; a *Chrysostoses Luna*, or cardinal fish; a *Squalus Americanus*; a *Holocentrus Gigas*; and a preparation of that shapeless monster of the deep, the *Orthogoriscus Mola*.
- 10th. *Reptiles*.—Remark a very large scutum of the *Testudo coriacea*.
- 11th. *Moths and Butterflies*.—Among the latter there are some of great beauty; as, the *Papilio Midamus*, *Menelaus*, *Ulysses*, and *Leilus*.
- 12th. Testaceous and other Molluscæ.
- 13th. *Conchology*.—The collection is indifferent, as a great many of the specimens are dead shells. Observe some large *Pennæ Nobiles*. On the table which stands in the centre of the room, remark a beautiful bouquet, composed of various coloured shells; also some fine pieces of the sea-net, (the *Serpula Filigrana* of *Linnæus*).
- 14th. *Madrepores*, *Millepores*, and *Zoophytes*.
- 15th. Seeds and specimens of different woods.
- 16th. Plants in flower, modelled in wax, chiefly exotic; many among which are extremely well executed; in particular, the *Isis Susiana*, *Portlandia nitida*, *Stapelia hirsuta*, and *Cactus mamillaris*.
- 17th. Same continued.—Observe the *Musa coccinea* and *Cactus triangularis*.
- On the central table are four singularly contorted branches of the *Sorbus monstrosus*.
- 18th. Here you come to the Minerals, beginning with the metals. The only thing remarkable is the table of Florentine marble which stands in the centre of this room.
- 19th. The Metals continued.—Observe

a large crystalline mass of silicious iron ore, from Rio della Marina (Elba), and some large and handsome specimens of the iridescent iron ore, also from Elba.

20th. The same continued.

21st. Here are several pretty dendritic specimens of the Florentine marl, and some bas-relief medallions from the baths of San Filippi; also several large and fine specimens of arragonite.

22d. Minerals continued. — Observe some large crystallised native alum, from Monte Rotondo.

23d. Contains the more precious minerals. Observe some beautiful diaspres, Egyptian jaspers and hyaline quartz; also the petrified trunk of a tree in silex, and two tables of great beauty, exquisitely inlaid with

jaspagates, carnelians, lapis lazuli, and riband-jasper.

24th. Lavas, scorix, and other volcanic productions; also a small collection of geological specimens.

25th. Organic remains.

26th. A small collection of savage ornaments and weapons.

From this you enter a small CABINET, where you find the extraordinary pictures in wax of Zumbo's sepulchral imagination.

There is another SITE OF ROOMS, which contains models in wax representing every muscle separately, with its origin and insertion; and a fine collection of wax preparations, which demonstrate the different stages of pregnancy, from the fetus, fifteen days old from conception, till the full period of gestation.

PAINTINGS AND STATUARY IN THE PALACE PITTI.

This palace is one of the largest and most majestic in Italy. It was begun after the design of *Brunellesco*, as the residence of Luca Pitti, a Florentine gentleman (hence its name); and was afterwards considerably enlarged by Cosmo the Second, under the superintendence of the architect *Ammannato*. It is of the pure Etruscan, or rustic order.

On mounting the staircase, you enter an ante-room, in which is a fine heroic statue of Augustus, and opposite, that of a captive Dacian king. Here, also, is a statue of Minerva, but it wants dignity.

In the Boudoir of the Grand Duchess, you see *Canova's* Venus.

PAINTINGS IN THE FIRST ROOM to the right.

Two Bohemians telling a Countryman his Fortune, by *Caravaggio*.

Two fine Marine Views, by *Salvator Rosa*.

The Birth of Love, beautifully painted by *Tintoretto*.

Adam and Eve, two separate paintings, by *Albert Durer*.

The Call of St. Peter, by *Cigoli*.

Two small *Fetis*.

Figures and Game, by *Giovanni da S. Giovanni*.

The Triumph of David, by *Matteo Rosselli*.

The Virgin and Saints, by *Del Sarto*.

Apollo trampling Marsyas under his feet, by *Guercino*.

SECOND ROOM.

A Holy Family, by *Giulio Romano*.

The Virgin and Child, by *Murillo*.

A fine *Bronzino*.

A Bacchante, by *Guido*.

A Descent, by *Cigoli*.

Portrait of Rembrandt when young, by himself.

The Dead Body of the Saviour in a winding sheet, in landscape scenery, by *Del Sarto*.

St. Sebastian, by *Guercino*.

The Virgin, Infant Jesus, St. John, and

St. Ann, by *Del Sarto*.

Another Virgin and Child, by *Murillo*.

A Pieta, by *Fra Bartolommeo*.

St. Philip kneeling before the Virgin

and Child Jesus, by *Carlo Maratta*.

Christ at Emmaus, by *Palma il Vecchio*.

THIRD ROOM.

The celebrated Madonna della Seggiola, by *Raphael*.

An Ecce Homo, by *Cigoli*.

Portrait of Leo X. by *Raphael*.

St. Mark, by *Fra Bartolommeo*.

Portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio, by *Vandyck*.

The Madonna d'Impegnato, by *Raphael*.

Abraham's Sacrifice, by *Cigoli*.

St. Peter, by *Carlo Dolce*.

Judith, by *Cristofano Allussimo*.
 A Holy Family, by *Angelo Allori*.
 The Magdalen Penitent, by *Caniacci*.
 Jacob and Rebecca (unfinished), by *Guido*.
 An Assumption of the Virgin, by *Gior-dano*.

St. Sebastian, by *Guido*.
 A Holy Family, by *Carlo Socci*.

FOURTH ROOM.

Two Battle-pieces, by *Borgognone*.
 A ditto, by *Salvator Rosa*.
 Mars quitting Venus, by *Rubens*.
 The Fates, in chiaro-scuro, by *Michael Angelo*.
 A Pieta, and a Birth, by *Parmegiano*.
 A large Bacchanal Landscape, by *Rubens*.
 The Conjuratation of Catiline, by *Salvator Rosa*.
 Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, by *Spagnoletto*.
 A Holy Family, and Venus retaining Mars (fine), by *Rubens*.
 Cupid staying his Mother.

FIFTH ROOM.

A Pieta, by *Perugino*.
 A Virgin and Child, and the Vision of Ezekiel, by *Raphael*.
 A Holy Family, by *Carlo Dolce*.
 Cleopatra, by *Guido*.
 A copy on porcelain of *Dolce's* "Poetry," which is in the Corsini Palace.
 Apollo and the Muses, by *Giulio Romano*.
 Adam mourning over the dead Body of Abel, by *Schidone*.
 The Saviour, by *Bartolommeo*.
 Martyrdom of Saint Agata, by *Del Piombo*.

The ceilings of all the rooms were painted by *Pietro da Cortona*.

The BOBOLI GARDENS are behind the Pitti Palace, and are open to the public on Thursdays and Sundays. Here you see *John de Bologna's* statues of Abundance and Ocean.

PAINTINGS IN THE CORSINI PALACE.

This palace was built after designs by *Silvani*, and is of the Tuscan order. You ascend to the first floor by two staircases; and where they unite, you see the statue of Pope Corsini (Clement XII.).

FIRST ROOM.

Two large paintings, by *Pandolfo*, representing the Siege of Barcelona.
 Toby and the Fish, by *Matteo Roselli*.
 Two Battle-pieces, by *Borgognone*.
 A fine interior, representing High Life below Stairs, by *Fiamingo*.

SECOND ROOM.

The Death of Priam (modern), by *Benvenuti*.
 Martyrdom of St. Andrew, and Christ returning the Tribute-Money, by *Ribera*.
 Fortune seated on her Wheel, by *Michael Angelo*.
 Charity, by *Salviati*.
 Venus and Adonis, by *Han. Caracci*.
 A Pieta, by *Cigoli*.
 An unfinished Portrait of Rembrandt, by himself.

THIRD ROOM.

Venus and Cupids, in landscape scenery, by *Albani*.
 Poetry, an Ecce, St. Sebastian, Hope, Peace, St. Cecilia, St. Apollonia,—all by *Carlo Dolce*.

FOURTH ROOM.

Lucretia, by *Guido*.
 Virgin and Child, by *Dolce*.
 Portrait of Pope Julius II., a cartoon, by *Raphael*.
 Two Landscapes, and two Marine Views, of great beauty, by *Salvator Rosa*.
 St. Paul and St. Anthony, by *Dolce*.
 Two Philosophers disputing, by *Spagnoletto*.
 The Centaur Nessus and Dejanira, by *Furino*.
 Incantation, by *Salvator Rosa*.
 St. Jerome (a fine head), by *Tintoretto*.
 A Venus, by *Titian*.
 The Baptism of Christ, by *Santi di Tito*.

SIENA.

THE CATHEDRAL.

This fine Gothic church was begun in 1284, by *Giovanni da Pisa*, and finished by *Agostino* and *Agnolo*, Siennese architects, in 1333.

Remark the Historical Engravings on the pavements; the Bronze Statuary on the high altar, by the pupils of Michael Angelo; and an Assumption behind, by *Cesi*.

In the CHIGI CHAPEL you see St. Jerome and a Magdalen, by *Bernini*; a Visitation, by *Carlo Maratta*; and a Flight into Egypt, in mosaic, copied from the same master.

In the CAMERA DI RAFFAELLE you find the fine frescos designed by *Raphael*, six of which were coloured by *Pinturicchio*, and the seventh by *Raphael* himself. Here also you see the celebrated group of the Graces.

On the Tomb of Archbishop Piccolomini are figures of two Angels and Christ holding his Cross, by *Michael Angelo*.

The different altars are adorned with paintings: that of the Marriage of St. Catherine is by *Dandini*; St. Bernard preaching, by *Il Calabrese*; the Conversion of St. Ansaro, by *Vanni*; and the Adoration of the Magi, by *Pietro Sorri*.

Before the entrance into the Choir are four large frescos by *Ventura Salimbeni*; and in the CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN there is a statue of this saint by *Donatello*.

THE CHURCH OF THE DOMINICANS is remarkable for a very ancient picture in wood, representing the Virgin with the Infant Jesus in her arms, by *Guido Sances*; it is dated 1221, and is in the Venturini Chapel.—*Martyn*.

CHURCH OF SAINT AGOSTINO.—A Crucifixion, by *Perugino*; an Adoration of the Magi, by *Razzi*; Christ bearing his Cross, by *Aless. Casolani* and *Salimbeni*; and Jesus, the Virgin, and Saints, by *Carlo Maratta*.—*Martyn*.

In the CHAPEL OF THE HOSPITAL OF S. M. DELLA SCALA, observe a fine fresco of the Pool of Bethesda, by *Sebastian Conca*.

THE SACRED HOUSE OF ST. CATHERINE is situated in the Costa de' Tintori, where, in her father's shop, now a chapel, you see Christ's Visit to St. Catherine, by *Razzi*, and her Death, by *Pacchiaretti*; also, a painting of St. Catherine curing one sick, by *Vanni*; another of her miracles, by *Buonaccitura*; and one which represents her receiving a Present sent from Heaven at the hands of the Pope, by *Conca*.

ROME.

CHURCH OF ST. PETER.

Remark the magnificent double Colonnade by *Bernini*, within which stands a handsome obelisk, 103 feet in height, including the pedestal. Though Egyptian, it is without hieroglyphics, and is the only one in Rome found entire; on each side of it is a beautiful *jet-d'eau*.

In the Portico you see *Giottò's* Mosaic, called the Navicella; and in the Pæcment, a bas relief in marble by *Romano*, representing Christ commanding Peter to feed his Flock.

At one end of the Portico is an equestrian statue of Constantine the Great, by *Bernini*; and at the other, of Charlemagne, by *Cornacchini*.

The four bronze twisted columns which sustain the Baldacchino covering the Altar and Confessional of St. Peter, are 122 feet high. They are made of Cornuthian brass, and were taken from the Pantheon.

In the GRAND TRIBUNE you see the Chair of St. Peter, enclosed in gilt bronze, and supported by the four doctors of the church.

The Mosaics in this magnificent Basilica are as follow :—

St. Peter, over the Porta Santa, is after *Ciro Ferri*.

In the FIRST CHAPEL to the right you see *M. Angelo's* famous Pieta, sculptured when he was only twenty-five years old.

The Mosaics of the Cupola are from *Pietro da Cortona* and *Ciro Ferri*, and the Frescos by *Lanfranc*.

CHAPEL OF S. SEBASTIAN.

Cupola, from *P. da Cortona*; Altar-piece, the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, from *Domenichino*.

CHAPEL OF SS. SACRAMENTO.

Cupola, from *P. da Cortona*.
The Cibario of lapis lazuli, by *Bernini*.
The painting representing the Trinity is by *P. da Cortona*.
St. Maurice, by *Bernini*.

MOsaICS.

The Communion of St. Jerome, from *Domenichino*.

St. Basil, from *Subleyras*.

Saints Processus and Martinianus, from *Valentin*.

The Martyrdom of St. Erasmus, from *N. Poussin*.

La Navicella, from *Lanfranc*.

PAINTINGS IN THE GALLERY OF THE VATICAN.

ANTE-ROOM.

A Portrait of his late Majesty George IV., presented to his late Holiness Pius VII., painted by *Sir Thomas Lawrence*.

FIRST ROOM.

Two allegorical paintings (Virtues and Mysteries), by *Raphael*.

A Portrait of a Doge, by *Titian*.

Christ, the Virgin and St. Catherine, and the Tiburtine Sibyl, by *Garofalo*.

SECOND ROOM.

The Transfiguration, by *Raphael*.

A superb painting, by *Titian*, of St. Sebastian and others. No figure can well be finer than that of St. Sebastian.

The Communion of St. Jerome, by *Domenichino*.

Cows, by *Paul Potter*.

THIRD ROOM.

The Dead Body of Christ borne to the Tomb in the arms of St. Peter, by

The Archangel Michael, from *Guido*.
St. Petronilla, from *Guercino*.

St. Peter raising Tabitha, from *Placido Costanza*.

The Cupola of the CLEMENTINE CHAPEL is from designs by *Michael Angelo*, and is covered with arabesques and foliage in mosaic: the other Mosaics are from *Roncalli*. The Altar-piece was painted by *Andrea Sacchi*.

The celebrated Transfiguration, from *Raphael*.

The CHAPEL OF THE CHOIR contains an Assumption of the Virgin, from *Pietro Bianchi*.

The Mosaics in the CHAPEL OF THE PRESENTATION are from designs by *Carlo Maratta*. The Altar-piece is by *Romanelli*.

In the BAPTISTERY, the Mosaic of St. John baptising Christ, is from *Carlo Maratta*; the two others are from *Passari* and *Procaccini*.

Among the MAUSOLEUMS, remark that of Paul III., by *Giacomo della Porta*; that of Gregory XIII., by *Camillo Rusconi*; and those of Urban VIII., Alexander VII., and the Countess Matilda, by *Bernini*. Note also the fine statue of St. Andrew bearing his Cross, by *Francesco Fiamingo*.

Caravaggio. Full of varied expression and strong relief.

An Assumption of the Virgin, designed by *Raphael*, and painted by his pupil *Giulio Romano*.

FOURTH ROOM.

The Crucifixion of St. Peter, by *Guido*.

The Birth of the Virgin, by *Albani*.

The Virgin and Child Jesus appearing in the Sky to St. Francis and another, by *Guido*.

St. Romualdo's Vision, by *Andrea Sacchi*.

FIFTH ROOM.

The Incredulity of St. Thomas, by *Guercino*.

The Martyrdom of St. Erasmus, by *N. Poussin*. Remark the fine transparency in the distribution of the colouring, throwing a noon-tide effect on the figures.

An Annunciation, by *Baroccio*.

The Martyrdom of Saints Processus and Martinianus, by *Valentin*.

SIXTH ROOM.

A Magdalen, by *Guercino*.

The Madonna di Foligno, and her Coronation, by *Raphael*.

The beautiful frescos in RAPHAEL'S STANZI represent the Battle at the Milvian Bridge; the subjects of Heliodorus, Attila, and the Miracle of the Borgo; the Miracle of the Mass at Bolsena; the Deliverance of St. Peter from Prison; and the School of Athens.

STATUARY IN THE MUSEO PIO-CLEMENTINO.

IN THE LONG GALLERY, as you enter.
No. 131. Diana Triformis, sculptured out of one piece of marble.

No. 214. A colossal head of Ocean, which had, probably, served as an oracle.

No. 467. Statue of a Dog.

No. 494. Statue of Tiberius (seated).

No. 544. Silenus.

No. 562. Bust of Augustus.

No. 589. A Mercury.

No. 681. Hygeia, holding her symbol in her left hand.

No. 685. A crouching Venus (extremely fine).

No. 700. A fine Head of Antoninus.

No. 838. Statue of Venus (draped from the loins downwards).

Passing onward, you see, in the SQUARE VESTIBULE, the handsome Doric Sarcophagus of *Cornelius Scipio*, and the celebrated *Belvidere Torso*. Afterwards, in their appropriate Cabinets: The Apollo Belvidere.

The Group of the Laocoon.

The two Melagers.

Percus, and the Two Wrestlers, both by *Canova*.

On each side of the entrance to the Hall of Animals, observe a superb statue of a Wolf-dog.

HALL OF ANIMALS.

A small Goat bit by a Serpent in the mouth.

A Hyena devouring a Sheep, in which the wool is represented.

Two Greyhounds, one biting the other's ear.

A Dog which has leapt on the back of a Stag, biting its side.

Another statue of the same subject, in which the stag bounds away with the speed of the wind.

A Pointer, of speckled marble.

A small Lion, of dun-coloured marble.

In the PAULINE CHAPEL you see the Crucifixion of St. Peter, and the Conversion of St. Paul,—both by *Michael Angelo*.

In the SISTINE is *M. Angelo's* Last Judgment; and on the ceiling you see a sublime figure of God the Father; our First Parents; and the Prophets and Sibyls,—also by *Michael Angelo*.

A Goat suckling a Kid.

Three Cranes killing Serpents.

A Leopard of Egyptian alabaster, with the spots beautifully let in.

A large Lion couchant, of *giallo antico*.

Another statue of a Lion, half recumbent, with the head of an ox between his paws.

Statue of a Horse.

A Horse's Head.

In the GALLERY OF STATUES see—

No. 854. Statue of a Female holding up her hands in surprise. It stands in a recess to the left.

No. 902. A semi-colossal statue of Jupiter seated; a statue of Diana. At the opposite end of the Gallery observe a recumbent statue of a Female Asleep, wearing an armlet of the figure of an asp, called, from this circumstance, the Cleopatra.

HALL OF THE FAUN.

Statue of a Faun, in *rosso antico*.

A Ganymede.

No. 945. Statue of a Female Bacchante.

Statue of Adonis.

A Pontifical Chair, in *rosso antico*, quite perfect.

The fresco on the ceiling represents the Marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne.

HALL OF THE MUSES.

Note Urania, holding her attribute, a globe, in her hand; the Muse of Comedy, seated; and Sappho.

Here are also some fine terminal busts of Pericles, Solon, Zeno, Miltiades, Socrates, &c.

In going to the Hall of the Porphyry Basin, observe a Statue of that hoary and obscene sot, Silenus, holding a cup in his hand.

HALL OF THE PORPHYRY BASIN.

So called from the large magnificent basin which stands in the centre.

Remark two fine Statues of Juno, one as Queen of Olympus, with a patera in her left hand, the other as Queen of Hell, holding a spear and buckler.

Statues of Bacchus and Amphion.

A Statue seated, and one of Ceres.

Busts of Jupiter, Pertinax, and Faustina.

On each side of the doorway, observe two terms of Bacchantes (extremely fine).

As you leave this hall, observe, on the right of the passage, the Statue of a Philosopher teaching.

HALL OF THE CAR.

The Horses and Car occupy the centre. No. 1311 is a beautifully delicate Statue, leaning his arm on the trunk of a tree.

No. 1286. A Minerva.

No. 1290. A most beautiful Bacchanal.

A Discobolus in the act of throwing the disc.

A Statue of Ajax.

Observe, also, two beautiful Sarcophagi, the bas-reliefs on which give a good idea of an ancient chariot-race.

THE CAMPIDOGGIO, OR CAPITOL,

Derived its latter name from the circumstance of a human head being found in digging the foundations of the Temple of Jupiter, which the augurs construed to presage that Rome should one day be the capital of the world.

The fine flight of steps by which you ascend to the Capitol was designed by *Michael Angelo*, at the top of which, on the balustrades, you see two colossal Statues of Castor and Pollux standing by their horses. Next to these stand what are commonly called the Trophies of Marius, although the best antiquaries consider them, from the style of sculpture, to have been executed in honour of the victory gained by Trajan over the Dacians. Beyond these, towards the extremities of the balustrade, are two Statues of the Sons of Constantine the Great, found in the baths of that emperor, which stood on the Quirinal Hill.

The balustrade is terminated by two small columns: that to the right on mounting is an ancient milestone, which, by the number, I., marked the first mile on the Appian road; the other, placed at the opposite end, was made merely for uniformity's sake.

The Pedestal on which the equestrian Statue of Marcus Aurelius stands was made out of a single block of marble of the architrave taken from Trajan's Forum.

The Museum, and the Palace of the Conservatori, which face each other on the Capitol, are beautiful specimens of the architectural skill of *Michael Angelo*.

In the court, over a fountain, a recumbent colossal Statue of the Rhine reposes.

MUSEUM OF THE CAMPIDOGGIO.

The door of entrance is opposite to the Palace of the Conservatori.

In the Quadrangle, you see a colossal Statue of Ocean; and in the Arcade, a Statue of Polyphemus, Endymion and his Dog, and the Dacian Province.

HALL OF CANOPUS.

We learn from *Vasi*, that the statuary here was found in the Canopus of Hadrian's villa at Tivoli. They are almost all of basalt, or *nero antico*. Besides a number of statues of Egyptian divinities and priestesses, you see a Cynocephalus, a Canopus, and a Crocodile.

The SECOND ROOM on the ground floor contains the Sarcophagus of the Emperor Alexander Severus, and his mother, Mamea. The sides are ornamented with four beautiful bas-reliefs: that in front represents Agamemnon restoring Briseis to Achilles: on one hand, you see the Captivity of Briseis represented; on the other, Achilles revenging the Death of Patroclus. The bas-relief behind shews the Restitution of the Body of Hector.

A Disk, on which the Life of Achilles is represented; Hercules vanquished by Cupid, in mosaic; a group of Pluto and Cerberus; and a Statue of Nero.

Ascend now the staircase, and observe a plan of ancient Rome let into the wall; and a Statue of Modesty.

THE APARTMENT OF THE DYING GLADIATOR contains—

The celebrated Statue whence the apartment takes its name.

The group of Cupid and Psyche.

A Statue of Zeno.

A majestic Statue of Juno.

A Faun with a Pipe.

A fine Statue of Antinous.

Another, of heroic proportions, called the Egyptian Antinous.

Venus coming out of the Bath.

A Statue of Apollo, found in the Solitaria, near Tivoli.

A Statue of Pandora.

Another of Flora.

A Priestess, holding a vase in her hands.

Busts of Marcus Brutus, Alexander the Great, and Ariadne crowned with ivy.

A beautiful column of puddingstone.

APARTMENT OF THE FAUN.

So named from a beautiful Statue of a Faun, in *rosso antico*, which stands in the centre of the room.

A Statue of Innocence pressing a Dove to her breast.

A Child with a Swan.

THE SALOON.

A gilt bronze Hercules.

Two Centaurs, in *nero antico*.

An Infant Hercules, in bronze, of colossal proportions.

A Statue of Esculapius, in *nero antico*. Isis holding a Cistrum in her hand.

A Venus, in the attitude of the Medicis.

Harpocrates, the God of Silence.

Caius Marius in his consular robes.

Hadrian as Mars.

A Hercules, in green basalt.

Busts of Trajan and Antoninus.

THE HALL OF THE PHILOSOPHERS contains, upon shelves, 102 busts and terms of different philosophers, poets, orators, and other illustrious men; among the most remarkable of whom you find busts of Julian the Apostate, Cleopatra, Archimedes, Homer, Pin-

dar, Sappho, Virgil, Plato, Epicurus, Aristotle, Aspasia, and a modern one of Gabrielle Faerno, by *Michel Angelo*. A graceful bronze Statue occupies the centre of the apartment.

In the APARTMENT OF THE EMPERORS observe a Statue of Agrippina, the mother of Germanicus, seated in a curule chair, and placed in the centre of the room. The numerous busts of the emperors and empresses, princes and princesses, are all named and arranged chronologically, several of which are very fine and rare. Among others may be noticed those of Tiberius and his wife Antonina; of Poppea, Nero's second wife; of Caligula; Julia; of Lucilla, one of the finest in the Museum; and, lastly, of Commodus, esteemed both for its excellent workmanship and the scarceness of portraits of this emperor.

You now enter the LONG GALLERY. Here remark an Infant Hercules (No. 26), evidently the portrait of some boy; a Wounded Gladiator, fighting, like Witherington in Chevy Chase, on his stumps; Psyche; Cato the Censor, No. 18; and Scipio Africanus, No. 50.

APARTMENT OF THE VASE.

Observe the extremely handsome vessel whence the apartment gets its name; it is ornamented with superb bas-reliefs, representing the twelve principal divinities of paganism. It was found near the tomb of Cecilia Metella. Also, a bronze Vase, which once belonged to Mithridates, king of Pontus; a Statue of Diana of Ephesus; and the celebrated antique mosaic, in *pictra dura*, of Four Pigeons drinking from a bowl, found in Adrian's villa at Tivoli, and described by Pliny.

PALACE OF THE CONSERVATORI.

Under the PORTICO OF THE COURT you find a Statue of Julius Caesar to the right, and one of Augustus to the left. Several fragments of colossal Statues are arranged round the court, among which you observe two Feet and a Hand of enormous propor-

tions, together with part of a Thigh and a Toe, which are thought by some to have belonged to a colossal statue of Apollo, which Lucullus brought from Pontus; and by others, to the colossal statue of Nero which stood in front of the Colosseum.

A bronze Head of Commodus, and another in marble of Domitian. Here, also, you see a fine group of Greek sculpture of a Lion devouring a Horse. At the bottom of the court, enclosed by an iron palisade, you find a fine Statue representative of Rome Triumphant; and below, the well-known bas-relief of the Weeping Province. On each side stands a Statue of a Dacian King as a Captive; they are of gray marble, and of rare workmanship; beside which are two Egyptian Idols, of Oriental granite.

Facing the FIRST FLIGHT OF STEPS you see a copy of the famous Rostral Column which was erected in the Forum in honour of the naval victory obtained by the consul Caius Duilius over the Carthaginians in the year of Rome 492. (*Vasi*.) Beneath is an original fragment of the ancient inscription.

On the FIRST LANDING-PLACE you find, placed in niches, the Statues of the Muses Urania and Thalia; and on the walls of the court which forms the platform there are four superb bas-reliefs, relating to the history of Marcus Aurelius.

Continuing to mount, you observe on the wall to the left a beautiful bas-relief of M. Curtius, the Sabine, on horseback, crossing the marsh which was in the forum, on the occasion of the single combat betwixt Romulus and Tatius.

On the SECOND LANDING-PLACE are two bas-reliefs let into the wall, which formerly belonged to the triumphal arch of M. Aurelius: one represents this emperor on a pedestal, reading the petitions of the people; the other, the Apotheosis of Faustina the younger.

From this landing-place a door leads into a SALOON, named after the artist who executed the paintings, the *Cavallière D'Arpino*. The subjects are, the Finding of Romulus and Remus; Romulus marking out the first Boundaries of Rome with a Plough-share; the Rape of the Sabines; Numa Pompilius at sacrifice with the Vestals; the Battle of the Romans against the Veians; and lastly, the Challenge of the Horatii and Curiatii.

From this you enter the FIRST of a SUITE OF ROOMS, where the paintings relating to parts of early Roman history are continued. In this you see Mutius Scævola burning off his hand before Porsenna; Brutus condemning his two sons; Horatius Cocles arresting the Etrurians single-handed on the Sublician Bridge, and the Battle by which Tarquin the Proud was driven from Rome. In this room you find an heroic Statue of Mark Antony.

The SECOND ROOM is adorned with a beautiful frieze, painted by *Daniel da Volterra*, representing the Triumph of Marius after the defeat of the Cimbri. In this apartment you likewise see the bronze Wolf which was formerly in the Temple of Romulus: also a superb bust of Junius Brutus, Rome's first radical; a group of Diana Triformis; a bas-relief of the Gate of Eternity; and a beautiful statue, seated, of the Shepherd Marius plucking the thorn from his foot.

In the THIRD you see several fragments of marble in the wall, on which are inscribed the Fasti Consulares up to the time of Augustus, and two other inscriptions of modern date, commemorating the victories of Mark Antony, Colonna, and of Alexander Farnese. Over the door of entrance is a fine Head, in bas-relief, of Mithridates, king of Pontus.

In the FOURTH, the two bronze Ducks, cast to commemorate the Capitol being saved by their cackling: they were found among the ancient ruins of the Capitol. Here is also a Medusa's Head in marble, by *Bernini*; two beautiful Mosaics, found at Tivoli; a Holy Family, by *Giulio Romano*; and representations of the Olympic Games, by *Zuccheri*.

The FIFTH is a Chapel, containing a portrait of the late Pope, Leo XII., and four busts of Socrates, Sappho, Ariadne, and Sabina Pompea. The frieze was painted by *Hannibal Carracci*.

In the SIXTH you see statues of Cicero, Virgil, and the goddess Cybele. The frescos are by *Perugino*.

Off this room is a Chapel. The Altarpiece is by *Pinel*, a modern artist; and the four Evangelists, four Saints, and the Deity, on the ceiling, are by

Caravaggio; and St. Cecilia, by *Romanelli*.

PAINTINGS—FIRST ROOM.

The Beatified Spirit, by *Guido*; but it wants the *'Hiera ieracivous*.

The Finding of Romulus and Remus, by *Rubens*, in his highest finished manner.

Two charming Landscapes, by *Van Blomen*. Nos. 63 and 66.

The Triumph of Bacchus, by *Orizonte*. No. 65.

A Magdalen, by *Albani*.

Moses striking the Rock in the Wilderness. The style of colouring finely depicts the effect of an arid sun, conveying the idea of parched, absorbent, almost unquenchable thirst. No. 68.

The Triumph of Flora, by *Poussin*.

Bacchus and Ariadne — School of *Guido*.

Joseph sold by his Brethren.

A Magdalen, by *Guercino*.

Another, by *Guido*.

Another, by *Tintoretto*.

The Cumaean Sibyl, by *Domenichino*.

The Persian Sibyl, by *Guercino*. No. 38.

St. John the Baptist, by *Da Volterra*.

No. 51. Remark the correctness of the design and natural reality of the colouring.

The Marriage of St. Catherine, No. 43, by *Corregio*.

David treading on the head of Goliath, by *Romanelli*. No. 46.

The Virgin and Child Jesus, by *Albani*.

A Holy Family, by *Garofolo*.

The Communion of St. Jerome, by *Agost. Caracci*.

A miniature copy, in water colours, of Subleyras's Last Supper (in the Louvre), by his wife *Zibaldi*.

Vanity, by *Titian*.

Judith with the Head of Holofernes, by *Guido*.

Orpheus (cabinet size). No. 27.

Martyrdom of St. Sebastian (small). No. 24.

The Rape of the Sabines, by *Da Cortona*. No. 15.

The Sacrifice of Iphigenia, by the same. No. 4.

SECOND ROOM.

The Apotheosis of St. Petronilla, by *Guercino*.

Europa, by *Paul Veronese*. No. 103.

The same subject, by *Guido* (small): No. 40.

Polyphemus, by the same. No. 44.

The Woman taken in Adultery, by *Titian*. Remark the divinity of the countenance of Christ. No. 37.

No. 24 is a naked Figure, in which the effect of light and shade is finely managed.

Lazarus at the Rich Man's Table. No. 8.

The Conversion of St. Paul. No. 105.

The Pool of Bethesda, by *Domenichino* (small). No. 57.

St. John the Baptist getting water from a spring (small). No. 53.

A Witch, by *Salvator Rosa*. No. 86.

St. Sebastian, by *Ludovico Caracci*. No. 89.

Another, by *Guercino*. No. 100.

A Gipsy Fortune-teller, by *Caravaggio*. No. 72.

A beautiful small Landscape, by *Domenichino*. No. 79.

A Portrait of Petrarch, by *Bellino*. No. 78.

A Soldier in armour, seated, by *Salvator Rosa*. No. 76.

Endymion asleep, by *Guercino*. No. 94.

An Ecce Homo, by *Baroccio*.

Cleopatra before Augustus, by *Paul Veronese*. No. 93.

Cupid on a Footstool plucking posies, by a female pupil of *Guido*'s. No. 101.

St. Cecilia, by *Lud. Caracci*. No. 114.

The Graces, by *Palma il Giovane*. No. 120.

Descending from the Capitol you come to the FORUM ROMANUM, where the remains of the following edifices are to be seen:—The Temple of Concord. Livia was the wife of Augustus, in honour of whose amiable life and virtues this temple was dedicated by Tiberius. The Temples of Jupiter Tonans and Stator; the Triumphal Arch of Septimius Severus; the Column of the Emperor Phocas; the Temple of Augustus and Faustina; that of Remus, now forming the vestibule of the Church of Saints Cosmo and Damian; that of Peace, and the Triumphal Arch of Titus.

On the PALATINE HILL stand the ruins of the Palace of the Caesars. Here also Cicero, Catiline, Crassus, and others, had houses. The Farnese

Gardens occupy a portion of this hill; but since the royal house of Naples became heirs to the Farnese property, the statues, &c. which adorned them have been removed.

At the foot of the Palatine Hill, leading out of the Forum, on the left as you go by the Velabrum towards the Tiber, you find the Temple of Romulus, now consecrated as the Church of

St. Theodore. The Tribune is ornamented with an ancient mosaic; the High Altar-piece is by *Zuccheri*; and the two Laterals by *Baciccio* and *Ghezzi*. The bronze wolf we saw in the Capitol, was found in this temple, which stands, it is thought, on the very spot where the twin brothers were discovered by the shepherd Faustulus.

THE COLOSSEUM.

This amphitheatre, the most magnificent ruin in Rome, was erected by the Emperor Vespasian, on his return from the Jewish war, in the seventy-second year of the Christian era. It cost above 2,000,000*l.* in building, and 12,000 Jewish slaves, taken at Jerusalem, were employed during the five years it took ere it was completed under Titus his son. The colossal statue of Nero was placed in front of it, and hence it took the name of the Colosseum. It is built of blocks of travertine, and its exterior surrounded by three rows of arches raised one upon another, of the three principal orders of architecture, and the whole surmounted by lofty Corinthian pilasters.

Nearly opposite the Colosseum you see the ruins of the Temples of the Sun and Moon, and of the Triumphal Arch of Constantine. The bas-reliefs on the frieze of the latter, representing the taking of Verona and the Battle of Ponte Molle, as well as the figures of the four Heroes and the two Cir-

culars on the sides of the arch, indicate the decline of the arts under Constantine. The other sculptures were taken from one of the arches of Trajan, when the fine arts were at their acmé of perfection: these are the ten square bas-reliefs which you see in the attic, the eight circulars over the small arcades, and the two larger ones under the grand arcade. They all relate to the life of Trajan.

The ruins of the Aqueduct which we see on the Palatine Hill, near the Arch of Constantine, are those of Septimius Severus, which conducted part of the Claudian water to supply the palace of the Cæsars.

Between the Colosseum and the Arch of Constantine, you see the remains of a fountain, called the *META SUDANS*, from having had the form of a circus goal. The water jutted out of its top and tumbled all around. It was here the gladiators came to drink and refresh themselves when fatigued with the sports of the arena.

PAINTINGS IN THE PALAZZO PONTIFICIO A MONTE CAVALLO.

A *Première Pensée* of the Transfiguration, by *Raphael*.
St. John, by *Giulio Romano*.
A St. Agnes, and a St. Catherine, by *Han. Caracci*.
Christ and the Virgin, by *Rubens*.
The same subject, by *Guido*.
Saul and David, by *Guercino*.
An Altar-piece, in an adjoining Chapel, of the Annunciation, by *Guido*.

An *Ecce Homo*, by *Domenichino*.
In another apartment you see an Ascension, by *Vandyck*.
Christ disputing in the Temple, by *Caravaggio*.
A St. Peter and a St. Paul, by *Fra Bartolommeo*.
A St. Sebastian, by *Paul Veronese*.
An Adoration of the Magi, by *Guercino*.

PAINTINGS IN THE BORGHESI PALACE.

FIRST ROOM.

St. Peter after denying Christ, by *Spagnoletto*.
The Judgment of Solomon—school of the *Caracci*.

SECOND ROOM.

An *Ecce Homo*, by *Han. Caracci*.
A Dead Christ, by *Garofolo*.
The same subject, by *Zuccheri*.
St. Francis praying, by *Cigoli*.

A Holy Family, by *Purizzo*—school of *Del Sarto*.

Leda, by *Vasari*.

Moses, by *Guido*. A fine painting in the manner of his master, *Caravaggio*.

Diana bathing, by *Polemberg*.

A Prize-shooting Party of Diana's, by *Domenichino*.

A Manger Scene, by *Tibaldi*.

THIRD ROOM.

Lucretia, by *Bronzino*.

Joseph and Potiphar's Wife, a beautiful copy of *Bullucci's* in the Florence Gallery.

Mary and Joseph watching the Infant Jesus asleep, by *Fontana* (small).

St. Anthony preaching to the Fishes, by *Paul Veronese*. A fine marine landscape.

Polyphemus, by *Lanfranco*.

A Portrait of Raphael when fourteen, painted by himself.

A fine Portrait, by *Da Cortona*.

St. Catherine surrounded by several beautiful Heads, by *Parmegianino*.

A Holy Family, by *Pierino del Vaga*, a pupil of Raphael.

FOURTH ROOM.

A Visitation, by *Rubens*. This is a cabinet picture, and resembles in its composition the large one we see in the cathedral at Antwerp.

St. John in the Wilderness, copied by *Giulio Romano* from Raphael's in the Tribune at Florence.

Europa, by the *Chevalier d'Arpino*.

St. John the Baptist, by *Bronzino*.

The Nymph Calliste asleep in a charming landscape scene.

The Female Magician, by *Dosso Dossi*.

A Magdalen, by *Fontana*.

The celebrated Descent from the Cross, by *Raphael*. The figure of the evangelist St. John is particularly fine.

The Cumaean Sibyl, by *Domenichino*.

A Holy Family, by *Garofolo*.

Two of the Prophets, by *Michael Angelo*.

FIFTH ROOM.

Remark four circular Paintings by *Albani*. The first represents Vulcan and Venus reposing in the foreground of a beautiful landscape, while Cupids amuse themselves in shooting at a heart on a shield fixed to a tree.

The second, Venus at her Toilette, attended by the Graces.

The third, Nymphs of Diana stealing

the Arrows and breaking the Bows of Cupids asleep, while two others withdraw an arrow from a transixed and bleeding heart.

The fourth represents the Departure of Adonis for the Chase.

The Four Ages of Human Life, copied by *Sassoferrati* from Titian. The original is in England.

Two small Landscapes, of great merit and beauty, by *Francesco Bolognese*.

Portrait of Fornarina, by *Giulio Romano*.

Leda—of the school of *Da Vinci*.

A Venus, by *Giulio Romano*.

Another, by *Beccafumi*.

SIXTH ROOM.

Orpheus charming the Beasts of the field by his Music, by *Paul Brill*.

Portrait of a Female holding Scissors in her hand, by *Romanelli*.

SEVENTH ROOM.

A fine Portrait, by *Caravaggio*, holding in his hand fruit and flowers.

Figure of a Poor Man kneeling before a Saint, by *Bonifacio*.

An allegorical representation of Platonic and Sexual Love, by *Titian*.

Cupid and Psyche, by *Dosso Dossi*.

Judith and Holofernes.

A Marine View, by *Paul Brill*.

EIGHTH ROOM.

A Head of Christ, by *Carlo Dolce*.

A Head of the Madonna, by the same.

Cattle in a Landscape, by *Paul Potter*.

The Holy Virgin, with (the boy) Jesus and St. Ann, a beautiful large painting, by *Caravaggio*.

A Magdalen, by *Del Sarto*.

The Graces, by *Titian*.

Christ on the Cross, by *Vandyck* (small).

The Prodigal Son.

NINTH ROOM.

Lot and his Daughters, by *Della Notte*.

This is perhaps one of *Vanhonthorst's* finest candle-light effects: the light blazes in Lot's face, and the glare of his eye denotes and develops the flush of lustful and incestuous passion and intemperance.

A Visitation, by *Del Piombo*.

A Holy Family, with St. George, by *Garofolo*.

The Flagellation of Christ, by *Zuccheri* (small).

A Cook and Viands, by *Caravaggio*.

A charming Madonna and Child, by the divine and soft pencil of *Dolce*.

In the **FARNESE PALACE** you see the noble Frescos by *Hannibal Caracci* and his scholars, representing the Triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne, the Stories of Acis and Galatea, of Diana and Endymion, Europa and the Bull, Apollo slaying Marsyas, Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, Perseus and Andromeda, Jupiter and Ganymede, Hero and Leander, Aurora and Cephalus, Syrinx turned into reeds by Pan, &c.

THE PIAZZA COLONNA.

This piazza derives its name from the superb column which the Roman senate raised in honour of Marcus

Aurelius, for the victories he gained over the Marcomanni. It is of the Doric order, and consists of twenty-eight blocks of marble placed one over another, the diameter of which is eleven feet and a half; and the height, comprising the base and capital, eighty-eight feet and a half. The whole, including the foundation, pedestal, and statue, stands one hundred and forty-eight feet and a half high, to whose summit you ascend by an inner staircase of one hundred and ninety marble steps. The Post-office, also, is in this square.

Turn down the Corso to the Doria Palace.

DORIA PALACE.

The Portico, which is before the grand staircase, is remarkable for its flat ceiling, and the difficulties which the architect had to encounter and overcome in its construction: it is sustained by eight columns of Oriental granite. Thence you mount, by a fine and spacious staircase, to the apartments, which contain a rich and superb collection of paintings by the best masters.

Those in the **FIRST ROOM** are all in water-colours, by *Gaspard Poussin* and his scholars.

SECOND ROOM.

The Triumph of David, with landscape scenery; and the Finding of Moses—both good—artist uncertain.

Two Landscapes, by *Giacomo Eremite*.

A Horse drinking at a Well, on which a female Turk is seated, by *Benedetto Castiglione*.

Several oil paintings, by *Gaspard Poussin*. The two that pleased me most were the Samaritan, and Saint John in the Wilderness.

Two Landscapes—one representing the Repose in Egypt, the other an Offering to Mercury.

The Conversion of St. Paul, by *Zuccheri*.

Galatea, by *Lanfranco*.

Andromeda, by *Ludovico Caracci* (excellent).

A Storm at Sea, by *Tempesti*.

Entrance of the Animals into the Ark, by *Bassano* (in his better finish).

Endymion, by *Guercino*.

The Repose in Egypt, with angels ministering, by *Francesco Mola* (large).

A Pieta, by *Paul Veronese*.

Four paintings emblematical of the Quarters of the Globe, by *Solimene*.

The Death of Abel, by *Salvator Rosa*. Icarus and Dedalus—school of *Andrea Sacchi*.

Galatea, by *Pierino del Vaga*.

Two small Landscapes, by *Both*.

A Descent from the Cross, by *Vasari*.

There are many beautiful figures in this picture, but it wants more depth of shade to give it repose.

THIRD ROOM.

A fine Pieta, by *Hannibal Caracci*.

Endymion and Diana, by *Rubens*.

Narcissus regarding himself in the Water, by *Cagnacci*.

Agar in the Desert, by *Spagnoletto*.

Abraham's Sacrifice, by *Castiglione*.

FOURTH ROOM.

The Tribute to Cæsar, by *Il Calabrese*.

Semiramis at her Toilette, by *Hannibal Caracci*.

Bathsheba bathing, by *Bronca*.

Time plucking Cupid's Wings, by *Albani*.

Two St. Jeromes, by *Spagnoletto*.

Roman Charity, by *Valentin*.

Two Bambocci's.

You now enter the **QUADRANGLE**.

FIRST SIDE to the left.

Sassoferrati's celebrated Madonna.

A Magdalen, by *Il Calabrese*.

Spring and Autumn personified, by *Romanelli*.

A Magdalen, by *Titian*; but she exemplifies no penitence.
Claude's Molina (exquisitely beautiful).

Three Lunettes, by *Hannibal Caracci*, representing the Flight into Egypt, the Visitation, and Annunciation.

The Repose in Egypt, by *Caravaggio*.
 A beautiful specimen of the artist.

A Last Supper, by *Tintoretto*, in which the Magdalen is bathing the Saviour's feet.

Lot and his Daughters, by *Della Notte*.

A group of Cupids fighting, by *Cesi*.

Death of Tancred, by *Guercino*.

St. Rock as a shepherd, with his dog, in a landscape scene: a shepherd-boy is dressing his wound,—by the pastoral pencil of *Schidone*.

Another beautiful landscape, by *Claude*, the pendant of the Molina.

An unfinished Sketch, by *Corregio*.

On the SECOND SIDE there are no paintings.

THIRD SIDE.

The Murder of the Innocents, by *Luca Giordano*.

A Magdalen, by *Murillo* (having every appearance of a portrait).

The Repose in Egypt, by *Claude*.

A Magdalen, by *Feti* (*Domenichino*).

The Martyrdom of St. Agnes.

A fine Portrait of Pope Panfil.

St. John in the Wilderness, by *Guercino*.

A fine Marine Landscape, by *Torrigiano*.

Judith with the Head of Holofernes, by *Guido*.

Belsharius, by *Salvator Rosa*.

A Holy Family, by *Sassoferrati*.

FOURTH SIDE.

The same subject, by *Ludovico Caracci*.

Portraits of Luther, Calvin, and Donna Caterina, by *Giorgione*.

A Madonna and Child, by *Sassoferrati*.

The same subject, by *Carlo Maratta*.

Armina, by *Da Cortona*.

Susanna bathing, by *Hannibal Caracci*.

Small, very fine.

Samson, by *Guercino*.

St. Peter liberated from Prison by the Angel, by *Lanfranco*.

Abraham's Sacrifice, by *Titian*.

A small Crucifixion, by *Michael Angelo*.

St. John holding a Lamb in his arms.

A copy of the Aldobrandini Marriage, by *Nicholas Poussin*.

Portrait of Giovanna, queen of Arragon, by *Da Vinci*.

Another fine St. Jerome, by *Spagnoletto*.

PAINTINGS IN THE SCIARRA PALACE.

FIRST ROOM.

Raphael's Transfiguration in the Vatican, finely copied by his pupil *Giulio Romano*.

St. Barbara, by *Da Cortona*.

The Decollation of St. John, by *Giorgione*.

St. Peter healing the Sick, by *Romanelli*.

The Sacrifice of Abraham, by *Della Notte*.

The Magdalen at the feet of Jesus after his Resurrection (small), by *Garofolo*.

St. Augustin giving Alms, by *Carlo Maratta*.

Rome Triumphant. At her feet, in recumbent postures, the Tigris and Tiber lie, with the figures of Romulus and Remus as appropriations. Christ and the Woman of Samaria, by *Garofolo*.

The Murder of the Innocents, by *Basano*. (Small, finished.)

SECOND ROOM.

Rich in Landscapes of great beauty.

Observe two by *Paul Brill*, the figures in which keep them quite alive.

Two, by *Claude*: one represents the Flight into Egypt; the other, the Lake of Bracciano, exemplifying, by contrast, day and night effects in his usual masterly manner.

A small Landscape, by *Breughel*.

Two early Landscapes of *Claude's*.

One by *Nic. Poussin*, in which he introduces St. Luke and an Angel.

Also several beautiful Landscapes by *Both's* brother.

THIRD ROOM.

Charity, by *Elizabeth Sirani*.

A Holy Family, by *Imola*.

Noah drunk, by *Andrew Sacchi*. Not of the most decorous character.

Samson, by *Garoselli*.

Moses with the Tables of the Law. A richly toned and impressive painting, in the manner of his master, Caravaggio, by *Guido*.

A Holy Family, by *Albani* (very fine).

Portrait of Fornarina, by *Giulio Romano*. She is naked almost to the waist.

FOURTH ROOM.

A Landscape Scene, by *Schidone*, in which you see two shepherds regarding a human skull: on the stone on which it is placed you read, "*Et in Arcadia ego*."

Two excellent paintings of the Evangelists St. John and St. Mark, by *Guercino*.

A portrait of Raphael in a green dress, by himself.

The "Matrimony" of *Agostino Caracci*. Personification of Modesty and Vanity, by *Da Vinci*.

Two Gamblers "plucking a pigeon," by *Caravaggio*.

Guido's two well-known Magdalens: one the "*Alle Radice*."

A small Giotto on panel.

St. Sebastian, by *Perugino*.

Portrait of Titian's Mistress, by himself.

A small sketch of the Martyrdom of St. Erasmus, which served as a *première pensée* for that in the Vatican.

St. James, by *Guercino*.

St. Jerome, by the same (small).

The Death of the Virgin, by *Albert Durer*.

Portrait of a Lady in a black velvet dress, by *Bronzino* (very fine).

The Death of Dido, by *Schidone*.

Satan tempting three Shepherds in their dreams, by the same.

On the ground floor there are three rooms containing ancient sculptures; among which you see a Sarcophagus ornamented with bas-reliefs, representing the Muses; a fine statue of a Priestess; one of Marcus Aurelius; another in bronze of Septimius Severus; a Ceres; a Bacchus; three colossal Busts; five Egyptian figures; a statue of an Amazon; and a beautiful Diana.

Flaminio Vacca was the architect of this palace. —

The Gallery of the COLONNA PALACE contains—

A Magdalen in Glory, by *Han. Caracci*. St. John in the Wilderness, by *Salvator Rosa*.

Portraits of Titian's Family, by himself.

St. Peter and the Angel, by *Lanfranco*.

Several fine Landscapes, by *Nicolas and Gaspar Poussin, Orizante, Bergham, &c.*

The Ceiling of this Gallery represents the Battle of Lepanto, in which the author of Don Quixote lost his hand.

In the ANTE-ROOM you see—

Portraits of Luther and Calvin, by *Titian*.

Europa, by *Albani*; and

The subject of Cain and Abel, by *Sacchi*.

PAINTINGS, &c. IN THE BARBERINI PALACE.

ENTRANCE HALL.

A Statue of Pan, by *Michael Angelo*. He lies on his back asleep. This makes a fine contrast with another statue of—

Diana asleep, by *Bernini*.

St. Catherine in Prison, by *Il Calabrese*. The dark shading of this painting harmonises well with the depth of affliction depicted by St. Catherine. There is an imposing grandeur in all Calabrese's works, well illustrated in the present painting.

From this you enter the GREAT HALL, and see the magnificent Ceiling painted by *Pietro da Cortona*.

FIRST ROOM.

A Magdalen in a landscape scene, by *Guido*. This, by a mistake, is ascribed to *Guercino* in the text.

Animals, by *Fiorenzo*.

SECOND ROOM.

Four paintings of St. John, St. Paul, St. Peter, and St. James, by *Carlo Maratta*.

Four other Apostles of corresponding size, by *Andrea Sacchi*.

St. John, by *Guercino*.

David with the Head of Goliath, by *Cagnacci*.

The two following rooms are lined with Gobelin tapestry, representing the

Baptism of Constantine, St. Helen,
&c., after designs by *Rubens*.

FIRST ROOM UP STAIRS.

Two large paintings, depicting the Tri-
umph of Bacchus and the Feast of
the Gods, by *Romanelli*.

SECOND ROOM.

Joseph and Potiphar's Wife, by *Bili-
otti*.

St. Jerome, by *Della Notte*, in his
characteristic style of colouring.

Another, by *Spagnoletto*.

Three beautiful Landscapes, by the
sunshine pencil of *Both*.

The Virgin, Infant Jesus, and St. John,
by *Paraggianno*.

A Female playing on a Guitar, by
Caravaggio.

Portrait of St. Charles Borromeo.

Two *Martinezas*.

A Sacrifice to Diana, by the gay and
poetic pencil of *Poussin*.

THIRD ROOM.

The Martyrdom of St. Apollonia, by
Guido.

The Prophet Elias, by *Guercino*.

The Adoration of the Magi, by *Caravaggio*.

A small Pieta, by *Guercino*.

The Flight into Egypt, by *Albani*.

Portrait of St. Andrea Corsini, by
Guido.

The Archangel Michael, a copy from
Guido's, by the *Chevalier d'Arpino*.

FOURTH ROOM.

Apollo and Diana shooting the Children
of Niobe, by *Camusedi*.

Two fine Landscapes, by *Both*.

St. Rosalia putting a stop to the Plague
in Palestine. The dead lie strewn
about, and an angel in the sky is
represented sheathing the sword of
vengeance.

FIFTH ROOM.

Guido's beautiful and interesting Por-
trait of the Cenci.

Portrait of her Mother, by *Guetani*.

A Carthaginian Slave, by *Titian*.

Portrait of Fornarina, by *Raphael*.

This, the custode tells you, is the
real original.

A Landscape, by *Claude*.

Christ and the Elders, by *Albert Durer*.

The Prophet Elijah, by *Guercino*.

The Repose in Egypt, by *Albani*.

Adam and Eve, by *Domenichino*.

PAINTINGS IN THE PAVILION OF THE ROSPIGLIOSI PALACE.

Here it is that the visitor sees *Guido's*
celebrated Aurora, a fresco on the
ceiling.

Also, two allegorical paintings, by
Tempesti, representing the Triumph
of Love and of Virtue. How dull
and prosaic the pageantry of the one!
How gay and poetic the procession
of the other! Mercury is the avant-
courier. The Father of the Gods,
mounted on an eagle, with Juno by
his side, leads the joyous band. Gods
and goddesses of every attribute,
precede the triumphal car,—even
the prude Diana does penance for
her sly amour with Endymion. Tor-
pitude, Sloth, and Watchfulness, fol-
low immediately behind; and em-
perors and kings, bound to their
mistresses in the chains of the mighty
conqueror, with a host of slaves of
inferior note, bring up the rear.
Cupid's triumph is complete: his
slaves hug their chains, and rejoice
in their servitude.

In an APARTMENT TO THE RIGHT, you

see Samson represented pulling down
the Temple of Dagon at the feast,
amidst the consternation of the
guests, by *Ludovico Caracci*.

Opposite to this is Adam plucking Fig-
leaves for Eve, by *Domenichino*.

A Head of Guido, by himself.

Sophonisba drinking the Poison, by *Il
Calabrese*. A fine magical paint-
ing.

A deep and richly-toned Landscape,
by *Guercino*. Two hermaphrodites
sit by the side of a rill, going to
bathe.

In an APARTMENT TO THE LEFT of the
Pavilion there are—

An Andromeda, by *Guido*.

The Triumph of David, by *Domeni-
chino*. In landscape scenery, King
Saul, with nymphs playing on cym-
bals, the clarion, and lute, welcomes
the youthful hero on his return from
slaying Goliath. An army fills up
the background, and numerous spec-
tators on the walls of Jerusalem hail
their deliverer.

Eve offering the Apple to Adam, by *Palma Vecchio*.
 Charity, by *Cignani*.
 A fine Pieta, by *Hannibal Caracci*.
 Christ bearing his Cross, by *Daniel da Volterra*.
 The Five Senses, by *Carlo Cignani*.

Conjugal Love, by *Giorgione*.
 Christ and the Apostles, by *Rubens*.
 An Ecce Homo, by *Guido*.

Among several busts in this room, remark that of Cicero, and the celebrated one of Scipio Africanus.

PAINTINGS IN THE CORSINI PALACE.

FIRST ROOM.

An Ecce Homo, by *Guercino*.

SECOND ROOM.

Portrait of Rubens, by himself.
 Christ before Pilate, by *Vandyck*.
 Two Cabinet Landscapes, by *Salvator Rosa*.
 Lucretia, by *Guercino*.
 St. Peter, by *Francesco Mola*.
 St. Peter finding Money in the Fish's Belly, by *Caravaggio*.
 A Holy Family, by *Fra Bartolommeo* (fine).
 Apollo tending the Flocks of Admetus. Rich landscape scenery : Mercury announces to him his recall from exile.

THIRD ROOM.

The Daughter of Herodias with the Head of St. John, by *Guido*. She holds it on a salver, and her countenance is full of compassion, and beams with sweetness.
 Wild Beasts attacking Men on Horseback, by *Rubens*. A tiger that has leapt on the back of a horse has seized the rider by the shoulder,—his alarm is finely expressed : others are attacking the beasts, and in one encounter the artist has stolen an idea from Hercules and the Nemean Lion.
 Christ and the Woman of Samaria, by *Baroccio*.
 Cleopatra dissolving the Pearl to the Health of her Lover, by *Guido*.
 A Vestal, by *Carlo Maratta*.
 The Crucifixion of St. Peter, by *Guido*. Small—the *première pensée* of that in the Vatican.
 The Crucifixion of St. Andrew, by the same.
 A Virgin and Child, by *Del Sarto*.
 The Judgment of Paris, by *Giulio Romano*.
 A Rabbit, by *Albert Durer* (beautifully executed).
 A Holy Family, by *Carlo Maratta*.

Observe a large ivory Ecce, by *Michael Angelo*.

FOURTH ROOM.

Two Ecce Homos, and a Head of the Madonna and of St. Peter, by *Guido*.
 Another Ecce, by the divine pencil of *Dolce*.
 A Female Figure reading, by *Carlo Maratta*.
 Two very fine Landscapes, by *Agostino Tusi*.
 Polyphemus seizing a young Shepherdess (a story from Ariosto). Mark the palsied tremor and fright of a shepherd youth.
 Christ at the Well, by *Guercino*. An extremely rich and noble painting.
 A Holy Family, by *Parmegianino*. Small ; fine.

FIFTH ROOM.

Several Portraits by the first masters.

SIXTH ROOM.

A Virgin and Child. Nature and truth are in every touch and trait.
 David with the Head of Goliath—school of *Guido*.
 A large and beautiful Landscape, by *Gaspar Poussin*.
 Another charming Landscape, in which the artist has assembled together the most beautiful objects in nature. A waterfall occupies the centre of the scene ; on each side, lofty trees ; in the distance to the left, the sea and shipping ; mountains are perceived in the distant background, and flocks and herds give animation to the delightful scene.
 St. Sebastian, by *Rubens*.
 Two fine Landscapes, by *Orisonte*,—that to the left is particularly so.
 Gamblers, by *Caravaggio*.
 Susanna and the Elders, by *Domenichino*.
 Judith with the Head of Holofernes, by *Della Notte*.
 The Death of Seneca, by *Caravaggio*. The subject is meagrely conceived :

Seneca's countenance expresses nothing of the dignity of philosophy. The scene is enacted in the open air, and there are no statues to assist in the parts of tragedy.

Amor Potius, by *Luca Caracci*.

Statue of a Boy, by *St. J. B. J.* How often does the artist put this subject, he always possesses variety of strike must at first masters, he disdains to copy even himself.

St. John in the Wilderness, by *Caravaggio*. Seated in the ground, his posture is striking and novel, yet perfectly natural. Large.

SEVENTH ROOM.

Prometheus and the Vulture, by *Solomon Rossi*.

Venus asleep, in a rich landscape scene, by *Titian*. A satyr is reclining the softly drapery that only partly covers her.

Homer as a Blind Fiddler, by *Francesco Maffei*.

An Interior, by *Tintoretto*. A woman is milking a cow.

A Boy Fanning, by *Nicholas Poussin*.

Two rich Landscapes, with Figures, by *Milani*.

In the PALAZZO BRASCHI, you see the Virgin with Angels, by *Murillo*.

The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, and the Marriage in Cana, by *Galassi*.

The Marriage of St. Catherine, by *Fra Bartolommeo*.

The Woman taken in Adultery, by *Titian*.

A Crucifixion, by *Tintoretto*.

Christ and the Virgin, by *Guido*.

Another of the same, by *Sassoferrati*.

Statues of Pallas, Ceres, Commodus, and Achilles.

The arms of this family consist of an eagle and stars, with a puff of wind blowing upon a lily, upon which the poet Monti made the following epigram:

*Re-ide aquilam imperio, Francorum lilia regi,
Sicera redde Polo, cetera Brasche tua.*

In the MASSIMI PALACE there is an admirable antique statue of a Discobolus, and some frescos by *Caravaggio*.

The SPADA PALACE contains a portrait of Beatrice Cenci, by *Paul Veronese*.

Time discovering Truth, by *Albani*.

Jacob at the Well, by *Nicolas Poussin*.

A Mother and Child; and a Musician — by *Caravaggio*.

Christ before Pilate, by *Della Notte*.

The Flight of Helen, and Portrait of Cardinal Spada, by *Guido*.

Heads of two Boys, by *Corregio*.

Jacob at the Well, by *Nicolas Poussin*.

Dido on the Funeral Pile, by *Guericino*.

The Statue of Pompey mentioned as being still here by Mrs. Starke, was bought by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire some time ago.

CHURCHES.

In the PIAZZA OF SAN GIOVANNI LATERANO stands the largest obelisk in all Rome. It was erected at Thebes more than three thousand years ago by Rameses, king of Egypt, and was dedicated to the sun. Its height is ninety-nine feet, without reckoning its base and pedestal.

Near the Basilick of St. John you find the Baptistry of Constantine, so called from being the place where this emperor received baptism from Pope St. Silvester. The baptismal fonts are formed by an antique urn of basalt. These fonts are surrounded by an octangular balustrade, and

covered with a cupola, sustained on two rows of columns placed one upon another. Between the pilasters of the second there are eight paintings, representing passages of the history of the Blessed Virgin and of St. John the Baptist: they are by the pencil of *Andrea Sacchi*. The frescos on the walls are by *Geminiani*, *Il Camassini*, *Carlo Maratta*, and *Mannoni*.

THE BASILICK OF ST. JOHN LATERAN.

The colossal statue of Constantine in the grand portico was found in his Baths.

The interior is divided into five isles by four ranges of pilasters, and in the inter-pilasters of the middle nave there are twelve niches, ornamented with statues of the Twelve Apostles, between columns of verd antique; they are by *Le Gros*.

This temple contains one of the most magnificent chapels in Rome. Clement XII. erected it in honour of St. Andrew Corsini, one of his ancestors, whose name it bears. It is the first to the left on entering the church. The altar-piece is a fine mosaic copy of *Guido's* portrait of the saint. On the frontispiece stand the statues of Innocence and Penitence, sculptured by *Pincellotti*. Above, you see a bas-relief, wherein the saint is represented defending the army of the Florentines at the battle of Anghiari. The great niche situated beside the Evangile contains the beautiful mausoleum of Clement XII., where you find the superb antique urn of porphyry which formerly stood in the portico of the Pantheon, and is supposed to have contained the ashes of Agrippa. Opposite, you see the Tomb of Cardinal Neri Corsini, the uncle of Clement XII. with his statue, that of a Genius, and another of Religion, seated,—all by the masterly chisel of *Maini*.

Observe, about the middle of the grand aisle, the bronze Tomb of Martin V., and the two superb columns of Oriental granite which support the grand arch of this nave.

The high altar is placed in the middle of the transepts. It is ornamented with four columns of granite, which bear a Gothic tabernacle, in which is kept, amongst its most remarkable relics, the heads of the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul.

At the bottom of the cross you find the splendid altar of the Holy Sacrament. It is decorated with a tabernacle formed of precious stones, placed between two angels of gilt bronze and four columns of verd antique. The entablature and pediment of gilt bronze, which crown the altar, rest on four fluted columns of the same metal. These are believed by antiquaries to be the same that Augustus caused to be made after the

battle of Antium, from the stems of the Egyptian vessels captured, and which Domitian afterwards placed in the Capitol. Above, you see a painting of the Ascension by the *Chevalier D'Arpino*, whose tomb you find behind the Tribune, and near to that of Andrea Sacchi.

In this church you likewise see the Tomb of Boniface VIII., remarkable for a fresco by *Giotto*, representing this Pope, between two Cardinals, proclaiming on the balcony the first jubilee of the *Anno Santo*.

THE HOLY STAIRS AND CHAPEL OF THE SANTA SANCTORUM.

To prevent these stairs from being wholly worn out, Clement XII. covered them with walnut-wood. This also having been worn away by the knees of the faithful, has been lately renewed. There are twenty-eight in number, and are pretended to have been brought from Pilate's house at Jerusalem.

Following the circuit of the ancient Aurelian wall, you come to the BASILICA OF THE SANTA CROCE—so called from St. Helen depositing in it a portion of the Holy Cross, which she found at Jerusalem. The grand altar is isolated, and four beautiful columns of coralline breccia sustain the baldacchino.

The ceiling of the Tribune was painted in fresco by *Pinturicchio*. That of the church itself is by *Giacquinto*, as well as the two paintings in the lower part of the Tribune. The pavement is antique.

To see the remains of the AMPHITHEATRO CASTRENSE, you must pass out of the Porta San Giovanni, and turn to the left, by the wall. It was called Castrense, because it was destined for the combats of the soldiers against wild beasts, and for the celebration of military festivals. Close by, but inside of the walls, stand the ruins of the Temple of Venus and Cupid; and at a short distance, the Porta Maggiore passes under the Aqueduct of Claudius.

THE PORTA MAGGIORE.

This beautiful gate is built of large blocks of travertine, without mortar, and was erected by Titus, to decorate the point where the ancient Prenestine and Labican roads divided. The water which supplies the Fountain of Moses pierces the sides of one of its arches.

The ruins of other aqueducts which passed towards the Esquiline Hill, are to be seen in this neighbourhood.

Passing hence, in the direction of Santa Maria Maggiore, you perceive in a vineyard the ruins of the Temple of Minerva Medica.

The form of this temple is that of a decagon, and measures 222 feet on its outer circumference. Within, are nine niches for statues. Besides the famous statue of Minerva which was found here, and which afforded the appropriation to the edifice, others of Esculapius, Pomona, Adonis, Venus, Faunus, Hercules, and Antinous, likewise dug from its ruins, attest the original magnificence of this temple.

The same vineyard encloses two ancient tombs called Columbaria, from their resemblance to dove-cots. One was constructed by Lucius Arruntius, a consul under Tiberius, as a burial-place for his enfranchised slaves; the other was a sepulchral chamber for different plebeian families.

CHURCH OF ST. BIBIANA.

The three aisles of this church are separated by eight antique columns. The ceiling over the middle aisle is painted in fresco. Those to the right on entering are by *Crampelli*; those opposite are by *Da Cortona*. They all relate to the history of Saint Bibiana; and the Grand Altar is adorned with her statue, by the masterly chisel of *Bernini*. A superb antique urn of oriental alabaster, containing the body of St. Bibiana, stands below. Under this church is the famous cemetery of St. Anastasius, which contains the bodies of 1300 martyrs.

CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO, *about a mile outside of the gate of the same name.*

This, which is one of the seven Basilicks of Rome, is decorated with a Portico supported on six antique columns, and adorned with frescoes, representing different events in the history of this martyr-saint. The Tribune is decorated with twelve fluted columns of violet-coloured marble, the capitals of which are exceedingly beautiful. These columns sustain an entablature composed of different pieces, which are all enriched with ornaments of the most superb description. The Grand Altar is isolated, and ornamented with four columns of red porphyry, supporting a baldacchino of marble. Under this altar is the Confession of St. Laurence, which contains his body and that of the proto-martyr St. Stephen.

Returning to the city, and passing under the ARCH OF GALLIEN, you come to the PIAZZA OF STA. MARIA MAGGIORE, in the middle of which stand the magnificent fluted Corinthian column which belonged to the Temple of Peace. It is fifty-eight feet and a half high, including its base and capital.

THE BASILICA OF STA. M. MAGGIORE.

This gorgeous temple stands on the top of the Esquiline Hill, on the ruins of that of Juno Lucina. It was erected under the pontificate of St. Libero, by order of Giovanni Patrizi, in consequence of a vision which he had in the night, and which was confirmed the next day by a miraculous fall of snow on the 5th of August. The snow covered precisely the space on which the church now stands, and hence its former appellation of Sta. Maria ad Nives.

The appearance of this church in its interior is truly majestic and noble. It is divided into three naves by thirty-six superb Ionic columns, besides the four of granite which sustain the two great arches of the nave. Two tombs present themselves on entering; the first to the right is that of Clementi IX., the workmanship

of *Guido*, *Fancelli*, and *Ferrata*; the other of Nicholas IV., by *Leonardo de Sarzana*. The splendid chapel of the Holy Sacrament is by *Fontana*, and contains, besides the Altar, the tombs of Sixtus V. and Pius V. The statue of the first is by *Valsoldo*, that of St. Francis by *Flaminio Vacca*, and that of St. Anthony of Padua by *Olivieri*. The statue of Pius is by *Sarzana*. The frescos which adorn this chapel are by *Pozzo Hercolino*, *Nogari*, *Andrea of Ancona*, and *Cesar Nebbia*.

The Grand Altar is isolated, and formed by a large antique sarcophagus of porphyry, covered with a marble table, supported at the four angles by as many little angels of gilt bronze. This altar is surmounted by a splendid baldacchino, which Benedict XIV. caused to be made, after designs by the *Chev. Fuga*. It is sustained by four Corinthian columns of porphyry, surrounded by gilt palm-leaves. The painting at the bottom of the Tribune is by *Mancini*; and the mosaics of the grand arcade, as well as those of the middle aisle, representing different subjects taken from the Old Testament, were made by order of *Sex-tus III.* A.D. 434.

In the other aisle you find the sumptuous Chapel of the Virgin, erected by Paul V., after designs by *Ponzio*. Here are two tombs decorated with columns of verd antique, statues, and bas-reliefs: that to the right is of Paul V. whose statue is by *Silla*, a Milanese artist. The statues in the lateral niches of St. Basil and David are by *Nicholas Cordieri*. The other tomb is that of *Clement VIII.* His statue is likewise by *Silla*, and the two laterals of Aaron and St. Bernard also by *Cordieri*. The Altar of the Virgin is adorned with four superb fluted columns of oriental jasper, with bases and capitals of gilt bronze: these support an entablature, the frieze of which is of agate, as also the pedestals of the columns.

The Image of the Virgin, which, it is pretended, was made by the evangelist St. Luke, is placed over a tabernacle of lapis lazuli. It is encompassed with precious stones, and

supported by four angels of gilt bronze. Upon the entablature of the altar you see a beautiful bas-relief of the miracle of the fall of snow.

The frescos which are over and about the altar, as well as those on the arcade and on the arches of the cupola, are by the pencil of *D'Arpino*; those of the cupola, by *Ludovico Civali*; those on the sides of the windows, situated above the two tombs, and those of the two arcades above the transepts, merit more particular attention, from being by the finished pencil of *Guido*.

Not far from the Basilica of S. M. Maggiore stands the Church of St. PRAEDE. It is chiefly remarkable for a superb painting by *Giulio Romano*, of the Flagellation of Our Saviour, which is in the Sacristy, and for possessing, as it is pretended, a portion of the column to which Christ was bound when scourged. This last is in one of the chapels of the church.

CHURCH OF SAN MARTINO.

This church deserves notice for the landscapes painted on the walls of the lesser aisles by *Gaspard Poussin*: the figures are by his brother *Nicholas*. The sculptures and paintings in the Chapel of the Virgin are by *Cavallucci*. (*Martyn*.)

CHURCH OF SAN PIETRO IN VINCOLI.

This church was first erected in 442, in the time of Pope St. Leo the Great, by Eudoxia, wife of Valentinian III. emperor of the West, to preserve the chain with which St. Peter was bound, by order of Herod, when in the prison at Jerusalem. The three naves of this beautiful church are supported by twenty-two antique fluted Doric columns. Here it is you find the tomb of Julius II. designed by *Michael Angelo*, with the celebrated statue of *Moses*, by the same great artist; also a painting of St. Margaret, by *Guercino*.

IN the CHURCH of S. LUIGI DE' FRANCESI you find some excellent frescos by *Domenichino*, of St. Cecilia giving away her clothes to the poor, her death, and her apotheosis.

CHURCH OF S. ANDREA A MONTE CAVALLO.

The Crucifixion of St. Andrew, by *Borgognone*.
St. Stanislaus, by *Carlo Maratta*.

CAPUCHIN CHURCH, near the Piazza Barberini.

Guido's celebrated archangel Michael. St. Paul receiving his sight, by *Pietro da Cortona*.
St. Francis in Agony, by *Ludovico Caracci*.
Over the door is *Giotto's* cartoon of the Navicella at St. Peter's.

SANTA MARIA DEGLI ANGELI.—It was formed out of the Nystum of the Baths of Diocletian into a church by *Michael Angelo*.
The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, by *Domenichino*.

The Baptism of Christ, by *Carlo Maratta*.

The Fall of Simon Magus, by *Pompeo Battoni*.

The same subject, by another hand. St. Peter raising Tabitha from the Dead, by *Placido Costanza*.

A Presentation at the Temple, (*injured and very dirty*).

Here also is *Bianchini's* Meridian, and the Tombs of Salvator Rosa and Carlo Maratta.

CHURCH OF S. MARIA DELLA VICTORIA, by the Fountain of the Termini.

The Trinity, by *Guercino* (fine). On each side, a painting by *Guido*.—Those in the second chapel are by *Domenichino*.

The Death of St. Theresa, a statue by *Bernini*.

The representation of the Last Supper in gilt bronze, under the altar, is by the same artist.

CHURCH OF THE JESUITS (*di Gesù*).

This magnificent temple is one of the richest and most beautiful in Rome. It was erected by Cardinal Alexander Farnese, after designs by *Figliola*, and finished by his pupil *Della Porta*.

Over the altar of the cross to the right, in the midst of four columns, is a painting by *Carlo Maratta*, representing the Death of St. Francis Xavier.

The grand altar is decorated with four beautiful columns of *giallo antico*, and a beautiful painting of the Circumcision, by *Muziano*.

The chapel of St. Ignatius, in the left transept, is the most splendid and rich in Rome. It is ornamented with four superb columns coated with lapis lazuli, and striped with gilt bronze.

The pedestals, entablature, and pediment, are of verd antique.

In the middle of the pediment there is a group in white marble of the Holy Trinity, sculptured by *Bernard Ludovisi*; and the globe which God the Father holds in his hand is esteemed the finest morsel of lapis lazuli which exists.

The picture of St. Ignatius over the altar is by *Père Pozzi*, a jesuit.

Two fine groups in marble adorn the sides of the altar: the one representing Faith receiving the worship of savage nations, is by *Giovanni Teudoni*; the other, Religion with the Cross, trampling Heresy under her feet, is by the chisel of *Le Gros*.

The paintings on the ceiling of this chapel are by *Baciccio*.

CHURCH OF THE TRINITA DE' MONTI contains *Daniel da Volterra's* famous Descent from the Cross, and Murder of the Innocents, both frescos.

THE PORTA DEL POPOLO was rebuilt on the site of the ancient Flaminian in 1562, after designs by *Buonarrotti*.

THE CHURCH OF ST. M. DEL POPOLO, and whence the gate hard by derives its name, owes its cognomen to the circumstance of its being built in the 13th century, at the expense of the Roman people.

Over the Grand Altar there is an image of the Virgin, painted by *St. Luke*. In the first chapel on the right is a beautiful Nativity, by *Penturicchio*, and in the second, a Conception, by *Carlo Maratta*. In a chapel to the right of the grand altar, you see an Assumption, by *Hannibal Caracci*; and on either side two paintings by *Caravaggio*, representing the Crucifixion of St. Peter and the Conversion of St. Paul.

But the most remarkable is the chapel of the Chigi family, dedicated to Our Lady of Loretto, decorated after designs by *Raphael*. The altarpiece was begun by *Del Piombo*, and finished by *Salviati*. The figures of David and Aaron in the lunettes over the tombs are by *Vanni*. Here also are four Statues; two are by the masterly chisel of *Bernini*, representing Daniel in the Lions' Den, and Habakkuk with the Angel; the two others, which represent the prophet Elias, and Jonas and the Whale, are by *Lorenzetto*.—The last is particularly esteemed from being executed under *Raphael's* own eye. Close to this chapel is the magnificent tomb of the Princess Odescalchi Chigi, after designs by *Posi*; and the elegant architectural ornaments you see at the eastern extremity of the church are by *Sansovino*.

CHURCH OF SAN CARLO AL CORSO.

Over the high altar, the Apotheosis of San Carlo, by *Carlo Maratta*. In the third chapel to the right, St. Barnaba, by *Francesco Mola*. Here likewise is a mosaic copy of *Carlo Maratta's* painting of the Conception, in the church of S. M. del Popolo. The Statue of Judith is by *Le Brun*.

CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO IN LUCINA, by the Caffe Nuovo.

Christ on the Cross, by *Guido*. Nicholas Poussin lies buried here.

CHURCH OF THE SANTISSIMI APOSTOLI, in the Piazza of the same name.

Observe the fine fresco on the ceiling of the TRIBUNE, which represents the rebel angels driven out of heaven, by *Odazzi*.

The Crucifixion of St. ——— placed over the high altar, by *Muratori*.—Remark its skilful composition.

Here you see the tomb of Clement XIV., by the chisel of *Canova*; and under the vestibule is a monument erected by *Canova* to his friend Valpato.

In the PIAZZA DI MONTE CITORIO the traveller will see the Solar Obelisk brought by Augustus from Hieropolis. It served as a gnomon to a meridian marked on the ground upon a bronze dial.

In the PIAZZA DI PIETRA stands the Custom-house, the façade of which is formed of the remains of the TEMPLE OF ANTONINUS PIUS. Eleven majestic columns support a magnificent entablature of Greek marble, in good preservation. These columns formed part of the sides of a portico which surrounded the temple; they are fluted and Corinthian.

THE PANTHEON IN THE PIAZZA DELLA ROTONDA.—Eight columns in front sustain the pediment of the portico, with three columns and one pilaster on the sides.—They are all of granite, and surmounted with Corinthian capitals. The pavement of the interior is of porphyry and *giallo antico*, bordered with other precious marbles. Here you see the tombs of Raphael, Hann. Caracci, Zuccheri, Vacca, and the famous musician Corelli.

The opening in the centre of the dome which lights the interior is 25 feet in diameter.

CHURCH OF ST AGNES, in the Piazza Navona.

An antique Statue, which, by a little management, makes a fine St. Se-

beatian. Opposite to this is a statue of the Martyrdom of St. Agnes.

CHURCH OF STA. MARIA SOPRA MINERVA.—See a statue of Christ, by *Michael Angelo*, which, though fine as a statue, displays *et vis et virtus* enough for a Hercules. The figure is too athletic for the meek and peaceful character of the Redeemer, and wants "the beauty of holiness" to make it in character.

CHURCH OF SANT' ANDREA DELLA VALLE, *near the Teatro della Valle*.

Round the lower part of the ceiling of the Tribune there are some charming frescos by *Domenichino*.—The emblems of Hope and Charity are especially fine.

The three Frescos on the walls of the Tribune are by the energetic and expressive pencil of *Il Calabrese*.

The Cupola was painted by *Lanfranco*, and represents the life of St. Andrew; under which, at the corners, observe the four Evangelists, by *Domenichino*.—The St. John and St. Matthew are charming figures.

In the first chapel to the left (the Barberini) there is an excellent Visitation, by *Pasignani*; and note the architecture of the chapel opposite, (the Strozzi).—It is by *Michael Angelo*.

In the CHURCH OF THE SANTA TRINITA DE' PELLEGRINI, you see the High Altar-piece, representing the Trinity, by *Guido*.

God the Father, a fresco, in the lantern, is by the same artist.

CHURCH OF SAN CARLO A CATENARI.

The ceiling of the tribune was painted by *Lanfranco*; and the Cardinal Virtues in the angles below the cupola are by *Domenichino*.

Observe the personification of Fortitude. The High Altar-piece, representing the Procession of St. Charles Borromeo in the plague of Milan, is by *Da Cortona*.

The fresco behind it of St. Charles is by *Guido*.

The Death of St. Ann is by *Andrea Sacchi*.

An Annunciation in the first chapel to the right, by *Lanfranco*.

An Assumption of the Virgin in the sacristy, by the same.

CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI DE' FIORENTINI.

Remark the entablature of the doors.

The High Altar was designed by *De Cortona*, but finished by *Ciro Ferri*.

The Martyrdom of Sts. Cosimo and Damiano is by *Salvator Rosa*.

The St. Jerome is by *Cigoli*.

The frescos are by *Pomperancia*.

One of the chapels was painted by *Lanfranco*.

In the CHURCH OF SANT' AGOSTINO there is a painting of the Prophet Isaiah on one of the pilasters of the nave, by *Raphael*; and a Coronation of the Virgin, by *Lanfranco*.

Our Lady of Loretto is by *Caravaggio*.

The paintings in the Chapel St. Augustin are by *Guercino*.

On the top of the MONTE CAPITOLINO is the CHURCH OF STA. MARIA D' ARACELI, erected on the spot where formerly stood the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. An ancient legend tells, that at the time of the birth of Jesus Christ, Augustus caused an altar to be erected in this temple, and called it *Ara Primogeniti Dei*, whence, they say, this church took its name of Araceli, and vestiges of which are still to be seen in the transverse nave. The large columns of Egyptian granite which divide the naves are thought to have belonged to the original temple. On the third to the left, on entering by the principal door, you read, *à Cubiculo Augustorum*.

TEMPLE OF FORTUNA VIRILIS, now the CHURCH OF S. M. EGIZIACA.

Close by is the ancient TEMPLE OF VESTA, now consecrated to the Ma-

donna del Sole, and the opening of the Cloaca Maxima into the Tiber.—This common sewer of Rome, thought to be as ancient as the time of Tarquinius Priscus, is fourteen feet high, by as many in width.

S. M. IN COSMEDIN, in this neighbourhood, is built on the ruins of the Temple of Pudicitia, or Modesty: it is here you see the *Bocca della Verità*.

CHURCH OF S. GREGORIO (on Monte Celio).

The ceiling was painted by *Guido*; but what claim the principal emphasis of the visitor's attention, are the rival frescos of *Guido* and *Domenichino*. That of the first of these celebrated artists represents St. Andrew on his way to suffer Martyrdom; the second, his Flagellation. The paintings of St. Peter, St. Paul, and of four Saints, in the Chapel of St. Silvia, are also by *Guido*.

On the ceiling of this chapel you see a Concert of Angels, by the same great master.

S. MARIA IN VALICELLA.

The frescos in the Dome are by *Giordano*, those in the vault of the nave by *Da Cortona*.

The Entombing of Christ, a copy from *Caravaggio*.

The Virgin, Christ, St. Charles, St. Ignatius, and Angels, by *Carlo Maratta*.

San Filippo Neri, by *Guido*.

Three paintings at the high altar, by *Rubens*.

A Presentation and a Visitation, by *Baroccio*.

An Annunciation, by *Passignani*.

The statue of St. F. Neri in the sacristy, and his bust over the door, are by *Algardi*; and the ceiling, by *Pietro da Cortona*. (*Martyn*).

CHURCH OF S. STEFANO ROTONDO,

Commonly designated the Temple of Claudius; but it seems more probable, from its incongruous architecture, to be a building of a more

modern date, erected, in the twilight of the arts, from spoils taken from other edifices. Some have ascribed it to Pope St. Simplicius, and by him dedicated to the first martyr. This church, in its interior, preserves an idea of the majesty of the ancient temples. It is supported by fifty-eight columns, some Ionic, others Doric, principally of granite, which, from being unequal in height, and unlike in their ornaments, countenances the idea of their being the pillage of purer specimens of architecture. The paintings on the walls between the intercolumniations are by *Pomarancio* and *Antonio Tempesta*.

The CHURCH OF ST. SABINA, on the Aventine Hill, possesses a round black stone, which the Devil threw at St. Dominick to frighten him from his prayers; also an Altar-piece of Christ and the Holy Virgin, with Saints and Angels, by *Sassoferrati*.

There are four churches on the opposite side of the Tiber, besides St. Peter's, that deserve notice: viz.

SANT' ONOFRIO contains the ashes of Tasso; three histories of St. Jerome, and other pieces, by *Domenichino*; and Our Lady of Loretto, by *Ann. Caracci*. (*Martyn*).

SANTA MARIA IN TRASTEVERE.

See a fine Assumption of the Virgin, supported in her ascent by infant angels, on the ceiling of the nave, by *Domenichino*.

St. John in the Wilderness, of *Raphael's* school.

In a chapel to the left of the tribune, there are two fine frescos by *Domenichino*: one, a Council of Cardinals and Doctors of the Church, in the foreground of which stands the personification of Roman Catholicism trampling Heresy under her feet, surrounded by the allegories of the Christian faith; the other, a Pope blessing the Scriptures, as authenticated and approved by the Council.

A Holy Family.

A Communion.

The Mosaic in the tribune is very fine, although ancient, and represents Jesus Christ and the Holy Virgin seated by each other, with other figures on each side: that of the Virgin is both graceful and beautiful.

There is another Mosaic more ancient still, representing Ducks and Wild Fowl feeding, designed with great life and nature.

SANTA MARIA DELLA PACE.

The Visit of Mary to Elizabeth, by *Carlo Maratta*.

The Presentation of the Virgin at the Temple, by *Peruzzi*.

The Birth of the Virgin, by *Fanni*.

On the ceiling of the tribune there is an Assumption, by *Albani*; and on each side, an Annunciation and Adoration of the Shepherds, by *Pasignani*.

In the transept, facing the Maratta, the Death of the Virgin, by *Morante*, and the Adoration of the Shepherds, by *Sermoneta*.

See two fine Heads on copper in the tribune; and near the door, *Raphael's* Sibyls and Prophets predicting the future Messiah: the two figures of the prophets to the left struck me most.

ST. CECILIA IN TRASTEVERE.

The Decollation of St. Cecilia over the high altar is attributed to *Guido*; and an elegant recumbent statue of her is by the chisel of *Maderni*.

Four handsome columns of *nero* and *bianco antico* adorn the high altar, under which lie the remains of St. Cecilia.

THE HILLS

Are the Aventine, Capitoline, Caelian, Esquiline, Palatine, Quirinal, and Viminal; besides the Janiculum, Vatican, and Pincian, Monte Caelio, Citorio, and Testaccio.

THE BRIDGES

The PONS ÆMILII, anciently the Pons Æmiliensis, or Æmilius.

PONS S. ANGELO, anciently the Pons Ælius.

PONS CESTII, or S. BARTOLOMÆO, and the PONS QUATRO CAPI, anciently Pons Fabricius, join the Isola Tiberina to the Trastevere and the city.

PONS SISTO, anciently the Pons Janiculensis.

The ANCIENT BRIDGES in ruins are: the Pons Triumphalis, below the Pons S. Angelo; the Sublidian Bridge, and the Senatorian Bridge, now called Pons Rotto, stand below the Isola Tiberina.

CIRCUSES.

CIRCUS MAXIMUS, in the valley between the Palatine and Aventine hills.

CIRCUS OF FLORA, now occupied by the Piazza Barberini.

CIRCUS FLAMINIUS, at the foot of the Tarpeian rock.

CIRCUS AGONALIS, in the Piazza Navona.

CIRCUS OF CARACALLA, near the church of S. Sebastian.

BATHS.

BATHS OF TITUS.—The vaults and corridors underground were painted in arabesque, from which, it is said, Raphael took the idea of his paintings in the Loggie in the Vatican.

BATHS OF DIOCLETIAN, near the church of S. M. degli Angeli.

The BATHS OF CARACALLA are at the foot of the Aventine Mount. They contained 2300 cells, wherein as many persons might bathe at the same time without seeing each other.

FOUNTAINS.

The one in the Piazza Navona is the most magnificent. It is constructed of a vast rock, on which an obelisk is placed. At the foot of the rock colossal figures are seated, representative of the Nile, Danube, Ganges,

and La Plata, with their attributes. *Bernini* furnished the design.

FONTANA DI TERMINI, *opposite the church of S. M. della Vittoria*.—The colossal figure of Moses is by *Bresciano*. *Fontana* was the architect. Remark the lions in basalt. They formerly stood under the portico of the Pantheon.

FONTANA DI TREVI, *at the end of the Via de Crociferi*.—The statuary is by *Nicola Salvi*. It furnishes the only water which now comes to Rome by an ancient aqueduct.

MAUSOLEA.

CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, anciently the Mausoleum of Hadrian. The great room is ornamented with arabesque frescos, by *Giulio Romano*, *Pierino del Vaga*, and other pupils of Raphael.

MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS is not far from the church of San Carlo, between the Corso and the Tiber. It stood in the ancient Campus Martius.

The **ANTONINE COLUMN**, the shaft of which is 106 feet high, stands in the Piazza Colonna.

TRAJAN'S COLUMN, in the Forum of this emperor, the shaft of which is 92½ feet in height, and 128 including the pedestal. *Polydorus* was the artist who executed the sculpture.

See the colossal statues of Castor and Pollux on the Monte Cavallo, the

works of *Phidias* and *Prasiteles*; they were found in Constantine's Baths.

By the Piazza Montanara stand the ruins of **MARCELLUS'S THEATRE**, and in this neighbourhood also is the **PORTICO OF OCTAVIA**, now the **Pescaria**, or Fish-market.

Visit the **SEPULCHRE OF THE SCIPIOS**, near the Baths of Caracalla.

SUBURBS.

TOMB OF CAIUS CESTIUS, in the form of a pyramid: it is a curiosity, as being the only one in Europe. Cestius was purveyor for the feasts of the gods—*Septemvir Epulorum*.

The **CHURCH OF ST. SEBASTIAN** contains a recumbent statue of this martyr, by *Giorgetti*, Bernini's master. Under the church are the catacombs, which they say extend forty miles: they were originally quarries of Pozzuolana. They served for burial-places of the heathens, and afterwards of the Christians. (*Martyn*.)

TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA.

The **OBELISK** now in P. Navona formerly stood in the Circus of Caracalla, close by the tomb of Cecilia.

The **FOUNTAIN OF THE NYMPH EGERIA** you find near the church of S. Urbano alla Caffarella; and in this vicinity, the **TEMPLE** which the Romans erected to **RIDICULE** when Hannibal quitted Rome.

Near the Circus of Caracalla there is a round **TEMPLE**, supposed to be that of **VIRTUE** and **HONOUR**.

NAPLES.

THE MOST REMARKABLE STATUES AND PAINTINGS IN THE STUDJ.

GALLERY OF THE STATUES.

A Peasant with a Rabbit over his shoulder.

A wounded Amazon falling from her horse.

A wounded Gladiator.

Two Statues of Wrestlers.

Balbus the son, an equestrian statue.

The mother of Balbus.

Balbus the father, also an equestrian statue.

A youthful Bacchus (of heroic proportions).

Another Bacchus, still more elegant.

A beautiful group of Cupid and Bacchus.

Group of Apollo with a Swan.

Ceres in search of Proserpine.

Venus reproving Cupid.

A Faun with the infant Bacchus on his shoulders.

A Statue of Minerva.

Augustus seated, his temples bound with bays.

Agrippina the mother of Nero, seated, (124).

Claudius seated, from Herculaneum.

FIRST ROOM out of the Gallery.

No. 208. Flora (a semi-colossal statue).

No. 209. The Torso Farnese.

SECOND ROOM.

Observe a Tripod Altar, in *rosso antico*. A colossal Statue of Apollo, in porphyry (220).

A Statue of bounteous Nature—the head, hands, and feet, are of bronze.

No. 207. A Faun making too free with a female.

No. 212. Apollo seated—drapery of porphyry.

Nos. 218, 225. Two pedestals formed of Dacian captives kneeling; the drapery of parti-coloured marble.

HALL OF THE VENUSES.

The most beautiful are those of Venus Genitrix (No. 297), Venus Maritima (307), and Venus seated (314).

In the centre of the room stands a fine statue of Cupid.

HALL OF ATLAS.

Statue of Aristides (374).

Observe two handsome Candelabra.

HALL OF ANTINOUS.

A beautiful Vase with double handles, several fine busts, and an elegant statue of Antinous.

LAST ROOM.

An upright Statue of a Hermaphrodite.

Cupid riding on a Dolphin, and

The celebrated Venus Calpegyis.

The celebrated Toro Farnese (497), and the no-less-celebrated Farnese Hercules (498), are in the gallery of the Toro.

ROOM OF THE BRONZE BUSTS AND STATUARY.

Statues of two Deer.

A Faun drunk, leaning on an empty wine-bladder.

Statue of a Horse, from Herculaneum. Mercury seated, also from Herculaneum.

A Faun asleep.

The Pythian Apollo, from Pompeii.

Busts of Ptolemy Philometor, Seneca, Heraclitus, Ptolemy Soter, Democritus, Antinous in the character of Bacchus, Sappho, Scipio Africanus, Plato, Ptolemy Philadelphus.

THE PAINTINGS.

Christ at Emmaus, by *Della Notte*.

A Head, and a Portrait of Himself, by *Rembrandt*.

A fine Pieta, by *Bassano*.

A Magdalen, by *Titian*.

A fine Head, by *Giorgione*.

St. Euphemia, by *Andrea Montegna*.

The Finding of Moses, by *Titian*.

Christ appearing to his Disciples after his Resurrection, by *Giovanni Bel-lino*. The figures are fine and expressive, and the drapery remarkably well cast.

The Raising of Lazarus, by *Bassano*.

The Guardian Angel, by *Domenichino*.

A Holy Family, by *Del Piombo* (18).

A Queen giving food and raiment to a naked figure, by *Schidone*.

A Magdalen, and a St. Peter, by *Guer-cino*.

An Infant Jesus asleep, surrounded by the emblems of the passion, by *Guido*.

Cain slaying his Brother.

St. Anthony receiving the Infant Christ in his arms from the Virgin.

The Baptism of Christ, by *Albani*.

Angels administering to Christ in the Wilderness.

The Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew.

A Descent from the Cross, by *Garofolo* (20).

The Schiana of Caracci (22).

Danaë, by *Titian* (36).

Cupid embracing his Mother, by *Bronzino*.

Hercules between Virtue and Vice, by *Han. Caracci*.

Pan and Diana seated in a wood.

Four small oval paintings, by *Bronzino*, of Apollo and Daphne, Bacchus and Ariadne, Venus and Mars, and Omphale teaching Hercules to spin.

An Assumption, by *Fra Bartolomeo*.

Abraham entertaining the three Angels. Below this, a Holy Family.

A very fine Pieta, by *Han. Caracci*.

The Fall of Simon Magus, by *Ludovico Caracci*.

A Lute-player, by *Agostino Caracci*.

St. Cecilia, by *Sassoferrati*.

A Noli me tangere (fine, but dirty), by one of the *Caracci*.

Two groups of Angels playing on stringed instruments, by *Corregio*.

- A** Holy Family, by *Parmegiano*. This is a species of cartoon. The Infant Christ is asleep, whilst his mother watches, kneeling, by his side.
- A** Portrait of a beautiful young female, over whose left shoulder a brown ferret is biting her finger; Portraits of Columbus and of Americus Vespucci,—by the same.
- A** Holy Family (fine), by *Del Sarto*. Charity, a Cupid, and a Sbozzo, by *Schidone*.
- Marriage of St. Catherine**, by *Corregio*.
- A** Female asleep, with an infant in her arms, in rich landscape scenery; and an *Ecce Homo*,—by the same. The latter is like an enamel, it is so delicately touched.
- Two Boys laughing**, by *Parmegiano*. Gipsies telling a credulous clown his fortune; and two Sharpers cheating a youth at cards,—by *Caravaggio*.
- Peter denying Christ**, by *Della Notte*.
- A Storm and Shipwreck**, by *Vernet*.
- Two Landscapes**, by *Salvator Rosa*.
- A rich and beautiful Landscape**, and *Sunset*, by *Claude*. The first has the luxuriant greenness of spring; the last is painted in his usual mel-low tone.
- A Holy Family, and a Madonna and Child**, by *Raphael*.
- Another Holy Family, by the same great artist, where the infant has his foot on the cradle.
- A third Holy Family**, by *Raphael*, in which the Infant Jesus stands on his mother's knee, speaking to an Infant St. John.
- A fourth Holy Family**, by the same, in which the Virgin rests her hand on the head of St. John.
- Over this, observe a fine copy of the *Seggiola*, by *Giulio Romano*.
- A Virgin and Child, and a St. John** (similar to that in the Louvre), by *Da Vinci*.
- A Holy Family**, by *Del Sarto*.
- Portrait of the Queen of Francis the First**, by *Da Vinci*.
- Portraits of his Mother, Leo X., &c.**, by *Raphael*.
- A superb representation of the Resurrection**, by *Razzi*.
- The above is placed between an allegorical painting and a Circumcision, by *Vasari*.
- Silenus drunk**, by *Spagnoletto*.
- A highly finished copy in oil of M. Angelo's Last Judgment**, by *Venusti*.
- On tables in the centre of one of the rooms stand models in cork of Pæstum, Herculaneum, and Pompeii.

PAINTINGS IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT NAPLES.

[To see the interior, an order is necessary.]

FIRST ROOM.

- The Death of Cæsar**, by *Camucini*. Painted in the style of the modern French school.
- The Death of Virginia**, by the same.
- Susanna and the Elders**, by *Rosso*.
- Venus recumbent**, in rich landscape scenery, by *Luca Giordano*.
- Christ bearing his Cross to Mount Calvary**, preceded by the two thieves, by *Il Calabrese*.
- The Prodigal Son**, by the same excellent master.
- The Story of Rebecca**, by *Albani*.

SECOND ROOM.

- The Four Seasons, a group**, by *Guido*.
- St. Francis**, by *Carlo Dolce*.
- A Virgin and Child, of great beauty and softness**, by *Vanni*.
- Carita Grande**, by *Schidone*.

- Orpheus**, by *Caravaggio*, in a rich style of colouring.
- Innocence, Religion, and another figure of a Virtue**, copied from *Raphael*, by *Hannibal Caracci*.
- The Story of Atalanta**, by *Guido*.

THIRD ROOM.

- St. Joseph asleep**.
- St. Rock**, by *Fiamingo*.
- St. Sebastian**, by *Passignano*.
- St. John the Evangelist**, by *Domenichino*.
- St. John the Baptist**, by *Manfredi*.

FOURTH ROOM.

- The Adoration of the Magi**, by *Carlo Maratta*.
- Venus detaining Adonis as he prepares to quit for the chase**, by *Padovanino*.

Faith, Hope, and Charity, copied from Raphael, by *Han. Caracci*.

FIFTH ROOM.

A Noli me tangere, by *Giulio Romano*.
Venus and the Graces, by *Tintoretto*.
The Flight into Egypt, by *Alessandro Turchi*.

Lucretia, by *Simon da Pesaro*.

St. John the Baptist (fine), by *Ludovico Caracci*.

STANZA GIALLA.

Jacob and Rachael, by *Iaccaro*.

Venus and Adonis toying, by the elder *Palma*.

Venus lamenting over the dead Body of Adonis, by *Cambiassi*.

Orpheus charming the Beasts, by *Iaccaro*.

A Venus, by *Luca Giordano*.

CHURCHES.

CATHEDRAL OF SAN GENNARO.

The fine paintings on the ceiling of the nave are by *Santafede*, and represent the Annunciation, Visitation, Adoration of the Magi, Adoration of the Shepherds, and the Circumcision.

In that part of the church where formerly stood the ancient Temple of Apollo, observe the ceiling painted by *Solimene*, and the heads over the arches by *Luca Giordano*. Here, also, are several tombs as old as the fourteenth century.

CHAPEL OF SAN GENNARO.—Remark the superb cupola painted by *Lanfranco*; St. Gennaro coming out of the Furnace, by *Spagnoletto*; and the Statues of St. Peter and St. Paul.

In a large chapel to the right of the grand altar, there is a painting by *Donnicchino*; and in the left transept, near the tomb of Innocent IV. a Virgin and Child with St. Ann, by *Iaccaro*.

See the Tomb of the unfortunate king Andrew, in the Baraballia Chapel; also the pagan vase, used for the baptismal font.

CHURCH OF THE SANTI APOSTOLI.

Over the door in the interior, the Pool of Siloam, a fine architectural painting, by *Ribona*.

The ceiling of the nave was painted by the splendid pencil of *Lanfranco*.

The four paintings in the choir, representing the Annunciation, Nativity, Birth of the Virgin, and her Presen-

tation at the Temple, are by *Solimene*; and the four Evangelists, in the angles of the dome, by *Lanfranco*.

In a chapel in the cross you see the emblematical personification of four Virtues, by *Solimene*; and two paintings on the side walls, by *Giordano*.

Also in the cross observe two groups of Children, from the playful chisel of *Fiamingo*.

The high altar is enriched with precious stones, on which observe a beautiful tabernacle.

This church stands on the site of an ancient temple of Minerva, erected by Constantine before his conversion.

CHURCH OF SAN MARTINO, CASTLE ST. ELMO.

The choir contains an unfinished Nativity, by *Guido*, (the artist died before he could complete it), and the four Cene, as they are called. The first is by *Massimo*, and represents the preparation for the Supper; the second, the Last Supper, by a pupil of the Veronese school; the third is the well-known Communion, by *Spagnoletto*; and the last is by *Caracciolo*, and represents Christ appearing to his Disciples after his Resurrection.

On the wall facing the high altar, you see a very fine Pieta, by *Massimo*; Moses and Elias (two remarkably expressive frescos), by *Spagnoletto*; and

two Statues of St. John the Baptist and St. Jerome, by *Vaccaro*.

Over the arches of the chapels are fresco paintings of the twelve Prophets, by *Spagnoletto*, but much injured and faded by time.

In the chapel of St. Bruno are three very fine paintings by *Massimo*.

The three in the Chapel of the Virgin are by *Francesco Mura*.

A third chapel contains two by *Solimene*.

In a fourth, the Baptism of Christ in the Jordan, by *Carlo Maratta*.

A fifth contains paintings representing transactions in the life of San Martino, by *Massimo*.

In the COUNCIL ROOM —

A Flagellation, by the *Chevalier D'Arpino*; and Christ disputing in the Temple, by a pupil of *Solimene*.

In the SACRISTY, round the arch of the entrance leading to the Tesoro —

Christ descending from Pilate's house: the figures by *Massimo*, the architecture by *Bibiena*.

Over the opposite door, a Crucifixion, by *D'Arpino*; and Peter denying Christ, by *Caravaggio*.

The Tesoro contains *Spagnoletto's* celebrated Pieta.

The panels of the Sacristy are of inlaid wood-work, executed by a German monk, delineating various perspective views.

Note the view from the apartments of the Custode.

CHURCH OF SAN PAOLO.

The Baptism of Christ, by *Massimo*.

Adoration of the Shepherds.

Adoration of the Magi.

Christ at Emmaus.

The Raising of Lazarus.

The Prodigal Son.

The Woman taken in Adultery.

The Woman of Samaria.

St. Francis, by *Guido*.

The Grand Altar is of the finest marbles, on which a tabernacle stands, of gilt metal, enriched with precious stones and columns of jasper. Observe, also, the magnificent chapel of the Prince of Sant' Agata.

PAINTINGS IN THE SACRISTY.

The Conversion of St. Paul, and the Fall of Simon Magus, by *Solimene*.

The ceiling and side walls are by *Correnzio*.

Here, also, you see an Ecce Homo of high finish, said to be by *Titian*: a glass is before it.

CHURCH OF SAN FILIPPO NERI.

This is one of the handsomest churches in Naples. Here you see *Giordano's* celebrated fresco of Christ chasing the Money-changers from the Temple.

Santa Teresa, by the same.

In the Sacristy are paintings by *Spagnoletto*, *Domenichino*, and *Guido*; and the ceiling is by *Giordano*.

The paintings in the Chapel of San Filippo are by *Solimene*, and represent the Adoration of the Magi; the Purification; and Jesus before the High Priest.

Over the altar is a painting of S. Filippo kneeling, with an angel standing by.

On the ceiling of the chapel observe the fine frescos of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and of the Saint in Glory, by *Solimene*.

The CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA ANNUNZIATA, near the Capua Gate, contains a sublime Pieta, by *Spagnoletto*.

CHURCH OF S. DOMENICO.

Observe the tombs.-- In the Pinelli Chapel there is a Titian; and in the Sacristy, a Flagellation, by *Caravaggio*, and a Glory, by *Solimene*.

CHURCH OF S. MARIA NOVELLA.

Observe an Assumption on the ceiling, the *chef-d'œuvre* of *Santafede*.

Christ, Mary, the Magdalen, and St. John, by *Marco di Siena*. In this church you also see two primitive of *Giordano*, representing two angels, painted when only eight years old.

CHURCH OF SAN FERDINANDO.

The frescos are by *Paul Mattiis*.
The High Altar-piece is by *Solimene*,
and the statues of David and Moses
by *Vaccaro*.

CHURCH OF S. BRIGIDA.

The Cupola was painted by *Giordano*.
In this church is the artist's tomb.

CHURCH DELLA PIETA' DE' TORCHINI.

The Altar-piece, by *Solimene*.
The lantern, by *Giordano*.

CHURCH OF S. M. DI MONTE OLIVETO.

A Purification, by *Vasari*.
An Assumption, by *Pinturicchio*.
Observe some curious Statues in terra-
cotta, representing illustrious cha-

racters of the 15th century, by
Modanino.

CHURCH OF GESU NUOVO, OR TRINITA' MAGGIORE.

Over the grand entrance, *Heliodorus*
driven out of the Temple, a large
fresco, by *Solimene*.

In the Chapel of the Trinity, a paint-
ing, by *Guercino*.

The Chapel of the Virgin was painted
by *Solimene*, and the Cupola by
Lanfranco.

CHURCH OF SANTA CHIARA.

It is here that the annual miracle of
the liquefaction of the blood is per-
formed.

The High Altar-piece is by *Lu Mura*.
The fresco painting of the Dome is
by *Sebastian Conca*, and represents
a miracle of St. Clare.

OBJECTS OF CURIOSITY IN THE ENVIRONS OF NAPLES.

TO THE WEST.

The Grotto of Posilipo; the length of
which is 2316 feet, its width 22, and
its height varies from 24 to 89 feet.
Above the eastern entrance you find
the Tomb of Virgil. Entering the
Piligrim fields you find the Lake
of Agnano on the right, by whose
shores are the Grotto del Cane, the
Stufe di San Germano, and higher
up the Pisciarelli. On the opposite
shore you see the king's hunting
park at Asirum. Crossing the hills
at the Pisciarelli, you come to the
Solfataræ; and as you descend to
Pozzuoli, you pass an Amphitheatre
on the right, and some ancient tombs
on the left. At Pozzuoli visit the
Cathedral, part of which is formed
of the ruins of a temple sacred to
Augustus; also see the temple of
Jupiter Serapis and the Mole.

Farther on, you pass the ruins of Ci-
cero's country-house, and come to
Monte Nuovo, the Lucrine Lake,
Lake Avernus, with the ruins of the
Temple of Apollo, and the Cave of
the Sibyl on its banks.

Beyond this stands Monte Barbaro,
the ancient Baccheus Gaurus, the
Arco Felice, thrown across a chasm
in a ridge that bounds the plain

where Cumæ stood; and the ruins
of Liternum, whither Scipio Afri-
canus retired.

Near the Lucrine Lake you find the
natural hot baths, called Stufe de'
Tritoli, or Nero's Sudatoria.

By the shore of the Gulf of Baiæ you
see the ruins of the Temples of
Venus Genitrix, Diana Lucifera,
and Mercury, and the Sepulchre of
Agrippina. Hence you arrive at
the Mercato del Sabato, where
urns containing the ashes of the
dead were deposited. A little
farther, you come to the Piscina
Mirabile, a great reservoir for water,
constructed by Agrippa, for water-
ing the fleet. Hereabouts, also, is
the Cento Camerelle, the use of
which has not been ascertained; the
Elysian Fields, and the promontory
of Misenum, and the Mare Morto,
Lake Acheronte, or Fusaro; and,
at some little distance, the islands of
Procida and Ischia.

TO THE EAST of Naples you come to
Portici, Resina, and the subterranean
ruins of Herculaneum, Mount Ve-
suvius, Torre del Greco, Torre della
'Nunziata, and Pompeii.

POMPEII AND ITS EXCAVATED RUINS.

Pompeii was encompassed by walls fortified with towers, and having several gates.

The gate towards Herculaneum has three archways; the two side ones for foot-passengers, the centre one for carriages.

On entering the city by the Via Domitiana, you come to a building on the right hand, supposed to have been a post-house, from the bones of horses being found in the stables: chequers were painted on each side of the door, which shews the antiquity of this sign to a public-house.

On the opposite side stands a building, supposed to have been a Thermopolium.

The House of a Surgeon, where above forty surgical instruments were found.

A Ponderarium,—so named from the number of weights and steel-yards found.

Near to this is a house thought to have been used for the manufacture of soap.

Next comes what has been named the House of the Danzatrici, from the statues that were excavated here.

A public Bakehouse, containing corn-mills, an oven, &c.

The other most remarkable buildings are—the house of Caius Sallust; of Julius Polybius, thought to have been an hotel; a Druggist's Shop; House of the Edile Pansa; of the Dramatic Poet, adorned with several excellent frescos; that of the Dioscouroi, so named from the frescos of Castor and Pollux painted on one of the entrances,—there are other frescos, some of which are exceedingly beau-

tiful; that of the Bacchantes, which takes its name also from the frescos.

The Forum.

The Temples of Fortune, Isis, and Æsculapius.

A Sculptor's Shop.

A Comic Theatre.

A Tragic Theatre.

The Amphitheatre.

The Nola Gate: but for a particular description of these and other edifices, I beg to refer the reader to the "*Plan de Pompei, par le Chanoine de Jorio.*"

Outside of the walls you find—

The Barracks for the Garrison.

The Villa of Diomedes, in excavating which several skeletons were found; one having keys in one hand and a gold ring in the other. In the cellar, where they had retreated to, in all likelihood for safety, twenty skeletons were found, two of which were those of children.

The tombs of the family are to be seen on the opposite side of the Via Domitiana.

An edifice for the funeral repasts at burials. Observe the table on which they were served, and a triclinium.

The Tombs of Munacius Faustus, Scaurus, and Calventius Quietus.

An ancient osteria, or inn for travellers. Several skeletons were found here, four of which were locked in each other's arms; and a great variety of utensils, &c.

Opposite to this is a building, supposed to have been a place where they washed the bodies of the dead previous to burning them.

A sentry-box, where the skeleton of the soldier on duty, as supposed, was found.

ASSISI.

PAINTINGS IN THE DUOMO AT ASSISI.

The story of Toby and the Fish.

Agar with Ishmael in the Desert.

Abraham's Sacrifice.

Christ at Emmaus, and others.

A Statue of the patron Saint of Assisi, St. Rufino, by *Lemoigne*, stands behind the grand altar.

Here also you see several ancient paintings:—

A Crucifixion; a Marriage of St. Catherine; St. Andrew; and the Virgin appearing to St. Philip, of the Order of the Servi.

PAINTINGS IN THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEGLI ANGELI,
On the grand route immediately below Assisi.

- In the first Chapel to the left, over the altar—St. Francis curing the Blind. On the sides—St. Francis preaching, and his appearing before the Pope.
- 2d.—Over the altar—An Angel appearing to St. Francis. On the sides—his Death and Funeral.
- 3d.—Over the altar—a Descent. On the sides—Christ kneeling before his Mother, who is weeping, St. Peter, St. John, and the Magdalen present—architectural scenery in the background (a fine painting); and a *Néme tangere*.
- 4th.—A Coronation of the Virgin; St. Francis appearing to some one sick in bed (fine).
- 5th.—The Virgin and Child. A nun kisses the boy's hand: rich background (very fine).
- In the first to the right—St. Francis.
- 3d.—The Birth of the Virgin. A female prepares to bathe the new-born infant. Observe the frescos.

BOLOGNA.

PAINTINGS IN THE ACCADEMIA DELLE BELLE ARTI.

FIRST ROOM.

- A Holy Family, by *Giuseppe Francia*.
A Sebastian and St. George, by the same.
A Magdalen, of exquisite beauty, by *Tommaso Viti*, a pupil of Raphael.
The Nativity, Nurture, and Death of Christ, by *Francesco Francia*, the father.
A Pieta, supported by angels, by *Lorenzo Sabbatini* (small).

SECOND ROOM.

- A fine Portrait of St. Andrew Corsini, by *Guido*.
An unfinished St. Sebastian, by the same.
Christ placed in the Tomb, by *Prospero Fontana*.
The Annunciation, in two separate paintings of the Angel and of the Virgin, by *Hannibal Caracci*.
St. John preaching in the Wilderness, by the soft harmonious pencil of *Ludovico Caracci*.
St. Anthony kissing the foot of the Infant Jesus, by *Elizabeth Sirani*.
A Pieta, by *Alexander Chiurini*.
An Assumption, by *Agostino Caracci*.

THIRD ROOM.

- The celebrated Crucifixion, by *Guido*.
The Conversion of St. Paul, by *Ludovico Caracci*.
A Transfiguration, by the same.
Samson, by *Guido*.
Martyrdom of St. Agnes, by *Domenichino*.

Baptism of Christ, by *Albani*.

- A Madonna, Infant Jesus, and St. John, seated on an altar, with St. John the Evangelist and St. Catherine below, by *Hannibal Caracci*.
A Tribute-money, by *Ludovico Caracci*.
An allegorical painting of the Persecution and final Triumph of Christianity, by *Domenichino*.
Opposite to this—St. Agnes, by the same.
The Virgin and Child appearing to St. Bruno, by *Guercino* (in his best manner).
An Assumption of the Virgin, by *Sabbatini* (fine).

FOURTH ROOM.

- A Nativity, by *Ludovico Caracci*.
A Holy Family, by *Bugiardini*.
St. Margaret adoring the Infant Redeemer, by the glowing pencil of *Parmigiano*.
St. John in the Wilderness, a fine copy of Raphael's, by *Giulio Romano*.
The Communion of St. Jerome, by *Agostino Caracci*.
The Death of St. Francis, by *Cesi*, a pupil of Guido.
The Marriage of St. Catherine, by *Tiarini*.
The Murder of the Innocents, by *Guido*.
St. Cecilia, by *Raphael*.
A Pieta, by *Guido*.
Peter the Martyr, by *Domenichino*.
In this Room there are two *Francias*.

UNIVERSITY OF BOLOGNA, *via San Donato.*

FIRST ROOM.

An Etruscan patera, with figures engraved on it; ancient weights; instruments used in the sacrifices; several Egyptian mummies; and a large bracelet of gold, found in the Rheno.

SECOND ROOM

Contains several statues. The two things most remarkable in this room are a porphyry vase for holding the lustral water—the *eau bénite* of the ancients, and a torso dressed in the imperial togamentum.

THIRD ROOM.

A small bronze Neptune—*John de Bologna's première pensée*.

Bronze busts of Paul III., Urban VIII., and Gregory XIII.

A large uncouth bronze statue, 500 years old.

Utensils, &c. of coral and ivory.

Dishes in ismanica, the designs by *Giulio Romano*.

FOURTH ROOM

Contains models of several of the most noted ruins at Rome.

FIFTH ROOM.

Richly inlaid steel weapons, &c. from Damascus; Japanese idols; Otahitian dresses and ornaments; a flute made of a human thigh-bone; different utensils of considerable beauty from the East and West Indies; a painting (if it may be so called) made of the feathers of birds, from North America.

SIXTH ROOM.

Containing the seals and arms of Bolognese families.

ROOMS DEVOTED TO OBJECTS OF PHYSICS.

1st.—Contains a Leyden battery, a large loadstone from Elba, weighing 500 lbs., and various electrifying machines.

2d.—Galvanic piles, batteries, and troughs; pyrometers, reflecting lenses, an artificial loadstone, which suspends a weight of 36 lbs.

3d.—Microscopical, prismatic, and

other optical instruments; Adams' camera obscura, &c.

4th.—Instruments relating to astronomy, the vibration of the pendulum, the pulley, weights, statical machinery; acoustic instruments relating to the laws of sound; instruments for the admeasurement of centrifugal and centripetal forces, and those illustrating the power of the inclined plane. This room also contains a curious model of a machine for the catching of eels.

5th.—Air-pumps, air-guns; chemical apparatus, chiefly for exhibiting the phenomena of the gases; barometers of different sorts; eudiometers and hydrogenometers.

There are rooms for minerals, which are not yet arranged properly; neither are the geological nor zoological specimens. Among the latter I noticed a fine preparation of the *Limulus Polyphemus*, from the West Indies.

In a room containing organic remains, you find the impression of a petrified bird, so rarely met with; a large Ray fish, and many others, from Bolca; and extremely fine specimens of dendritic marl.

Another room contains Corals, Coral-lines, and Madrepores.

The Shells are distributed in two rooms.

In the first they are very ordinary: the only shell at all curious is that containing a large aggregation of pearls; in the second they are much better: the collection of conis and olivæ is particularly fine. Here also you find some monstrosities, as double-headed calves, &c., stuffed birds, fish and animals; among others, a dolphin well prepared, and the *ornithorynchus paradoxus* from New Holland.

The celebrated wax anatomical preparations of Manzolini are ranged in two rooms, and though much inferior in number and merit to those at Florence, yet being the first preparations of the kind, they are highly interesting. The first contains:—

A male and female statue, shewing the exterior of the body; a very large (natural) skull, with a portrait in wax of the individual, named Bottaro, to

were not elongated; preparations in water from muscles, and others showing the vascular structure of bones; an external ear, with its muscles; a bone of the parotid gland, and a muscle of the eye, greatly magnified; the outer skin of the White and Negro; and preparations of the teeth, skeleton from seven weeks old embryos.

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A variety of preparations of α -be-

ception; natural and wax preparations of the internal ear and eye: wax preparations of the muscles, nerves, and blood-vessels, and of the viscera of the head, thorax, and abdomen; several very curious models of hermaphrodites in wax; two portraits of Manzolini and his wife in wax; and some natural preparations of the lymphatics injected with mercury.

In one of the rooms there is a mosaic portrait of Pope Benedict XIV., a native of Bologna.

PLANTINGS IN THE PALACE TANAEI (near the Church of S.M. Maggiore).

.. .. .

W. A. W. of St. Basil's and
S. A. W. of St. Basil's from the
St. Basil's of St. Basil's, D. A. W. of St. Basil's
St. Basil's of St. Basil's, D. A. W. of St. Basil's
St. Basil's of St. Basil's, D. A. W. of St. Basil's.

.....

S. Agnes, by G. C. Jones.
A. Assumption, by the same, in his
S. Michael's.
S. Jerome standing, after the Saviour,
by the same.
A. St. Stephen, by the Graces, by H. J.
St. George, and two others, by
the same.

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S. Cecilia by Francesco.
A Martyr by the Good Children.
Jesus embracing Christ with a kiss, by
T. de Wit.
A Pilgrims' Society, Augustus.
A Madonna, leaning sorrowfully on a
Crown of Thorns, by D. P. de Wit.
St. Lorenzo on the Gridiron, by La-
zaro de' Contri.
Jesus embracing Christ, by Taddeo, the
Master of F. de' S. Maria.
David and her Nymphs bathing (a
subject often), by Agostino de' Contri.
The Madonna della Rosa, by Parme-
giano.
P. de' S. Maria's Master, by Taddeo
de' Contri. The woman depicts great
calmness in her accusation, while
Peter denies with the composure of
an accused man.
The Virgin suckling the Infant Christ,
by G. de'.

FOURTH ROOM.

Birth of Alexander the Great, by *Ludovico Caracci*.
Decollation of St. John, by *Della Nette* (small).
A Madonna, by *Ludovico Caracci* (small).
A Last Supper, by the same.
A Portrait of San Carlo, by *Carlo Dolce*.
A Shepherd singing to the music of a Guitar, by *Ludovico Caracci*.
The Death of Abel, by *Sabbatini*.
Portraits of Hannibal Caracci's two favourite mistresses, by himself.
Two also of Ludovico's, by himself.

In the ZAMPIERI PALACE there is a Ceiling by *Ludovico Caracci*, the subject of which represents Hercules and Jupiter.

Another, by his brother *Hannibal*, of
Virtue opening the Heavens to Her-
cules.

Another, by *Guercino*, of Hercules
strangling Antæus.

A fourth Ceiling, by *Agostino Caracci*, representing the subject of *Hercules and Atlas*.

This palace formerly contained some of the finest paintings that existed—in particular, St. Peter wailing his Denial.

In the MARESCALCHI PALACE there is a St. Peter, by *Guido*; an Ecce Homo, by *Da Vinci*; and two beautiful things by *Correggio*—one, Neptune and Proserpine; the other, and the finest, represents Christ with angels.

CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER.

Christ delivering the Keys to St. Peter. A Fresco in the dome of the Tribune, by *Arctusi*.

The Annunciation, a fresco, by *Ludovico Caracci*. This was the last work of the artist.

On the ceiling of the chapter, off the sacristy, St. Peter and the Virgin Mary lamenting the death of the "Sacrifice for Sin," by the same.

Over the font is a Baptism of the Saviour, by *Graziani*. The colouring is exceedingly soft and sweet, but the design about the joints is somewhat harsh and angular.

on the other, the Crucifixion of St. Andrew.

CHURCH OF ST. DOMINICK.

Here you see *Guido's* celebrated fresco of Paradise.

In the tribune—the Adoration of the Magi.

To the left of the grand altar—St. Thomas Aquinas writing by the inspiration of Angels, by *Guercino*.

A Portrait of a Pope kneeling in prayer. A Crucifixion of St. Andrew.

The chapel of St. Dominick is embellished with paintings representative of his life and miracles.

PAINTINGS IN THE CHURCH OF ST. PAUL.

In the *first* Chapel, called the Chapel of the Holy Cross, to the right on entering, Christ in the Garden, by *Mastelletti*; facing which, Jesus fallen under the weight of the Cross. The paintings in the arch above are by *Carbone*.

In the *second*—Paradise, by *Ludovico Caracci*. On the sides—the Birth and the Presentation of the Virgin.

In the *third*—A Circumcision over the altar. On the sides—the Adoration of the Magi and of the Shepherds.

In the right limb of the Cross you will find a painting of Purgatory, by *Guercino*.

In the Choir—Abraham wrestling with the Angel; and facing this, a fine though terrific painting of Cain killing his Brother.

In the Cross are four Saints, by *Spagnoletto*.

Returning: In the *third* chapel to the left, St. Carlo stopping the Progress of the Plague of Milan, in which there is some fine foreshortening, by *Garbieri*.

In the *second*—The Communion of St. Jerome.

In the *first*, over the altar—the Baptism of Christ. On the sides—the Birth of the Virgin, and Christ borne to the Tomb. The architecture of this chapel is particularly fine.

On going towards the door, observe, on one side, Christ raising Lazarus; and

PAINTINGS IN THE CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI OF THE CELESTINES.

Over the grand altar, you see a very masterly production, of St. Luke painting the Portrait of the Virgin.

Here also are the Death of St. Joseph, with Jesus and Mary on each side of the pillow, and a tolerable *Noli me tangere*.

CHURCH ATTACHED TO THE MONASTERY OF CORPUS DOMINI.

1st Chapel to the left—Death of St. Joseph.

2d—An Annunciation.

Over the grand altar—Christ administering the Holy Sacrament to his disciples.

1st to the right—St. Francis in the Desert.

2d—Angels administering to the Magdalen.

PAINTINGS IN THE CHURCH OF THE SERVI.

1st Chapel to the right—St. Francis delivering, by his intercession, souls from Purgatory.

2d—The Virgin giving the Dress of the Order to the Servi, with the following words: "*Vesteri doloris mei suscipite Servi.*" Their dress is black.

4th—Saints in Paradise.

whom it belonged; preparations in wax of the muscles, and others shewing the vascular structure of bones; an external ear, with its muscles, Eustachian tube, parotid gland, and temporal muscle, greatly magnified; tanned human skin of the White and Negro; natural preparations of the fetal skeleton from seven weeks old upwards.

SECOND ROOM.

Abortions, (real preparations of,) beginning at the eighth day from con-

ception; natural and wax; and of the fourth chapel to the of the lym altar—A Holy Family; cary.

In one of the portrait native

A—A Crucifixion. Observe

—A large and noble re-

PAINTINGS IN THE PALACE TANARI (near the)

FIRST ROOM.

Martyrdoms of St. Bartholomew and St. Andrew, in oil, copied from the celebrated frescos by Domenichino and Guido at Rome, by *Cesi*.

Here you see also a bronze Hercules, by *John de Bologna*.

SECOND ROOM.

St. Augustin, by *Guercino*.

An Assumption, by the same, in his first manner.

St. Jerome seated, adoring the Saviour by *Titian*.

Venus attired by the Graces, by *Hannibal Caracci*; and two others, by his brother *Louis*.

THIRD ROOM.

St. Cecilia, by *Franceschini*.

A Magdalen by *Hannibal Caracci*.

Judas betraying Christ with a kiss *Ludovico Caracci*.

A Piper, by his brother *Agostino*.

A Magdalen, regarding sorrowful Crown of Thorns, by *Da Pesaro*.

San Lorenzo on the Gridiron, by *Ludovico Caracci*.

Peter denying Christ, by *Andrea* father of Elizabeth Sirani.

Diana and her Nymphs bathi night effect), by *Agostino Caracci*.

The Madonna della Rosa, by *Agostino*.

Peter denying his Master, by *Ludovico Caracci*. The woman depicting earnestness in her accusation Peter denies with the compe a practised liar.

The Virgin suckling the Infant by *Guido*.

For the high priest, Saints Joseph, and Mary present, by *Garofalo*. This painting is remarkable for its fine architecture.

the landscape scenery through arch, where the Baptism of Christ is seen in the distance.

the door there is a glowing and warming painting of the Marriage of Cana; and on the right hand of the door, a Madonna and Child, by S. Ubaldo and Sta. Liberata.

CHURCH OF THE CEMETERY.

the first chapel to the left—Santa Francesca, by the same.

four round Frescos are by *Ludovico Caracci*; and the Infant Angels and portraits of Saints, in the cloisters, likewise in fresco, are by the same distinguished master.

—The custode lives in the eastern wing of the cloisters.

CHURCH OF THE CEMETERY, one mile out of the Porta S.

Baptism of Christ, by *Elizabeth*.

Crucifixion, and others, by *Cesi*.

by *Guercino*.

bearing his Cross, by *Ludovico*.

same subject, with figures, by *Guercino*.

FERRARA.

THE DUOMO, OR CATHEDRAL.

In the *third* chapel to the left on entering—a Virgin and Child, with St. Silvester, St. Mauritius, St. John the Baptist, and others, by *Benvenuto Garofalo*.

In the *fourth*—Martyrdom of some Warrior-Saint.

In the *sixth*—Coronation of the Virgin by God the Father, whilst God the Son, St. John the Baptist, and St. Catherine, regard the ceremony below.

In the left wing of the cross—a Circumcision and an Annunciation.

In the chapel immediately to the left of the grand altar—Jesus breaking Bread in the presence of his Disciples.

In the dome over the choir—a fresco painting of the Last Judgment.

To the right of the grand altar you see a large bronze Crucifix.

In the right wing of the cross, Martyrdom of St. Lawrence.

In the *fifth* chapel on the same side—Death of St. Joseph.

In the *third*—the Virgin appearing in the skies to St. Catherine and another, who kneel in the foreground.

In the *second*—Death of St. Francis.

In the *first*—Decollation of St. John.

On each side of the grand altar—Christ disputing with the Elders, and a Circumcision.

In the left wing of the cross—St. Francis in the Desert, and an Ascent in presence of the eleven.

In the *first* to the left—Angels ministering in the Flight, and a Marriage of the Virgin.

In the *8th* to the left—A Descent from Calvary.

7th—An Assumption.

6th—St. Agnes kneeling before a Crucifix.

4th—A Holy Family.

2d—A Female Saint in black, receiving in her arms the Infant Jesus from the Virgin.

CHURCH OF ST. JEROME, in the street of the same name.

In the *second* chapel to the right—St. Matthew writing his Gospel—(what sublimity in that head!); and over the altar—a Nun, the Virgin, Joseph, and Angels.

In the choir—The Death of St. Jerome.

In the *second* to the left—Christ (a statue) speaking to a Dominican Friar; Christ appearing to a Nun of the same order.

CHURCH OF S. FRANCESCO GRANDE.

In the *first* chapel on the right—Judas betraying Christ with a kiss, a fresco, by *Volta Poletto*. Fine design and admirable expression.

In the *fourth*—Murder of the Innocents, by *Garofalo*.

In the *seventh*—Virgin and Child seated on a pedestal, with St. John and another below.

In the right wing of the cross—The Tomb of the Marquess Villa. See also the Tomb of the Romeo Family.

In the chapel of St. Anthony—A daub representing Il Santo performing a Miracle. Over the altar of the chapel, the saint appears in the sky to figures beneath.

Next the grand altar—Christ healing the Sick, by *Garofalo*.

In the choir—A Descent, Resurrection, and Ascension.

CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA IN VADO, Strada del Borgo Vado.

1st to the left—St. John the Evangelist.

6th—A Visitation (ancient).

In the right wing of the cross—Christ appearing to a Franciscan Nun who is in the agonies of death, supported by Angels.

In the choir—An Annunciation; and in the dome, a fresco.

On the sides of the tribune—Birth of the Virgin, and a Presepio; the Marriage in Cans, and that of the Virgin.

In the *6th* to the left—A Crucifixion.

5th—A beautiful Ascension.

3d—Virgin and Child, with St. John seated on an altar, with several female saints in the foreground.

But the best painting in this church is a Guardian Angel, against one of the pilasters.

PAINTINGS IN THE CHURCH OF S.
GIACOMO MAGGIORE.

In the *fourth* Chapel to the left—a St. Jerome.

In the *eleventh*—a good fresco painting.

In the *fifth* to the right—Madonna and Child, with several Saints below kneeling.

In the *tenth*—A Madonna and Child, Infant St. John, and the Archangel Michael.

Also observe an Infant Jesus receiving a departed soul, by *Sabbatini*.

To the left of the grand altar—St. Sebastian, by *Fran. Francia*; over which there is a good fresco *en lunette*.

CHURCH OF S. SALVATORE.

In the *first* chapel to the right—A small but fine painting, covered with glass, of Tobit and the Angel.

In the *second*—A rich and grand composition of the Resurrection.

In the *third*—The Offering of the Magi.

In the *fourth*—A Crucifixion; to the right of which, a Judith; and opposite, a Madonna and Saints. Under the last, see a Coronation of the Virgin, by some very old master.

In the tribune—The Redeemer in Heaven; over which, four Prophets.

Returning: In the *fourth* chapel to the left, over the altar—A Holy Family; on the right of which, a St. Jerome; on the left, the Decollation of St. John.

In the *third*—A Crucifixion. Observe the moonlight effect.

In the *second*—A large and noble representation of the Ascension.

In the *first*—St. John the Baptist kneeling before the high priest, Saints Ann, Joseph, and Mary present, by *Benvenuto Garofalo*. This painting is remarkable for its fine architectural perspective.

Observe the landscape scenery through an arch, where the Baptism of Christ is seen in the distance.

Over the door there is a glowing and charming painting of the Marriage in Cana; and on the right hand of the door, a Madonna and Child, with S. Ubaldo and Sta. Liberata.

CHURCHES OUTSIDE THE GATES OF BOLOGNA.

SAN MICHELE IN BOSCO, by the *Porta San Mamolo*.

The frescos in the portico are by *Ludovico Caracci*; but they are so much destroyed by neglect and the weather, that the eye can make nothing out of them. Those in the sacristy are by *Cavadone*, and are in tolerable preservation.

Over the high altar in the church is a painting by *Guercino*; the two on each side, historical of the life of St. Bernard, are by *Viani*.

Over the arch in front of the dome, you see St. Michael driving out the rebellious angels from heaven, by *Lionel Spada*.

In the *first* chapel to the right—St. Bernard receiving the rules of his order from an angel, by *Cavadone*.

In the *second*—His Death, by the same.

In the *first* chapel to the left—Santa Francesca, by the same.

The four round Frescos are by *Ludovico Caracci*; and the Infant Angels and portraits of Saints, in the cloisters, likewise in fresco, are by the same distinguished master.

N.B.—The custode lives in the eastern wing of the cloisters.

CARTHUSIAN CHURCH OF THE CEMETERY, one mile out of the *Porta S. Felice*.

A Baptism of Christ, by *Elizabeth Sirani*.

A Crucifixion, and others, by *Cesi*.

St. Bruno, by *Guercino*.

Christ bearing his Cross, by *Ludovico Caracci*.

The same subject, with figures, by *Mascaro*.

FERRARA.

THE DUOMO, OR CATHEDRAL.

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In the *fourth*—Martyrdom of some Warrior-Saint.

In the *sixth*—Coronation of the Virgin by God the Father, whilst God the Son, St. John the Baptist, and St. Catherine, regard the ceremony below.

In the left wing of the cross—a Circumcision and an Annunciation.

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In the *second*—Death of St. Francis.

In the *first*—Decollation of St. John.

On each side of the grand altar—Christ disputing with the Elders, and a Circumcision.

In the left wing of the cross—St. Francis in the Desert, and an Ascent in presence of the eleven.

In the *first* to the left—Angels ministering in the Flight, and a Marriage of the Virgin.

In the *8th* to the left—A Descent from Calvary.

7th—An Assumption.

6th—St. Agnes kneeling before a Crucifix.

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2d—A Female Saint in black, receiving in her arms the Infant Jesus from the Virgin.

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In the *fourth*—Murder of the Innocents, by *Garofalo*.

In the *seventh*—Virgin and Child seated on a pedestal, with St. John and another below.

In the right wing of the cross—The Tomb of the Marquess Villa. See also the Tomb of the Romeo Family.

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1st to the left—St. John the Evangelist.

6th—A Visitation (ancient).

In the right wing of the cross—Christ appearing to a Franciscan Nun who is in the agonies of death, supported by Angels.

In the choir—An Annunciation; and in the dome, a fresco.

On the sides of the tribune—Birth of the Virgin, and a Presepio; the Marriage in Cans, and that of the Virgin.

In the *6th* to the left—A Crucifixion.

5th—A beautiful Ascension.

3d—Virgin and Child, with St. John seated on an altar, with several female saints in the foreground.

CHURCH OF ST. AGOSTINO.
Frescos by *Giotto*; and in that of St. George there are some frescos by a pupil of this ancient master.

CHURCH OF SAN BENEDETTO.
(*Martyn*.)
Paradise, by *Garofalo*; and St. John the Baptist reproving Herod and

Herodias (which are portraits of Duke Alphonso and his Mistress), by *Bononi*.

In the THEATINE is a Presentation of our Saviour at the Temple, by *Guericino*. (*Martyn*.)

PADUA.

CHURCH OF ST. ANTHONY.
In the chapel of the Holy Sacrament—a Crucifixion, by *Pietro Damini*; and observe several small bas-reliefs in bronze, by *Donatello*.
That of Pope St. Felix is adorned with a Crucifixion, by *Giotto*; and frescos representing parts in the history of our Saviour, by *Jacopo Avanzi*, a Bolognese, restored by Zanoni in 1775.
In the chapels surrounding the choir—A Martyrdom of St. Catherine, by the expeditious and ready pencil of *Antonio Pellegrini*.
Martyrdom of St. Agata, by *Gian Battista Tiepolo*, a Venetian artist.
The Martyrdom of St. Justina, by *Jacopo Ceruti*.
St. Louis, Bishop of Toulouse, distributing Alms, by *Pietro Cotari*.
The chapel of the Sanctuary contains abundance of precious relics, among which is the incorruptible Tongue of St. Anthony. The Statues of Faith, Charity, Humility, and Penitence, are by *Parodio*; and that of St. Anthony, and a group of Angels in front, by *Roncjolo*.
Over the door facing this chapel, which leads into the choir, observe a bas-relief in clay, gilt, of the Entombing of Christ, by *Donatello*.
In the next chapel, you find the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, by *Pittoni*.
The Decollation of St. John the Baptist, by *Piazzetta*.
The Virgin shewing the Infant Christ to St. Clair before she dies, by *Balustra*.
St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, painted in one night by the *Chevalier Liberi*.
Chapel of St. Anthony—The architecture by *Bardi*, *Sansovino*, and *Falconetto*; the sculpture by *Mimmo*, *Pelucca*, *Campagna*, *Tullio Lombardi*, and *Sansovino*.

The three bronze statues upon the altar are by *Titian Aspetti*.
Over the middle door, or grand entrance of the church, are paintings of St. Anthony and St. Bernard, by *Andrea Mantegna*.

Most remarkable TOMBS in this Church. Of Contarini, a general of the Republic, by the pupils of *Sansovino*. Of Helen Lucretia Cornelia Piscopia. The above two are in the middle aisle to the left.
Those of Caterino Cornelio, and of two medical men, are in the left aisle.

The Crucifix behind the grand altar is by *Donatello*, as well as the symbols of the Evangelists, in bronze, under the first two organs.

Close to the Church of St. Anthony is the SCUOLA DEL SANTO.
Paintings in fresco, representing the Miracles of St. Anthony.
St. Anthony making an Infant speak to satisfy the father of his mother's fidelity, by *Titian*.
The Miracle of the Miser and St. Anthony, by the *Chevalier Giovanni Contarini*.
The Miracle of the Ass, by *Campagnola*.
The Apparition of the Saint to the blessed Luca Beludi.
Death of the Saint, and the Miracles of the Glass Tumbler,—school of *Titian*.
St. Anthony admonishing Ezzelino.
Il Santo and St. Francis, by *Campagnola*.
The Chevalier's Wife restored to life, by *Titian*.
The Miracle of the Wound instantly healed, by the same divine pencil.
The Boy who was scalded to death restored to life, in two representations

—school of *Titian*, some think by *Titian* himself.

The young Man restored by a Miracle of the Saint to acknowledge himself a murderer. A painting in oil.

The Drowned Boy restored, by *Domenico Campagnola* (one of his finest specimens).

PAINTINGS IN THE CHURCH OF SANTA GIUSTINA.

Over the 1st altar to the right—Conversion of St. Paul, by the heirs of Paul Veronese.

2d—St. Gertrude in ecstasy, supported by angels, by the light and ever-graceful pencil of the *Chev. Liberi*.

3d—Martyrdom of St. Gerardo Sagredo, by *Carlo Loth*, (of a grand character, and painted with a strong and impressive touch).

4th—Death of St. Scholastica, by *Luca Giordano*.

5th—St. Benedict receiving the holy children, Placido and Mauro, by *Palma il Giovane*.

Here also you see Totila, king of the Goths, prostrating himself before St. Benedict, by *Macansa*: the one opposite is by *Ridolfi*.

In the right wing of the Cross, St. Cosmo and St. Damiano saved by Angels from the Sea, by *Antonio Balestra*; and the Mission of the Apostles, by *Bisconi*.

In a chapel in the Cross to the right, observe a *Pieta*, in marble, at the foot of the cross, with Mary the Magdalen and St. John, by the chisel of *Filippo Parodio*, a pupil of Bernini.

Over the high altar is the celebrated Martyrdom of St. Giustina, by *Paul Veronese*.

On each side are two *Lunettes*, one by *Il Lucchese*, the other three are by *Francesco Cassana*.

In the left wing of the Cross—Murder of the Innocents, by *Tiano Galvano*; and the Scourging of Christ before Pilate, whilst a pagan sacrifice is going on, is a fine, rich painting.

In the 6th to the left—two well-executed statues of St. Andrew and St. Jerome.

5th—The Apotheosis of S. Mauro, by *Le Febvre*.

4th—Martyrdom of St. Placido and his Companions, finely depicted by

the free pencil of *Luca Giordano*, in his best style.

3d—Martyrdom of St. Daniel, by *Ant. Zanchi*.

2d—St. Gregory the Great imploring the Virgin to stop the Plague at Rome, by *Sebast. Ricci*.

1st—Martyrdom of St. James Minor, a celebrated work by the heirs of Paul Veronese.

THE DUOMO.

St. Jerome in the Desert, painted by *Ridolfi* at twenty.

In the first Chapel to the left is a three-quarters length of the Virgin, by *Giotto*, which once belonged to Petrarch.

In the Sacristy of the Canons—

An *Ecce Homo*, by *Campagnola*, the pupil, and once the rival, of *Titian*. Under which, a Virgin and Child, by *Titian* himself.

St. Jerome and St. Francis, by *Palma il Giovane*.

An Adoration of the Magi, by *Bassano*.

A Madonna, by *Sassoferrati*; and a group of Angels, by the *Chevalier Liberi*.

Petrarch's portrait is in the Baptistery; and a modern bust of him near one of the entrance-doors.

Petrarch was one of the canons of the Duomo.

CHURCH OF LA MADDALINA. (*Martyn*.)

The Virgin, St. Jerome, and St. Peter of Pisa, by *Paul Veronese*.

A fresco in the cloister, representing our Saviour appearing to Mary, by the same.

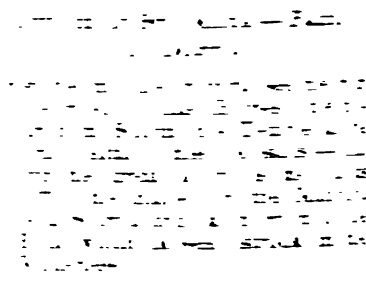
CHURCH OF SAN GAETANO. (*Martyn*.)

An Annunciation, Purification, and Resurrection, by *Palma il Giovane*; and a *Pieta*, by *Titian*.

CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE. (*Martyn*.)

An Assumption, by *Tintoretto*.

In the S. ANNUNZIATA you see the frescos painted in 1306, by *Giotto*; and in the SCUOLA DEL CARMINE, a Madonna and a Visitation, both by *Titian*.



PAINTINGS IN THE GALLERY.

First Room.
The Presentation of the Virgin at the Temple, by *Titian*.
St. John the Baptist, by the same artist.
Landscape and Cattle, by *Borghese*.
Two Boys, by *Vandyck*.
Second Room.
The Martyrdom of a Slave, by *Tintoretto*.
Christ appearing to three Venetian

Senators; the Virgin appearing to three others—both by *Tintoretto*.
Two fine paintings of holy subjects, by *Bonifacio*.
The Marriage in Cana, by *Farotari*.
The Virgin and Child, St. Sebastian, and others, by *Bellino*.
The Resurrection of Lazarus, by *Barbissani*. The colouring is beautifully rich.

PAINTINGS IN THE CHURCH OF LA SALUTE.

In the first Chapel, to the left of the main altar is a painting of the Holy Ghost filling to the Virgin Mary and the disciples, by *Tintoretto*; and another of St. Luke painting a portrait of the Virgin.
In another Chapel, on the same side, St. Mark and St. John.

PAINTINGS IN THE ACCADEMIA DELLE BELLE ARTI.

FIRST ROOM.
The Presentation of the Virgin at the Temple, by *Titian*.
St. John the Baptist, by the same artist.
Landscape and Cattle, by *Borghese*.
Two Boys, by *Vandyck*.
SECOND ROOM.
The Martyrdom of a Slave, by *Tintoretto*.
Christ appearing to three Venetian

Senators; the Virgin appearing to three others—both by *Tintoretto*.
Two fine paintings of holy subjects, by *Bonifacio*.
The Marriage in Cana, by *Farotari*.
The Virgin and Child, St. Sebastian, and others, by *Bellino*.
The Resurrection of Lazarus, by *Barbissani*. The colouring is beautifully rich.

A Madonna and Saints, by *Car-paccio*.

The Call of St. Peter as he is fishing, which, though painted by *Marco Bassetti* as early as 1510, is still in excellent preservation.

St. Francis, by *Beccarucci*.

Eve offering the Apple to Adam, by *Tintoretto*.

The celebrated Assumption of the Virgin, by *Titian*.

The Saviour between John the Baptist and St. Peter, by *Rocco Marcone*.

The Last Supper, by *Benedetto*, the brother of Paul Veronese. In the background Christ is seen washing his disciples' feet.

The Adoration of the Magi, by *Bonifacio*.

Christ falling under the weight of the Cross, by *Carlo*, the son of Paul Veronese.

A Fisherman bringing the Ring of the Doge which was lost in the sea,

and found inside of a fish, by *Bordone*.

The Holy Family, with several saints, by *Paul Veronese*.

THIRD ROOM.

An architectural piece, by *Canaletti*.

A beautiful miniature copy of Titian's Assumption, by *Perini Matteo*.

St. John the Baptist—rich landscape scenery—by *Zuccarelli*.

A beautiful small copy of Titian's Danaë which is at Naples, by a scholar of the Academy.

The fine paintings on the ceiling of this room are by *Tintoretto*.

FOURTH ROOM

Contains bronze busts and alto-reliefs, by *Titian Aspetti*, *Gilberti*, and other eminent masters.

Under the frieze of the room are allegorical paintings by *Titian*; and enclosed in a handsome vase of porphyry is the heart of Canova.

PAINTINGS IN THE PALACE MANFRINI.

[Open to Strangers on Mondays and Thursdays.]

FIRST ROOM.

Lucretia and Portia in the act of swallowing the live coals, by *Luca Giordano*.

Vanity, by *Carlo Calari*. A female is represented looking in a mirror admiring herself, behind whom stands a young man holding a skull in his hand, which you see reflected in the glass.

A *Præsepe*, by *Albert Durer*.

The Triumph of Venice, by *Pompeo Battoni*.

Faith, by *Lazzarini*.

Cleopatra and Mark Antony, by *Molinari*.

Sophonisba, by *Giov. Bat. Crosato*.

Two Landscapes with figures, by *Wouwermans*.

A fine Landscape, by *Cisolfi*.

In this room there is a Statue of a female, her head covered with a veil, through which you can perceive features of exquisite delicacy, by *Cordini*.

SECOND ROOM.

Here we find a small cabinet of petrified fish from Bolca. The paintings are:—

Circe presenting the intoxicating Cup to Ulysses, by *Giulio Romano*.

A fine Portrait, by *Giorgione*.

Portia, by *Cagnacci*.

A beautiful painting of Ceres and Bacchus, by *Rubens*.

A good Bassano.

Two Madonnas, by *Sassoferrati*.

David with the Head of Goliath, by *Domenichino*.

Apollo and the Muses, by *Letterini*.

Departure of Adonis for the Chase, by *Giulio Romano*.

Esther and Ahasuerus, with Haman prostrate, by *Domenichino*.

Two small, but beautiful, architectural pieces, by *Marco Ricci*.

Two Heads of St. Joseph and the Virgin, by *Battoni*.

The Three Ages of Man, by *Titian*.

Pandora in the presence of Jove, by *Giulio Romano*.

Three half figures, by *Giorgione*.

A Philosopher, by *Campagnola*.

An Alchemist and his Family, by *Jan Steen*.

A superb and exquisite Portrait of Ariosto, by *Titian*.

The Trial of Skill betwixt Apollo and Pan, by *Guido*.

An Infant St. John seated on the ground embracing a lamb, by *Domenichino*.

Two curious Portraits of a Man and Woman, by *Bellotti*.

On the ceiling is a superb painting in oil, by *Paul Veronese*, representing the Apotheosis of Hebe.

In turning to the right out of the Second Room, you enter a small cabinet, in which you find the following paintings:—

Portraits of his Wife, Child, and Self, by *Giorgione*.

Two fine Teniers, a Gerard Dow, and a Rembrandt.

The Virgin giving the Infant Christ to St. Simon, by *Giovanni da Udine*.

A Mieris, a Holbein, a Vandyck, and a Berghem.

A Holy Family, by *Corregio*.

Two Sea-pieces, by *Vandervelde*.

A fine *Murillo*: subject—a Shepherd about to tune his Pipe.

Two *Ostades*.

St. John preaching in the Wilderness, by *Adrian Van Nieulden*.

A Coronation of the Virgin, by *Paul Veronese*.

A Madonna, Infant, and an Angel, by *Luca d'Olanda*.

A fine cabinet painting of Lazarus, by *Domenichino*.

A *Paul Potter*.

The Water-Doctor, by *Gerard Dow*.

The next to the right contains:—

Fulvia pinching the Tongue of Cicero after his death.

A Holy Family, by *Palma Vecchio*.

Two pretty Landscapes, by *Both's* brother.

The Marriage of St. Catherine, by *Paul Veronese*.

A small Marine piece, by *Vernet*.

A small lunette Coronation of the Virgin, by *Fra Bartolommeo*.

Lady with a Guitar, by *Giorgione*.

Leda, by *Schiavone*.

A Portrait of a Lady, by *Palma Vecchio*.

Portrait of Pordenoue and five of his Pupils, by himself.

A Magdalen, by *Angelica Kaufman*.

A Madonna, by *Carlo Maratta*.

Landscape, by *Jos. Vernet*.

Two fine ditto, by *H. Dietrick*.

St. Cecilia and a Magdalen, by *Carlo Dolce*.

Armida and Rinaldo, by *Guercino*.

A Lady with a Lyre, by *Angelica Kaufman*.

Astronomy, Chemistry, by *Salvator Rosa*.

A Concession, by *Sassoferrati*.

That fine allegorical painting of *Nicholas Poussin's*, where the Hours dance while Time plays the Harp.

In the next apartment to the right are—Fame, by the rich and warm pencil of *Strozzi*.

Time discovering Truth, by *Nicholas Poussin*.

Flora, by *Carlo Maratta*.

A Cartoon, by *Raphael*. The subject: Animals entering the Ark.

Two fine Landscapes, by *Tempesta*.

You now enter a small room, in which you find the history of painting exemplified, from its revival under Cimabue, Giotto, Andrea Montegna, Guercino Padovano, Verocchio, &c.

Thence you enter an apartment, where you find a Venus and Adonis, by *Flors*.

A fine representation of the Death of the latter, by *Paul Veronese*.

Bacchus and Ariadne, by *Contarini*.

Diana and Actæon, by *Rottenhammer*.

St. George, St. Margaret, and St. Augustin, by the expressive pencil of *Tintoretto*.

Charity, by *Bronzino*.

The Infants Christ and St. John playing with a Lamb, by *Vandyck*.

Two Slaves, seated and bound back to back, by *Rubens*.

Time taking Love away, by *Palma Giovane*.

Two beautiful Landscapes, by *Luccarelli*.

Two Views of Naples, by *Franco Guardi*.

A fine rich painting of Bacchantes, by *Crosato*.

THIRD ROOM.

Birth of Christ, by the brilliant pencil of *Celesti*.

Two fine *Canallettis*.

Christ at Emmaus, in the bold pencilling of *Della Notte*.

The Prodigal Son, by *Guercino*.

The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, another brilliant specimen of *Celesti's* pencil.

Two Assassins murdering a person, by order of a third—*Della Notte*. The expression of the victim is horrific.

Venus sharpening Cupid's Arrows, by the *Chevalier Liberi*.

Gamblers, by *Caravaggio*.

A Vestal, by *Gambara*.

Moses striking the Rock, by *Carlo Bonone*.

Joseph and Potiphar's Wife, and a pleasing Landscape, by *Padovanino*.

FOURTH ROOM.

Titian's celebrated Descent from the Cross.

A Holy Family, by *Del Sarto*.

Christ washing his Disciples' Feet, by *Perugino*.

A Holy Family, by *Bonifacio*.

A Boar-hunt, by *Rubens* (small).

The Sacrifice of Iphigenia, by *Varotari*.

Two fine Portraits of Venetian Generals, by *Tintoretto* and *Paul Veronese*.

An Ecce, by *Ludovico Caracci*.

A fine Portrait of himself, by *Rembrandt*.

A Holy Family, by *Lotto*.

The Resurrection of Lazarus, by *Sebastian Bordone*.

A Magdalen, by *Contarini*.

St. Mark, by *Fra Bartolommeo*.

A small Præsepe, by *Albani*.

LAST ROOM.

Animals entering the Ark. Painted with a strong expressive touch, by *Benedict Castiglione*.

A Descent, by *Raphael* (small).

A Magdalen, by *Corregio* (small).

The Flight into Egypt, by *Ludovico Caracci* (small).

Lucretia, by *Guido*.

The Presentation of the Infant Christ at the Temple, by *Del Piombo*.

The Ark—the Figures by *Trevisano*, the Landscape by *Ernesto*.

The Deluge, by *Saraccino*.

Portrait of Titian's Mother, by himself.

Game, by *Jan Fyt*.

Fortuna and Europa (in Guido's manner), by *Luca Giordano*.

David as the venerable Psalmist, by *Campagnola*.

Diana bathing, by *Albani*.

Bacchus and Ariadne, by *Ludovico Caracci*.

Two Market Scenes, by *Bolchman*.

CHURCHES.

CHURCH OF LA SALUTE.

In the *first* Chapel to the right of the grand altar—Birth of the Virgin, by *Luca Giordano*.

In the *second*—An Assumption, by the same.

In the *third*—Presentation at the Temple, by the same.

The Death of Abel, the Sacrifice of Abraham, and the Victory of David over Goliath, on the ceiling of the sacristy, are all by *Titian*.

The form of the interior of the church is octagonal, and was built as an ex-voto on the cessation of a plague.

CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE.

In the *first* Chapel to the left on entering—A Martyrdom of a Female Saint, painted in 1345.

In the *third* Chapel—St. George and the Dragon, by *Carpaccio*.

Chapel in the left limb of the cross—Martyrdom of St. Stephen, by *Tintoretto*.

In the *first* to the right—Adoration of the Shepherds, by *Jucopo da Bassano*.

In the *third*—Martyrdom of several Saints, by *Tintoretto*.

In the right limb of the cross—A Coronation of the Virgin, by the same.

In a Chapel immediately to the right of the grand altar—The Marriage in Cana, with many portraits of the time, by *Paul Veronese*.

In that to the left—Christ and his Disciples, with females washing their garments. It is on the left column supporting this chapel that the eye of imagination can perceive a natural representation of the Crucifixion impressed on the marble.

The Four Evangelists, in bronze, supporting a globe, surmounted by a figure of the Eternal, over the high altar, are by *Geralamo Campagna*. The Life of St. Benedict, carved in wood in the choir, is by *Alberto de Brules*.

CHURCH OF THE JESUITS.

In the *first* Chapel—St. Christopher with the Infant Jesus on his shoulders; and St. Mark (a copy).

In the *second*—A Statue of Santa Barbara, by *Baratta*.

Farther on, you come to a Statue of the founder of the order, St. Ignatius; and one of the Madonna and Child, by *Aquila Tridenti*.

In the *first* Chapel to the left you see the famous Martyrdom of St. Lawrence, by *Titian*.

In the sacristy—A Circumcision, by *Tintoretto*.

The Four Evangelists, the Finding of the Cross, and Moses in the Wilderness, are by *Palma il Giovane*.

—

A little off the thoroughfare, between the Rialto and Piazza S. Marco,

stands the CHURCH OF SAN SALVATORE. It contains the tombs of several doges, and some excellent statuary by *Victorio*, *Giulio Moro*, and others.

There is a painting of the Transfiguration over the grand altar, by *Titian*; and, to the left, Christ at Emmaus, by *Gian Bellino*.

THE CHURCH OF SS. GIOVANNI E PAOLO contains some magnificent Monuments of the Doges: a painting of St. Peter the Martyr, by *Titian*; and some excellent alto-reliefs, by *Bonazzo*.

In S. M. DEL ORTO there is a fine Presentation, by *Tintoretto*.

VERONA.

THE DUOMO.

First Chapel to the right, over the altar—The Virgin presenting the Child Jesus to St. Anthony. Here are also two well-executed Statues in marble, representing the Martyrdom of a Saint.

Third—A Transfiguration, by *Ugolino*. (Modern.)

Fourth—A Last Supper, by the same artist.

In the dome of the tribune—An Assumption of the Virgin, by *Francesco Turbido*. An excellent and boldly conceived fresco.

The upper part of the choir is painted in architectural device; and over a balustrade you see the Apostles, who are regarding the Virgin in her ascent to heaven.

In a Chapel to the left of the grand altar—The Virgin and Child appearing to several Saints, by *Ugolino*.

Remark the paintings of the organs.

The tribune forms a handsome ellipsis, the architecture of which is by *San Michele*.

In the *third* to the left—The Virgin and Child, Archangel St. Michael, and St. George, by the *Chevalier Liberi*.

Second—Jesus pointing to his Wounded Side, also by *Liberi*.

First—The celebrated Assumption of the Virgin, by *Titian*. This painting was once in the Louvre.

In the tribune, you see the Tomb of Pope Lucius.

Observe the small framed paintings of the Stazione, usually so indifferently executed, are here *beaucoup plus soignées*, as the French express it.

—

CHURCH OF ST. ANASTASIA, end of the Corso.

The *first* Chapel to the right is dedicated to the Redeemer, adorned with statuary.

In the *second*—St. Anastasia performing a miracle.

Third—A Statue of the Virgin standing on a globe, and bruising a serpent under her feet; on each side, St. Joseph and St. Anthony: a group of infant angels surmount the whole.

Fourth—A Warrior-Saint on Horseback. The horse is particularly fine.

Observe some curious alto-reliefs in plaster in the choir; and behind the grand altar, a good oil painting of the Martyrdom of St. Anastasia.

In the chapel of the Holy Sacrament—A Flagellation, by *Ridolfi*; and the Agony in the Garden, by *Bernardi*. The last is very well painted.

The only painting to the left that is remarkable is ancient, but exhibits considerable skill in the composition.

CHURCH OF SAN ZENONE.

Observe the rude sculpture by the side of the portal, and that on the bronze doors.

Within—The Image of St. Zin, a fresco of St. George, a painting of the Crucifixion, an Adoration of the Magi, and Christ disputing in the Temple.

CHURCH OF S. GIORGIO.

The body of this beautiful church is by *Sansovino*, the cupola by San Michele.

Over the high altar you see the Martyrdom of St. George, by *Paul Veronese*; and St. Barnabas curing the Blind, by the same.

Over the door—the Baptism of Christ, by *Tintoretto*. (*Martyn*.)

In the sacristy of S. M. DELLA VIT-

TORIA, there is a Descent from the Cross, by *Paul Veronese*.

S. M. IN ORGANIS—St. Bernard beaten by Devils, by *Luca Giordano*.

The Guardian Angel, by *Guercino*. (*Martyn*.)

The Town-Hall is by *Sansovino*; and the Palaces Pompri, Pellegrini, Bevilacqua, and the Porta Stupa, or Del Pallio, are by *Michele*.

The family of the Drinkwaters, by the way, are more numerous than one would at first think: we have them in England; there are Boileaus, again, in France; and Bevilacquas, as we see, in Italy. What between these and the Frangipanes, a man might get prison allowance in Italy without the vile endurance that goes to relish it elsewhere.

MILAN.

THE AMBROSIAN LIBRARY is said to contain 40,000 volumes, exclusive of the manuscripts, which amount to 14,000 or 15,000.

In the CABINET OF PAINTINGS adjoining, you find the School of Athens, in black chalk, by *Raphael*.

A Holy Family, by *Barroccio*.

Christ on the Cross, by *Pietro da Cortona*.

His Burial, by *Procaccino*.

Several heads and small paintings, by *Albert Durer*.

Several paintings, by *Paul Brill* and *Breughel*.

Head of Paul III., by *Michael Angelo*.

Christ washing his Apostles' Feet, by *Pierino del Vaga*.

A Head of a Boy, by *Giorgione*.

Burial of Christ; Adoration of the Magi; a Portrait of himself, with a

long beard; an Ecce Homo; a night landscape, and others,—all by *Titian*.

An Ecce, a Magdalen, and a Virgin and Child sitting under a tree,—by *Corregio*.

Virgin and Child, and an Adoration of the Magi, by *Schidone*.

Besides twelve folio volumes of drawings, by *Leonardo da Vinci*. (*Martyn*.)

IN the REFECTORY of the CHURCH OF S. M. DELLE GRAZIE, you see the celebrated fresco of the Cenacolo; and the CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS is said by *Martyn* to contain a painting of the Virgin and two Angels, by *Da Vinci*.

The most celebrated of the Statues in the Cathedral is that of St. Bartholomew, by *Marco Ferrerio*.

ROUTE OF "THE RAMBLER."

	Posts.		Posts.
From Dieppe to Paris, by Gisors.		Loriol	1½
Bois-Robert	1½	Derbières	1½
Pomerval	2	Montelimart	1½
Forges	3	Donzère	2
Gournay	2½	La Palud	2
Gisors	3	Mornas	1½
Chars	2	Orange	1½
Pontoise	2½	Sorgues	2
Franconville	1½	Avignon	1½
Saint Denis	1½		
Paris	1		30½
	20½	From Avignon to Vaucluse.	
From Paris to Lyons, by Auxerre.		L'Isle	2½
Fontainebleau	7½	Vaucluse	1
Sens	7		3½
Villeneuve-le-Roi	1½	From Avignon to Montpellier.	
Villevalmier	1	Bégude-de-Saze	2½
Joigny	1	La Foux	2½
Basson	1½	St. Gervasy	1½
Auxerre	2	Nismes	1½
Saint Bris	1	Uchau	1½
Vermanton	2	Lunel	1½
Lucy-le-Bois	2½	Colombières	1½
Avallon	1	Montpellier	1½
Rouvray	2		14
La Roche-en-Brény	1	From Nismes to Arles	2½
Saulieu	1½	From Arles to Aix, by St. Remy,	
Arnay	3	about	9
Chagny	4	From Aix to Pin	2
Chalon-sur-Saone	2	Pin to Marseilles	2
Senecey	2		4
Tournus	1½	From Marseilles to Nice.	
Saint Albin	2	Aubagne	2
Mâcon	2	Cujes	1½
Maison Blanche	2	Beausset	2
St. Georges de Rognains	1½	Toulon	2
Anse	1½	Le Luc, by Cuers and Car-	
Limonest	1½	noules	7½
Lyons	1½	Vidauban	1½
	57½	Muy	1½
From Lyons to Avignon.		Frejus	2
Saint Fons	1	Lestrelles	2
St. Symphorien d'Ozon	1	Cannes	3
Vienne	1½	Antibes	2
Auberive	2	Nice	4
Peage-de-Roussillon	1		31½
Saint Rambert	1½		
Saint Vallier	1½		
Tain	1½		
Vallence	2½		
La Paillasse	1½		

	Posta.		Posta.
From Nice to Genoa.		Radicofani	
La Tourbia	3	Pontecentino	1½
Mentone	3	Acquapendente	1
San Remo	4½	San Lorenzo Nuovo	¾
Port Maurice	4½	Bolsena	1½
Alasio	4½	Montefiascone	1
La Pietra	3	Viterbo	1
Finale	1½	Imposta	1
Savona	3½	Ronciglione	1
Voltri	4½	Monte Rosi	1
Genoa	3	Baccano	1
	34½	La Storta	1
		Rome	1½
From Genoa to Lucca.			24½
Recco	3	From Rome to Naples.	
Rapallo	1½	Torre di Mezza Via	1½
Chiavari	1½	Albano	1
Bracco	2½	Gensano	¾
Mattarana	1½	Velletri	1
Borghetto	1½	Cisterna	1½
Spezia	3	Tor-tre-Ponti	1½
Sarzana	2½	Bocca di Fiume	1
Lavenza	1	Mesa	1
Massa	1	Ponte Maggiore	1
Pietra Santa	1	Terracina	1
Montremido	1	Fondi	1½
Lucca	2	Itri	1
	23½	Mola di Gaeta	1
From Lucca to Pisa		Garigliano	1
Pisa to Leghorn	2	Sant' Agata	1
	5	Sparanesi	1
From Leghorn to Florence.		Capua	1
Pisa	2	Aversa	1
Fornacette	1	Naples	1½
Castel del Bosco	1		21½
La Scala	1	From Naples back to Rome, by	
L'Imbrogiana	1	Tivoli, about	23
Lastra	1	From Rome to Florence, by Perugia.	
Florence	1	Prima Porta	1
	8	Castel Nuovo	1½
From Florence to Rome, by Siena.		Regnano	1
S. Casciano	1	Civita Castellana	1
Tavarnelle	1	Mal Borghetto	¾
Poggibonsi	1	Otricoli	¾
Casteglioncello	1	Narni	1
Siena	1	Terni	1
Montaione	1	Stretura	1
Buonconvento	1	Spoleto	1
Torrinieri	1	La Vene	1
Poderina	1	Foligno	1
Ricorsi	1	Madre degli Angeli	1
		Perugia	1
		La Maggione	1½
		Casa del Piano	1

	Posts.		Posts
Camuscia	1½	From Milan to Geneva, by the	
Castiglione	¾	Simplon.	
Arezzo	1½	Rho	1½
Ponticino	1	Cascina buon Gesu	1½
Levane	1	Avona	2
San Giovanni	1	Sesto	1
L'Incisa	1	Baveno	2½
Ponte a Sieve	1½	Vogogna	3
Florence	1½	Domo Dossola	2
	<hr/>	Isella	2½
	27	Simplon	2½
From Florence to Bologna.		Berisaa	3
Fontebuona	1	Brigg	3
Cafaggiola	1	Viège	1½
Montecarelli	1	Tourlemagne	2½
Covigliano	1	Sierre	2½
Filigare	1	Sion	2½
Loiano	1	Riddes	2½
Pianoro	1½	Martigny	2½
Bologna	1½	(Turned off to visit Chamouni)	
	<hr/>	St. Maurice	2
	9	Vionna	1½
From Bologna to Venice.		St. Gingo	2½
Capo d'Argine	1	Evian	2½
Malalbergo	1	Thonon	1½
Ferrara	1½	Douvaines	2½
Polisella	2	Geneva	2
Rovigo	1½		<hr/>
Monselice	1½		51½
Padua	1½	From Geneva to Paris.	
Il Dolo	1½	Gex	2
Fusina	1½	La Vattay	2
Venice (by water four miles)	1½	Les Rousses	1½
	<hr/>	Morez	1½
	13	St. Laurent	1½
From Venice to Milan.		Maison-Neuve	1½
Fusina (four miles by water)		Champagnole	1½
Dolo	1½	Montrond	1½
Padua	1½	Poligny	1½
Slesega	1	Mont-sous-Vaudrey	2½
Vicenza	1½	Dole	2½
(Turned off to visit Bolca)		Auzonne	2
Verona	4½	Genlis	1½
Castelnuovo	1½	Dijon	2
Desenzano	1½	Val de Suzon	2
Ponte San Marco	1	St. Seyne	1½
Brescia	1½	Chanceaux	1½
Ospedaletto	1	Villeneuve-les-Couvers	1½
Chiari	1	Monthard	2½
Anteguate	1	Aizy-sur-Armançon	1½
Caravaggio	1	Ancy-le-Franc	2
Cassano	1	Tounerre	2½
Colomberolo	1	Flogny	1½
Milan	1½	St. Florentin	1½
	<hr/>	Esnon	1½
	22½	Joiny	2
		Villevallier	1
		Villeneuve-le-Roi	1

	Posta.		Posta.
Sens	1½	Flers	1½
Ponte-le-Roi	1½	Hebecourt	1
Villeneuve-le-Guiard	1½	Amiens	1
Fossard	1	Picquigny	1½
Panfou	1½	Flixecourt	1
Châtelet	1	Ailly-le-Haut-Clocher	1½
Melun	1½	Abbeville	1½
Liensain	1½	Nouvion	1½
Villeneuve St. Georges	1½	Bernay	1
Charenton	1½	Nampont	1
Paris	1	Montreuil-sur-Mer	1½
	<hr/>	Cormont	1½
	64	Samer	1
From Paris to Calais.		Boulogne-sur-Mer	2
St. Denis	1	Marquise	1½
Moisselles	1½	Haut-Buisson	1
Beaumont-sur-Oise	1½	Calais	1½
Puiseux	1½		<hr/>
Noailles	1½		34½
Beauvais	1½		
Noiremont	2		
Breteuil	1½		

Total distance, without including
détours, 2675 miles.

ITALIAN MONEYS.

TUSCAN MONEY.

A Quattrino,
Three of which make one Soldo.
Five one Crazia.
Eight Crazie one Paulo.
A Crazia and a half one Lira.
Ten Pauls one Frances-
cone or Scudo.
Twenty Pauls one Zecchino.
Sixty ditto one Ruspone.
The average value of a Paul is about
five-pence halfpenny.

ROMAN MONEY.

A Baioccho,
Ten of which make one Paulo.

Ten Pauli one Scudo, or
Spanish Dollar.
Thirty-two Pauli .. one Doppia.

NEAPOLITAN MONEY.

A Grana.
Ten of which make one Carlino.
Ten Carlini one Ducato.
132 grains make one Scudo, and a
Spanish Dollar is worth 124 grains.

The coins current in the Milanese are
of all sorts, Swiss, Austrian, and
French; but none are more conve-
nient for the traveller than the last,
as they are current, and advantage-
ously so, all over Italy.

THE END





